THE

BRITISH REVIEW,

AND

LONDON CRITICAL JOURNAL.

"—FIAT JUSTITIA.—"

VOL. VII.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,

47, PATERNOSTER-ROW;

AND

J. HATCHARD, PICCADILLY.

1816.

CONTENTS

OF

No. XIII.

Page

ART. I. THE VELVET CUSHION CONTROVERSY.

1. The Velvet Cushion. By J. W. Cunningham, A. M. Vicar of Harrow.
2. The Legend of the Velvet Cushion, in a Series of Letters to my Brother Jonathan, who lives in the Country. By Jeremiah Ringletub.
3. A New Covering to the Velvet Cushion.
4. A Portraiture of Methodism, or the History of the Wesleyan Methodists. Showing their Rise, Progress, and present State; biographical Sketches of some of their most eminent Ministers; the Doctrines the Methodists believe and teach fully and explicitly stated, with the whole Plan of their Discipline, including their original Rules and subsequent Regulations. Also a Defence of Methodism, containing Remarks on Toleration, &c. By Jonathan Crowther, who has been upwards of Thirty Years a travelling Preacher among them.
5. A candid and impartial Inquiry into the present State of the Methodist Societies in Ireland, wherein several important Points relative to their Doctrines and Discipline are discussed. By a Member of the Society - - - 1

II. Letters written by eminent persons in the seventeenth and eighteenth Centuries, to which are added Hearne's Journeys to Reading, and to Whaddon Hall, the Seat of Browne Willis, Esq.:—and Lives of eminent Men, by John Aubrey, Esq.—The whole now first published from the Originals in the Bodleian Library and Ashmolean Museum, with biographical and literary Illustrations - 33

III. Memoires de Madame la Marquise de la Rochejaquelein - 53

IV. Elements of Chinese Grammar: with a preliminary Dissertation on the Characters and the colloquial Medium of the Chinese: and an Appendix containing the Ta-Hyot of Confucius, with a Translation. By J. Marshman, D.D. 76

V. The Journal of Llewellyn Penrose, a Seaman - - 103

Page

ART. VI. Description des Catacombes de Paris, précédée d'un précis Historique sur les Catacombes de tous les Peuples de l'ancien et du nouveau Continent. Per L. Héricart de Thury, Maître des Requêtes, Ingénieur en Chef au Corps Royal des Mines, Inspecteur-Général des Travaux souterrains du Departement de la Seine. - - - 125

VII. A Letter on the Game Laws. By a Country Gentleman, a Proprietor of Game - - - - - - 148

VIII. De la Litterature du Midi de l'Europe. Par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi - - - - - - 155

IX. Display, Maternal Solicitude, &c.
1. Display. A Tale. By Jane Taylor.
2. Maternal Solicitude for a Daughter's best Interests. By Mrs. Taylor, of Ongar.
3. Practical Hints to Young Females, on the Duties of a Wife, a Mother, and a Mistress of a Family. By the same.
4. Twelve Addresses to a School; with an original Hymn to each. By the Rev. Isaac Taylor.
5. Child's Birth-day; aiming to state the Nature and Importance of that Season. By the Rev. Isaac Taylor.
6. Hymns for Infant Minds. By Anne and Jane Taylor.
7. Original Poems for Infant Minds. By the same.
8. Rhymes for the Nursery. By the same.
9. Original Hymns for Sunday Schools. By the same.
10. Lime Twigs to catch young Birds. By the same - - 190

X. THE SOCINIAN CONTROVERSY.
1. A Calm Inquiry into the Scripture Doctrine concerning the Person of Christ. By Thomas Belsham.
2. The Claims of Dr. Priestley in the Controversy with Bishop Horsley. By Thomas Belsham.
3. Three Addresses to the Unitarians. By the Right Reverend the Bishop of St. David's.
4. The Bible, and Nothing but the Bible, the Religion of the Church of England. By the Bishop of St. David's - - 211

XI. PARLIAMENTARY SPEECHES OF MR. PITT AND MR. FOX.
1. The Speeches of the Right Hon. Charles James Fox in the House of Commons.
2. Speeches of the Right Hon. William Pitt in the House of Commons - - - - - - - 253

CONTENTS

OF

No. XIV.

Page

ART. XII. THE HISTORY OF PERSIA, -
1. An Account of the Kingdom of Caubul and its Dependencies in Persia, Tartary, and India; comprising a View of the Afghaun Nation, and a History of the Dooraunee Monarchy. By the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone.
2. The History of Persia from the most early Period down to the present Time; containing an Account of the Religious Government, Usages, and Character of the Inhabitants of that Kingdom. By Colonel Sir John Malcolm, K.C.B. K.L.S.
3. A Geographical Memoir of the Persian Empire, accompanied by a Map. By John Macdonald Kinneir. 305

XIII. LIVES OF LUTHER AND MELANCTHON.
1. The Life of Luther, with an Account of the early Progress of the Reformation. By Alexander Bower.
2. The Life of Philip Melancthon, comprising an Account of the most important Transactions of the Reformation. By F. A. Cox, A.M. - - - 336

XIV. The Literary and Scientific Pursuits which are encouraged and enforced in the University of Cambridge, briefly described and vindicated, &c. By the Rev. Latham Wainewright, A.M. F.A.S. - - 357

XV. Lives of Edward and John Philips, Nephews and Pupils of Milton; including various Particulars of the Literary and Political History of their Times. By William Godwin. - - - - - - 375

XVI. The Principles of Fluxions: designed for the Use of Students in the Universities. By William Dealtry, B.D. F.R.S.
2. Fluxions: A Treatise given under that Word, in Vol. IX. of the Edinburgh Encyclopædia. Conducted by David Brewster, LL.D. - - - - - - 421

XVII. The Political Life of William Wildman, Viscount Barrington compiled from original Papers by his Brother, Shute, Bishop of Durham. - - - - 438

XVIII. 1. The Siege of Corinth: a Poem. Parisina: a Poem.
2. The Story of Rimini: a Poem. By Leigh Hunt. - 452

XIX. STATE OF PARIS.
1. A Visit to Paris in 1814. Being a Review of the Moral, Political, Intellectual, and Social Condition of the French Capital. By John Scott.
2. Paris Revisited, in 1815, by way of Brussels; including a Walk over the Field of Battle at Waterloo. By John Scott. - - - - - - - - 469

Page

ART. XX. Proposals for an Economical and secure Currency; with Observations on the Profits of the Bank of England, as they regard the Public and the Proprietors of Bank Stock. By David Ricardo, Esq. - - - - - 490

XXI. The Substance of some Letters, written by an Englishman resident at Paris during the last Reign of the Emperor Napoleon. - - - - - - - 498

XXII. Fare Thee Well, a Poem: A Sketch, a Poem. By Lord Byron. - - - - - - - - - - 510

XXIII. THE BAPTISMAL CONTROVERSY.

1. Two Tracts, intended to convey correct Notions of Regeneration and Conversion, according to the Sense of Holy Scripture, and of the Church of England. Extracted from the Bampton Lecture of 1812. By Richard Mant, M. A.

2. An Inquiry into the Effects of Baptism, according to the Sense of Holy Scripture, and of the Church of England; in Answer to the Rev. Dr. Mant's Two Tracts on Regeneration and Conversion. By the Rev. John Scott, M.A.

3. Baptism, a Seal of the Christian Covenant: or, Remarks on the former of Two Tracts intended to convey correct Notions of Regeneration and Conversion, according to the Sense of Holy Scripture, and of the Church of England, by Richard Mant, M.A. &c. By Thomas T. Biddulph, A.M.

4. Spiritual Regeneration, not necessarily connected with Baptism. In Answer to a Tract upon Regeneration, published by the Rev. Dr. Mant; in which are examined the Doctrines of the Church of England upon the above Subject; and the Clergy of the Established Church justified in preaching the Doctrine of Regeneration to Persons who have been baptized. By George Bugg, A.B.

5. Conciliatory Suggestions on the Subject of Regeneration, founded upon a recent Occurrence. By J. W. Cunningham, M. A.

6. A Respectful Address to the Most Reverend the Archbishops, the Right Reverend the Bishops, the Reverend the Clergy, and the other Members of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, on certain Inconsistencies and Contradictions which have appeared of late in some of the Books and Tracts of that Society. By a Member of the Society.

7. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge vindicated from the Charge of Inconsistency and Contradiction; in Answer to a recent Publication, intituled "A Respectful Address to the Most Reverend the Archbishops, &c. &c. By another Member of the Society. - - - - - - - - - 513

THE

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FEBRUARY, 1816.

ART. I.—THE VELVET CUSHION CONTROVERSY.

1. *The Velvet Cushion.* By J. W. Cunningham, A. M. Vicar of Harrow. 8vo. Ninth Edition. London. Cadell and Davies. 1815.
2. *The Legend of the Velvet Cushion, in a Series of Letters to my Brother Jonathan, who lives in the Country.* By Jeremiah Ringletub. 8vo. London. Williams and Co. 1815.
3. *A new Covering to the Velvet Cushion.* 8vo. Second Edition. London. Gale and Co. 1815.
4. *A Portraiture of Methodism, or the History of the Wesleyan Methodists. Showing their Rise, Progress, avd present State; biographical Sketches of some of their most eminent Ministers; the Doctrines the Methodists believe and teach fully and explicitly stated, with the whole Plan of their Discipline, including their original Rules and subsequent Regulations. Also a Defence of Methodism, containing Remarks on Toleration, &c.* By Jonathan Crowther, who has been upwards of thirty years a travelling Preacher among them. 8vo. London. Richard Edwards. 1815.
5. *A candid and impartial Inquiry into the present State of the Methodist Societies in Ireland, wherein several important Points relative to their Doctrines and Discipline are discussed.* By a Member of the Society. 8vo. Belfast. 1814.

Ecce iterum Crispinus! Gentle reader, often have we perambulated the purlieus of Moorfields, whilst innumerable pil-

lows, feather beds, and carpets, were undergoing the salutary castigation of the upholder's cudgel, without being annoyed by one tenth part of the dust which has issued from one solitary velvet cushion. In luckless hour was this relic of antiquity removed from the spot where for ages it had slumbered! The mischiefs which issued from Pandora's box, or the Trojan horse, were absolutely nothing to what several of our sharp-sighted, high-church, and dissenting brother reviewers have severally discovered, as lurking within Mr. Cunningham's velvet cushion. Unhappy was the wight who let loose such a bloated Python to disturb the repose of an unoffending world. Had every thread of the velvet pile been raised erect, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," long as Cossack lances, and deadly as arrows dipped in the pestiferous juice of the Java tree, it would have been impossible for greater horror to have been excited than was depictured in the faces of adverse critics at the appearance of this phantom. We know not what comparison will fully illustrate the dangers which have been prognosticated from this deceitful machine. A loaded bomb-shell, a Congreve rocket, a "masqued battery,"* a volcano itself, will hardly do justice to the subject. No sooner was the fatal engine exploded, than, like a patriotic sailor in a battle, out rushes Jeremiah Ringletub to seize the fatal shell, and hurl it overboard before it should blow up the ship. It never occurred, either to him, or to the opposite party in the church, that the whole danger on either side might be prevented by a timely extinction of the fusee before it burned to the bottom. Mr. Cunningham, if we may judge by the contrary censures of his nonconformist critics, and his highly orthodox brethren of the Norrisian school, has dealt about his blows indiscriminately against friends and enemies; with one hand, Samson-like, attempting to pull down the "dissenting interest," and with the other furiously assaulting "Church and King." This quadrilateral prodigy, notwithstanding its smooth velvet looks, appears to be a consummate hypocrite, possessing at once the most opposite and irreconcileable properties. Acids and alkalies the most corrosive are combined without neutralizing each other. Mr. Cunningham has undermined the church without gratifying the dissenters, and assaulted the dissenters without pleasing the church. His old cushion is at once a torpedo and an electrical eel, benumbing one party, and galvanizing the other with alternate shocks.

At length, however, after some months, the dust which was at first raised, seems to have somewhat settled; so that we have

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* Vid. Mr. Cunningham's Preface.

ventured to approach the scene of action, and to turn over and examine this *monstrum horrendum*, thread by thread, warp and woof, as well as the New Covering with which it is adorned; taking care, however, to touch it very lightly and carefully, and to bring not a little cold water to sprinkle about during the process, so as not materially to endanger our readers by a second Moorfields' operation.

But why, it may be asked, all this din amongst learned clerks about an old cushion? What! and hast thou forgotten, the equally important disputes which, between two and three centuries ago, occurred respecting surplices and copes; when, by dint of great learning and perseverance, it was discovered, that our church was notoriously antichristian, because the Creator having made man's head round, the universities had invented for themselves a square cap! And hast thou equally forgotten, that when a zealous beldam, thinking it expedient to molest a numerous congregation by vociferating to the minister, "Wear horns, wear horns," was condemned to undergo a certain classical punishment, ycleped the "cucking stool," she rejoiced in her elevation, and was supported and encouraged by admiring partizans, as one who was found worthy to suffer persecution for righteousness' sake.—Yes, these things are just credible to have happened in the middle of the sixteenth century; but it would be absolutely incredible, that the ridiculous dispute respecting the sin of wearing a surplice should be gravely renewed at the present moment, had not the author of the Legend before us furnished evidence of the fact. So interesting does the subject appear in his estimation, that he thinks it necessary to produce the laundress's bill, and to exhibit to the nation the enormous expense which it annually incurs by the lavation of these "rags of popery." But what in the name of common honesty and sense has all this to do with either the secular or the religious interests of the community? If the author of the Legend were seriously desirous of benefitting the nation by his observations, he might much better have employed his time in discovering a cheap substitute for soda and soft-soap, than in defrauding the poor parish washerwoman of her quarterly fee, and the often poorer parish curate of his quarterly restoration to the dignity and comforts of clean linen. It is easy to identify the church with surplices, and steeples, and cushions, and then to exclaim, "These are your gods, O Israel;" but ridicule, even the ridicule of Ringletub himself, is no infallible test of truth. We see not how the wearers of gowns and bands (for such are many of the dissenters) can fairly reprehend the church for the use of a surplice. But we are sorry to say, that too many of our dissenting friends seem to

view the church as an antiquated old lady, tricked out like Queen Elizabeth's portrait, with starched gauze and finery, whom it is very laudable for nonconformity, a Miss yet in her teens, to twitch, pinch, and ridicule for the amusement of mankind. We cannot, however, but feel somewhat indignant upon such occasions, since the said old lady, with all her real or supposed faults, is still our fostering mother, whom we rejoice to love and venerate for excellences which her very adversaries must admire, would they once submit to cultivate her friendship.

With respect to Mr. Cunningham's work, the ostensible head and front of all this offending, our remarks shall be very brief. Indeed it is too late to detail the faults or excellences of a volume which has passed through nine or ten editions. Mr. Cunningham had deserved so well of the public by his former writings, and charitable exertions, that we were certainly somewhat prepossessed in favour of whatever should possess the sanction of his name, and though the present work is by no means a finished performance, we were not disappointed. It is, we confess, occasionally trifling, and sometimes deals in gratuitous remarks upon dissent, which, from their irritating nature, we could have spared; yet, with all its imperfections on its head, we recognize in it much of the genius and all the piety which adorned the "World without Souls," and have beheld with no small veneration the delightful character which it exhibits of a genuine Church of England Pastor. Mr. Cunningham, however, unluckily possesses a quality most unfortunate in a clergyman,—wit; "*hinc illæ lachrymæ;*" our dissenting friends wished all the mirth to have remained on their own side. *Churchman* however as he is, no person can possibly plead in a more strenuous and noble manner for the life, the spirit, the vitality of religion, as distinct from its outward forms and observances. His bitter complaint is, that in some period of our ecclesiastical history "we heard so little of Christ, of faith, of conversion, for which words were substituted, Socrates, reason, and moderation." His great objects of attack are *popery* and *Socinianism*. Even the Legend, his most able and violent opposer, confesses;

> "Genius does not appear to be this writer's highest praise. We sometimes meet with sentiments of touching and exalted piety; and when dwelling on these with unmingled delight, I have been ready to say of this author, what he himself said of Archbishop Leighton, that he is the most formidable of all controversialists, because every devout reader must be afraid to disagree with him."

Having thus adverted to the Legend, we shall take our leave

of Mr. Cunningham, and present our readers, somewhat in detail, with the spirit and character of this curious production. Οἷον δὲ τὸ πρᾶγμα ἐγένετο ἀκούσατε· καὶ γὰρ ἄξιον.

First then and foremost, the very assumption of the name of Ringletub, accompanied as it is in the Preface with the remark, that this name is the production of a *Churchman* to stigmatize all those at whom " in every age *intolerance* has pointed the finger of scorn," appears to be a preliminary stratagem of war to prepare the reader for all that is to follow. Of course every dissenter must feel somewhat indignant at a church which can thus descend to so low an art as that of nicknaming its opponents. Happily however for the church, our author candidly names the officiating priest who thus baptized them. But surely the great body of respectable and pious members of the establishment, who both love and wish well to their seceding brethren, whatever they may think of their sentiments on controverted points, are not to be made responsible for every new-coined term of reproach which a popinjay in canonicals may think fit to affix upon a class of persons, whom, after all, he possibly dislikes much more on account of the real piety and strictness of life which are to be found among them, than for their want of conformity to the discipline of the established church. Honest Anthony Wood remarked of a certain clergyman, " that he was a cock-brained man, and afterwards took orders;" but surely no person would select *such* a character as a specimen of the Church of England pastor.

Among the qualities which, we are sorry to say, obtruded themselves upon us in perusing the Legend, were frequent vulgarity, and profane levity on sacred subjects. — *E. G.* King Charles " engraving a bloody liturgy on the backs " of his Scottish subjects;—" nightmen who rake up learned and unlearned filth;"—the Almighty appointing Aaron " to wear bells *on his petticoats* that he might be heard when he went into the holy place. *But now-a-days waggon-horses wear them, lest two teams should meet in a narrow lane.*" Our holiest worship exhibits, we are informed, " here and there an old ragged wig peering over the top of a pew, the twitch of an old woman's nose taking snuff to keep herself warm and awake, the cheering voice of the solitary priest gliding over ' two or three met together in THY name '." We might refer to the exclamation " Good God !"—the obvious mockery of scripture, when he speaks of the clergy " weeping, wailing, and gnashing their teeth," at the toleration act; to say nothing of various indecent jests upon devout ejaculations in our daily prayers, such as that of " Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord !" the second versicle of the Gloria Patri, &c. But we forbear. *Ex uno disce omnes.*

It is with no slight pain that we find arms of so questionable a nature in the hands of one whom we sincerely wished to respect as a man of talent and piety, how much soever we may differ from him on the subject of dissent. Through the sides of the church he has deeply pierced our common christianity. If, as is very possibly the case, he be a minister, let him never from his own pulpit venture again to repeat the consolatory promise of our Redeemer to his assembled church, lest he remind his hearers, as will inevitably be the case, of "an old ragged wig," &c. which he has so indecorously associated with it. We cannot avoid hazarding a reflection which has often occurred to our minds, and which this rash volume has much tended to confirm, that religion, where it really exists in the establishment, is usually of a more sober, solid, retired, decorous kind than among the dissenters. We admit the charge of surplices and steeples: but with all our faults, the love of jesting upon sacred things is by no means a common failing in the true members of the established church.

In examining the work under consideration, it has been our conscientious endeavour to discover and weigh the separate *arguments* which the author has thought fit to produce. This, however, on account of the medium of exhibition, is no easy task. His obvious intention is to leave on the mind of the reader a fixed impression that the church of England is a most ludicrous and ridiculous object; an effect which every intelligent reader well knows may be produced without any great expense of candid or legitimate argumentation.

There is no prodigal exhaustion of learning or divinity in the volume of the Legend. It appears as if the author had first collected his facetious stories in the margin of his copy of Joe Miller, and afterwards contrived to find or form a suitable niche for their admission. Were we converts to the Shaftesburian apophthegm of ridicule being the test of truth, (an apophthegm which ought to be engraved, *literis uncialibus*, as the running-title of the Legend,) we doubt not we could relate full as many delectable stories on the other side of the question; but we disdain the artifice, as neither recrimination nor satire can possibly elicit truth or promote piety. Our future remarks will therefore be "more in sorrow than in anger." We will not, however, conceal our opinion that the work, *as a whole*, is offensive, grossly offensive; and that, in selecting its arguments from its invectives, we are attempting to analyse the disgusting pages of a jest-book. Had the church committed all the crimes imputed to it by the wildest of its accusers, she could not deserve a more brow-beating judge than the anonymous author of the Legend. We must therefore patiently adopt the well-known words of meek Richard Hooker, and endeavour to imitate his spirit: "to your railings I

say nothing, to your arguments I say as follows." We cannot, however, be surprised that our author so much delights in adorning the church with a motley coat and bells, when even those of his own brethren who cannot conscientiously agree with him, that the Roman Catholics ought to be eligible to the most responsible offices of a protestant government, cannot escape his ridicule. For example,

"And now, my good Jonathan, I begin to opine, that your face is prodigiously lengthened, and that horror is creeping through all your veins, at the mere apprehension that I, your orthodox brother, a big wig of the old school, and the elder branch of a family, time immemorial, distinguished for its salutary abhorrence of wicked *papishes*, because our great-great grandfather had some recollection that his old maiden aunt had related how one of her ancestors was cruelly burned at the stake in the days of the bloody Mary;——that I, so descended and having such cogent reasons for detesting every rag of every garment of the scarlet lady of Babylon, am now about to espouse her cause."

Till we perused this foolish passage we imagined that every protestant eye was accustomed to weep, and every protestant heart to bleed at the very thought of the dying pangs of our venerable martyrs;—but these were the dreams of childish sensibility; it was reserved for the present century, and the present work, to elicit a jest from so agonizing a subject!

We pass by these charges of wilful artifice and disingenuousness which our anonymous author has alleged most liberally against Mr. Cunningham, in order, to proceed, to discover the exact grievances of which he has to complain in the established church. The dreadful bill of indictment, (page 281) consists of various counts; charging us concerning sundry "communion-rails; pictures of Moses and Aaron, the belief, *surplices*, fonts, and beadles' staves with the image of the saint of the parish on the top,"—none of which our accuser gravely avers can be found in the Bible! We shall not of course waste the time, or insult the understanding, of either our brethren of the church, or our more candid and sensible friends among the dissenters, by commenting on charges so obviously frivolous and vexatious. We therefore hasten on; for if we are systematically to clear the ground of such petty obstructions before we are suffered to proceed, we may cover with replications and rejoinders as much paper as ever graced an exchequer process, before we come fairly to the important points at issue.

We cannot, however, but advert in a transient manner to a long dispute between Mr. Cunningham and the Legend, respecting the principles and character of Charles the First. In a his-

torical point of view, the question is certainly curious and important: but our feeble optics have not discovered the absolute necessity of its minute discussion in the present controversy. We wish the church to stand on its own base; it needs not the adventitious aid of King Charles's character, however good, to prop its venerable bulwarks. It can answer no good purpose to raise the ghosts of departed episcopalians and puritans to settle a dispute in our days, which they could not settle in their own. It is not fair or conclusive to adduce either Archbishop Laud as a specimen of the church of England character, or Oliver Cromwell as the representative of the dissenters. Times have changed, and we are changed in them. Where shall we find either a churchman or dissenter of sense and piety to vindicate a thousandth part of the strong things which were said or done by either party, from the time of the reformation, to the illustrious moment of the Hanoverian accession to the crown? Why then, in equitable dealing between persons anxious for truth, should reprobated deeds or reprobated characters be so triumphantly adduced by the adverse party while they are disowned and avoided by their own. The very best writings on either side of the dispute in question must be read with some allowance. Not that we are neutrals in the controversy, or that we think the balance of things exceptionable was perfectly equal;—far from it; but our meaning is, that after all these and similar discussions, the church of England, and the dissenters in the present century, remain just as they were at first, and that not one advance has been made towards the genuine merits of the controversy between them.

As, however, we *have* adverted to the dispute respecting Charles, we cannot but remark the inconsistent way in which the Legend has discussed the subject. A more complete instance of the lowest artifice of special pleading cannot be found, than our author's argument respecting the murder of that sovereign. He first attempts to prove that the puritan party had not the chief hand in his death; *or that if they had*, it was "an act of dire necessity," for which the regular course of human laws had not provided, but which was notwithstanding absolutely requisite for the preservation of the commonweal. We are no admirers of this species of ratiocination. Let the author choose his position and adhere to it. If the act were really meritorious, as he attempts to prove, it was unfair in him to deprive the puritans of the allowed honour of being its authors; but the very attempt which he has made to bring it home to episcopalians, or to all parties unitedly, evinces his doubts as to its defensibility. He quotes Towgood with applause as admitting it was a "bold illegal stroke," yet observes in his own person

that the actors in it were "men of inflexible integrity and virtue." We give at present no opinion on the subject, except that *both* these propositions cannot be true, as logicians express it, *eodem modo, secundum idem—ad idem—et in eodem tempore.*

The first *important* argument which the Legend brings forward against the Church of England, is that she criminally resembles the Church of Rome. In vain, alas, did our Latimers, and Cranmers, and Ridleys, and Hoopers, bleed to emancipate us from the chains of papal superstition, which after all their efforts bind us it seems as firmly as before. But how is the point attempted to be proved? Why truly thus. The churches of England and of Rome are both endowed, for this he considers as a horrid grievance, and both use surplices and fonts:—wherefore &c. Q. E. D. Admirable argument! We shall not attempt refutation; but shall only say that if it be legitimate, a barrister and a bashaw are the same, because each happens to wear three tails; or better thus,

> Philosophus amat Sophiam,
> Thom. Jones amat Sophiam,
> Ergo, Thom. Jones est philosophus! Q. E. D.

But a more serious proof occurs. We resemble Rome in our spirit; the alleged proof of which is that our bishops and clergy have always been the most strenuous opposers of Catholic emancipation. We hate, it seems, our very brethren. Persecution is our favourite weapon; a two edged sword, with which we wantonly cut and slash, like a raw midshipman in his first engagement, both ways: so that neither Protestant dissenters, nor Roman Catholics can escape our rage.

In reference to this injurious identification of the English with the Romish church, on account of their alleged similarity in the article of intolerance, we can cheerfully appeal to facts; of which the present almost unlimited (*quite* unlimited as far as *conscience* is concerned) legal extension of the Protestant dissenter's privileges is an illustrious specimen. The spirit of the members of the English church has in a laudable degree kept pace with the increasing light of successive ages, whilst the narrow policy of the Romish communion remains in every period much the same. Of this truth, the late and present events in France, Spain, and other places, is a convincing proof; and we could wish that those who so much delight to identify the spirit of the English hierarchy with that of Rome, would practically ascertain the difference by a few months' residence in the south of France, or in the territories of the petticoat-embroidering king.

But the point in which we are alleged most intimately to sym-

bolize with the church of Rome, is in the absurd doctrine of transubstantiation. "They—[the Papists] eat their God."—"but there is another church which believes nearly the same thing." Legend, p. 42. We think we see our readers adjusting their glasses and opening their atlas to look in the wilds of North America, or beyond the mountains of the moon, for the tribe of savage cannibals to whom our author alludes. But, alas! a map of England will suffice for the purpose. How much precious blood would have been saved had this lucky discovery been made in Queen Mary's reign! For the first time, it appears that the frequent dialogues recorded by our martyrologists on the subject of transubstantiations were mere logomachics! Unhappy England! Thy reformers, the compilers of thy venerable liturgy, men who were once accounted wise as well as holy, perished at the stake like fools for want of knowing their own meaning! They thought they did not believe the absurdities of transubstantiation,—they suffered torture and death, "not accepting deliverance," rather than even verbally admit them; yet after all, unhappy infatuated men! left them to their posterity as their most solemn bequest!—We had resolved to be calm; but what, as upright and impartial men, can or ought we to say to so malignant, so impudent a misrepresentation? We live in an age of miracles, otherwise we could never have expected to see the day when all "who tremble at the doctrine of transubstantiation" (Page 42) should need to be warned against the church of England. We thought if there were any one point in which our secession from the doctrines of the Pope was more obvious and undeniable than another it was the one under consideration. Now for the proof of the contrary. "Let those who tremble at the doctrine of transubstantiation read the 28th article of the Church of England; and that answer in the catechism which most unequivocally affirms the *real presence* in the bread and wine."

First for the *Catechism*. The passage referred to, and which the author has cited at the foot of the page, is an answer to the question, what is the *inward* part, or thing *signified?*—Ans. The body and blood of Christ which are verily and indeed taken and received *by the faithful* in the Lord's supper. We discern nothing here to support our author's construction. The body and blood of Christ are expressly affirmed to be things—(not *present*, as he asserts,) but *signified*; and the limitation of their reception to the faithful sufficiently evinces that nothing but a *spiritual* participation was intended, for the corporal or real presence would make *all* who received the elements partakers of the body and blood of Christ. We envy not our author that commemoration of "the exceeding great love of our master and only

saviour dying for us, and the innumerable blessings which by his precious blood-shedding he hath obtained to us," in which the great master of the feast is not present to the true believer.

Now for the *Article*, which our author has only referred to, and not quoted, as he did the expression from the Catechism. The probable reason of this studied difference will be obvious to every candid mind, as soon as we have supplied the defect. The exact words are: "The supper of the Lord is not only a sign of the love that Christians ought to have among themselves one to another; but rather is a sacrament of our redemption by Christ's death; insomuch that to such as *rightly*, *worthily*, and *with faith* receive the same, the bread which we break is a partaking of the body of Christ; and likewise the cup of blessing is a partaking of the blood of Christ. *Transubstantiation (or the change of the substance of bread and wine), in the supper of our Lord, cannot be proved by holy writ, but is repugnant to the plain words of scripture, overthroweth the nature of a sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions.* The body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten in the supper *only after an heavenly and spiritual manner*, and the mean whereby the body of Christ is received and eaten in the supper is *faith*. The sacrament of the Lord's supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up, or *worshipped*."

What words could possibly be more plain and decisive! We now evidently perceive the reason why this article was only referred to, and not formally produced. Were it necessary, we could cite numerous passages from the homilies and liturgy, to say nothing of the standard authors of the church, to show the palpable falsehood of this libel. We shall, however, content ourselves with one remark, namely, that every respectable dissenter will by this time have blushed and grieved at having obtained so disingenuous an advocate.

The Legend has attempted to strengthen its assertion by a reference to the posture in which our communicants receive the bread and wine, intimating pretty broadly that it is an act of worship, though the rubric expressly asserts the contrary, as well as the latter part of the article which has been just transcribed. Having annihilated our author's main proof, it is scarcely necessary to rebut this feeble auxiliary. The attitude is allowedly no essential point; if it were, our dissenting brethren are fully as heterodox as ourselves, since a recumbent, and not a sitting posture is undeniably that in which the twelve disciples first received the Lord's supper. We however prefer kneeling, not only as an attitude highly proper and reverent in itself, but

as having been first introduced to distinguish the genuine adorer of the Son of God, from the Arian who refused to do homage in his presence. These are not times in which the accustomed ancient exterior gestures of respect for the ever blessed Redeemer ought rashly to be relinquished. If it is thought fair to goad us with the dread of popery, we might justly retort, that the Pope of Rome himself is the only person in Christendom, *except the Protestant dissenter*, who claims to sit whilst he receives the eucharist!! We wish, however, that such questions, on both sides, should rest on their own merits, or, as Dr. Marsh would say, on *abstract reasoning*.

Another class of objections which both the Legend and the New Covering bring forward with considerable prominency, is the alledged exceptionable nature of several of our occasional services. Here we might again expatiate pretty widely, but must confine ourselves to the Burial Service only, which we select, partly because each of these authors seems to consider it as the very strength and marrow of the whole argument, and partly because it affords us, as will be seen hereafter, a notable occasion of introducing to our readers the New Covering, which hitherto we have not had an opportunity of bringing forward.

This last work is evidently written in Mr. Cunningham's manner, though with a very inferior rate of genius. More than a fourth part of the volume elapses before we obtain a sight of the Cushion, which event, after all, is insipidly brought about in an awkward sort of way, by dint of a tedious journey to Westmoreland in a "one-horse chair." In the mean time we are amused, to no purpose as respects the tale itself, with episodes of Johanna Southcott; the "poor weaver," (whom we cannot but esteem) the fine lady thrusting "stalks of wheat into her *ridicule*," &c. in all which, however, we are happy to discover, what to us, whether in dissenter or churchman, is the best of all qualities, a pious mind.

These things premised, we return to the mooted point, on which we are constrained to make a remark which has often been forced upon our attention; namely, that our dissenting opponents, in animadverting upon the Burial Service, seldom think it necessary to quote it with correctness. Thus the author of the New Covering, in reciting the important words "*In sure and certain hope of THE resurrection to eternal life*," omits the definite article before the word resurrection, which we can scarcely suppose to be a typographical error, as the same mistake occurs twice, and the sentence, *thus mutilated*, is made the foundation of considerable comment. That the omission was important, the

following extract from Wheatley, on the Common Prayer, will abundantly confirm:

"The phrase of *committed his body to the ground*, implies, that we deliver it into safe custody, and into such hands as will faithfully restore it again. We do not cast it away as a lost and perished carcase, but carefully lay it in the ground, as having in it a seed of eternity, *and in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life;* not that we believe that every one we bury shall rise again to joy and felicity, or profess this *sure and certain hope* of the resurrection of the person that is now interred. It is not HIS resurrection but THE resurrection that is here expressed; nor do we go on to mention the change of HIS vile body, in the singular number, but of OUR *vile body*, which comprehends the bodies of Christians in general. That this is the sense and meaning of the words, may be shewn from the other parallel form, which the church has appointed to be used at the burial of the dead at sea." Wheatley, (Oxford, 1810) p. 496.

Admitting, however, what we confess to have been very possible, that the omission of the definitive article was unintentional, we dare not apply this judgment of charity to the following interpolation. We will cite the whole prayer exactly as it stands in the New Covering.

"Almighty God with whom do live the souls of them that depart hence in the Lord, and in whom the souls of them that be elected after they be delivered from the burden of the flesh, be in joy and felicity; we give thee hearty thanks that it hath pleased thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world; beseeching thee that it may please thee of thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of thine elect, and to hasten thy kingdom; that we *with this our brother, and all other departed in the true faith of thy holy name*, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory. Amen."

We confess we were not a little startled on reading the words to which our author has so forcibly directed the attention by means of Italic characters. It certainly appears from this passage, that the church, without equivocation, asserts over every individual, that he has *departed in the true faith of God's holy name*, an assertion which no conscientious clergyman could possibly venture to repeat. Yet here we find it openly transcribed, glaring as the noontide sun, as part of the burial service of the established church. But what will our readers think when they discover, as they will inevitably do, by turning to the prayer-book, that the whole of the exceptionable clause is merely the poetical license of the transcriber, and that not a single syllable of the kind occurs in the service from which it professes to be taken! The real words are simply these, *That we, with all those that are departed in the true*

faith of thy holy name, may have our perfect consummation, &c. There is not a syllable about *our brother and all other*. Surely we need no better evidence of the general excellency of the church services than the fact that they almost always stand in need of being garbled or interpolated before they can be censured. Of the perfidiousness of the practice we say nothing.

The church no where in the burial service *asserts* the salvation of the deceased. If she speak of "joy and felicity," it is only for those "that depart hence in the Lord;" or as it is expressed in the next line, "the souls of the faithful."* The strongest expression which *necessarily* applies to the deceased is the prayer that "when we shall depart this life we may rest in Christ as our *hope* is (*not sure and certain hope* as it is often quoted,) this our brother doth." There is no man but a deliberate suicide of whom we may not fairly say, let us *hope* that he found repentance and mercy even in his last hour; though, as has been well observed, the lower degrees of hope in these cases are oftentimes but one remove from despair. We are willing, indeed, to admit, that the service was intended chiefly for an age of strict discipline, in which none should be permitted to remain in the outward and visible communion of the church, and consequently be intitled to Christian burial, who were not giving evidence of being its inward and spiritual members; and that consequently the form was composed in a judgment of charity, so as to apply in a most beautiful manner to the genuine believer. All, therefore, we contend for is, that there is nothing so *necessarily specific* as ought to incline the most conscientious clergyman to shrink on account of the objections which are so often brought against this service.

We come now to the trite question respecting the propriety of a legislature in certain cases demanding subscription to established articles of religion. This important question our limits will not permit us at present to discuss. As, however, the author of the Legend dwells with considerable emphasis on the "cruelty" of this practice as far as it excludes dissenters from our universities and public schools, we must be permitted to make a remark or two upon the subject. The charge against us is twofold; first, that we require subscription to articles; secondly, that the articles to be subscribed are inconsistent with themselves. We regret that we cannot now afford space for entering into the real merits of the question. We shall only say in one word that the practice is fully justified by the acknowledged right which every voluntary corporation possesses of binding itself by rules and limitations. The

* The New Covering, in quoting the above-mentioned passage, reads by mistake, "the souls of them that be elected."

policy of the system is indisputable, nor can we see any good effect which appears likely to follow by converting the shades of our academic bowers into noisy scenes of religious contention, which would inevitably be the case were subscription abolished. Without, however, entering into the question, we think it very fair to advert, by way of *argumentum ad hominem*, to the conduct of our opponents themselves on similar occasions. A single fact may suffice. The academy at Homerton is universally considered as the dissenting Oxford. The conductors and students are, we believe, of the Independent class; that very connection to which the author of the Legend appears to belong. Is it then, credible, that amidst all the outcry against academical subscription, Homerton is as strict as Oxford and Cambridge themselves? Yet such is the fact, which we can readily prove, as we happen to have before us a copy of the articles which are expected to be signed by every member upon his admission. The copy in our possession is printed; but we are not aware that it was ever published. It consists of ten articles without titles, but which may be thus analyzed:

1. Natural religion,—the being of a God--revelation--mysteries.
2. That the being and perfections of the Deity are discoverable by the light of nature. The Trinity in Unity.
3. Election, and non-approbation.
4. Paradise—covenant of works—the fall—imputed guilt.
5. The new covenant—how, when, for whom, and by whom undertaken.
6. Particulars respecting the incarnation, and for whom Christ suffered.
7. Imputed righteousness.
8. Human impotency—irresistible grace—holiness—passiveness of man in conversion.
9. Final perseverance and the indefectibility of the elect.
10. Particulars respecting the resurrection of believers.

So much for the *general principle* of academical subscription, which it appears that the Dissenters, even the Independents themselves, acknowledge by their own practice to be both equitable and expedient. Whatever arguments may be adduced to justify the system at Homerton will apply to larger societies. We do not deny that a number of Dissenters have a full right to support or endow a college for the education of persons of their own sentiments, and so to regulate the terms of admission as virtually to exclude all others. And why may not the argument be extended to a larger scale? For what is a civilized nation, but a company of persons agreeing to govern and be governed by certain regulations, one of which is, "We will establish such a system as is most agreeable to our general wishes, and in order to prevent de-

rangement in our affairs by the admission of improper persons—persons who would be glad to see our whole fabric overturned—we will mutually adopt certain securities and tests." It would be as fair to object to the caution-money usually deposited at entering the universities, as to the required subscription. But what, it may asked, becomes in the mean time of the dissentients to the aforesaid national contract? Evidently they are placed in the same condition as the minority amongst the Homerton subscribers. In all societies the majority must bind the minority, and those who dislike the rules of the society may withdraw from its company and privileges. A subscriber of half-a-guinea to the Bible Society may as fairly complain that he is not intitled to vote at the committees of that institution, as a dissenter, that he is not eligible to the judicial bench. It would not be enough that a person thus elevated should even act with strict neutrality, for every society requires that its leading functionaries should enter completely into its views, and actively maintain its principles, neither of which a true dissenter could honestly perform.

But as the church was not only reproached with requiring subscription, but subscription to articles inconsistent with themselves, we think it very fair to retort the charge, and to assert, that were the numerous confessions of faith, which are to be found on the admission-books of dissenting congregations and dissenting academies, to be placed as the thirty-nine articles have been upon the bed of Procrustes, they would suffer infinitely more from the operation. We adduce as a case in point the confession of Homerton itself. We are not disposed to deny to this formulary what the orthodox dissenters usually allow to the established creed, that it is *upon the whole* tolerably correct and scriptural. Yet it needs not to be placed upon the above-mentioned couch, in order to be proved at once both redundant and defective. Of the creed of the establishment we leave our readers to judge for themselves; of the formulary we observe, among many other instances, that there is not a single sentence respecting the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's supper; respecting the *general resurrection*, or the existence of future punishments, all which are doubtless articles of prime importance. As an example of positive *inconsistency*, we quote *verbatim* the following passage without addition, disjunction, or omission.

"God from eternity *unchangeably ordained* whatsoever comes to pass, yet so as that he is not the author of sin, nor is violence offered to the will of the creature; though he *unchangeably knows* whatsoever will come to pass, yet he *has not decreed any thing*, because he foresaw it would come to pass on certain conditions. By his *decree* some of mankind are predestinated to everlasting life."

We confidently challenge the most learned members of the dis-

senting Oxford to produce in all our articles, homilies, liturgy, and services, so suicidal a paragraph. We say nothing of the impropriety of thus entering into an argument respecting God's *reasons* for his conduct in a matter wholly beyond our comprehension, and asserting that this specific motive was, "*because* he foresaw it will come to pass *on certain conditions*." We refer only to the words as they stand, and as they are signed by the students of the academy. God is first asserted to have "unchangeably *ordained* whatsoever comes to pass;" this is immediately softened down into "unchangeably *knows*;" (an expression, by the way, not very intelligible:) in the next line we learn, that although God from eternity "*unchangeably ordained* whatsoever comes to pass," yet that he "has not *decreed* any thing;" and being thus taught that he has never *decreed* at all, it is added, "by his *decree* some of mankind are predestinated to everlasting life." After all this, and much more which we could produce to the same purpose, with what face can our anonymous author, who, for any thing we know to the contrary, might have received his education at this very academy, take upon him to censure the supposed inconsistency of the thirty-nine articles of the established church?

But we must hasten on; for though we are rapidly approaching our limits, we have been hitherto only skirmishing with a few flying objections, while the main phalanx on which both the Legend and the New Covering place their chief dependence remains unassailed. We come, therefore, to the very nucleus and marrow of the question; which is not merely that we are popish or heretical; that our formularies are highly exceptionable; that our clergy are vicious; that the whole system, in short, is diametrically opposed to what ought to characterize a truly spiritual establishment; but that no national church ought, *under any circumstances*, to exist; that "they [the Dissenters] discern the impropriety of all religious establishments whatever." Legend, p. 128.

The New Covering is fully as explicit, though certainly not as sarcastic as the Legend. It introduces an amiable and religious man in the respectable walks of life, tearing himself with inexpressible pain and reluctance from the ministry, (not of a clerical gambler, or fox-hunter, or Socinian,) but of "the dear man whom he always venerates," and who, it is added, "not only preached the gospel and preached it faithfully, but was the very instrument of enlightening his mind and giving him just impressions of religion." The following dialogue ensues:

"What could, therefore, be the ground of his separation? I suppose, returned Mr. R——, what he seems to have intimated, *an objection to an ecclesiastical establishment*. So then you believe it is worth while to quarrel about a few trifling modes and ceremonies, to split

society into a thousand divisions, to tear up the mound, and plant the dissenting artillery against the venerable establishment of our country, *even though the doctrines preached in the churches be the doctrines of the gospel, and her ministers practice what they preach?*"

The author then goes on to "disclaim the imputation of a quarrelsome disposition;" but recurs, like an honest man, to his former assertion. Now all this is manly and as it ought to be. We have a firm and frank avowal. The parties are fairly at issue. A naked proposition is brought forward, which we are challenged to grasp and combat. How much better is all this than misquoting our Services, and attacking us with the petty arts of an insidious warfare.

But while we admire the blunt explicitness with which the doctrine is brought forward, we cannot sufficiently express our horror at the doctrine itself. It stands in direct opposition to all the dictates of experience, humanity, and reason. It cuts at the very roots of all improvement, for it is useless to prune the branches of a bramble or a thorn. It is, moreover, as novel as it is dangerous; for not one of the reformers, not Calvin, nor Beza, nor even Knox himself had made the discovery. *Their* lamentation was, that the then existing governments were hostile to true primitive Christianity; that they *would* not give their co-operation to the cause of God; but they never once dreamed that if such co-operation were volunteered, it was to be peremptorily declined; or that it was a mortal sin to attend the instructions of a minister, who "not only preached the gospel, but preached it faithfully," because he happened to be of the same religion with the ruling party in the state. We can conceive no cruelty greater than for a government professedly Christian to suffer a whole people to "perish for lack of knowledge;" or which is much the same thing, to consign them over to the casual instruction of a few self-appointed teachers, who, whatever their zeal and piety and talents, could not, under any circumstances, supply a tenth part of a numerous population. It is true, and a truth in which we glory and rejoice, that Providence can and will complete the great ends for which the gospel was sent; can and will ultimately evangelize the whole habitable globe; so that no opposition whatever, either human or infernal, shall finally triumph against the arm of Omnipotence. But the Almighty, we well know, usually works by means, one of the most powerful of which is the inclining the hearts of the children of men, especially men of influence and condition, to co-operate for the very end which he designs to accomplish. We do not say or think that God *could* not keep up a church, a pure and flourishing church, without the aid of princes, without the concurrence of rulers; he has in some instances done this, and the fact affords no slight corroboration of the truth of Christianity; but where has he

seen fit to extend this operation to any very large scale, to a nation, a continent, a world?—or where shall we find the *majority* of any people persisting long in the profession, even the outward profession of the faith, after it was discarded by the ruling powers? It is presumptuous to rely on extraordinary interferences of Providence, when the plain and obvious means by which God almost always works are in our hands. We, therefore, confidently avow our opinion, that the church of England is the great, and under present circumstances, the indispensable bulwark of Christianity in this land, and that, without its salutary aid, all the religious knowledge and the piety which are at present found among dissenting communities, would soon be lost in the surrounding darkness of infidelity and superstition. An establishment connected with the state would be necessary, were it only as "a dead hedge to preserve the quick." True religion, under any form, has to oppose the natural depravity of the human heart, and the constant aggression of external sin and temptation; so that, *humanly speaking*, (and "how can we reason but from what we know?") it would be soon lost and forgotten, were it not for the counteracting influence of an establishment, which, with all its alleged faults, provides for the reading of the word of God and the administration of the sacraments throughout every corner of the kingdom, thus preserving the external face of a Christian community, and providing the means of infinitely higher advantages. We deprecate the inference, that the power and providence of God in defending his church, are thus virtually set aside; our meaning, our sole meaning is, that as the Almighty usually works by means, and as the means appear to us, in the present case, to be *chiefly* concentrated in the established church, the suppression of the means would indicate the intention of Providence not to bring about the end; so that should our establishment be ever abolished by law, we should view it as an omen that God was about to forsake us, as he seems to have done that unhappy country where the experiment was tried.

Let us suppose a case: A Pagan king, and the leading members of his government, are converted to the knowledge and enjoyment of Christianity. What is their duty on this occasion? Is it not most evidently to disseminate that knowledge which they believe necessary for the present and future welfare of their subjects? To this important end they would naturally appoint ministers, and see that they were remunerated for their labours. They would build churches, and, in order to guard against the contingencies of mortality, would, as far as possible, endow them with revenues to maintain the high and heavenly cause for the benefit of future ages long after they themselves should have been numbered with the dead. Perhaps also they would adopt a similar

plan respecting colleges and schools. These would necessarily be guarded by such tests and securities as should prevent the admission of persons not well disposed to the cause. But, according to the system of our authors, every step of this proceeding would be anti-christian. How pure soever might be the doctrines and discipline of this church, no true disciple of Christ ought, it seems, to attend its service, because "he has an objection to an ecclesiastical establishment." It is "a church founded on acts of Parliament," (New Covering, p. 68.) so that as our Saviour asserted, that "his kingdom was not of this world," every true Christian would be obliged in conscience to separate from such an establishment, and erect a new church on the principle of general independence. In a word, Christian kings and queens, whose highest attribute it once was to be the nursing fathers and the nursing mothers of the church of God, are to stand still in blank neutrality, without presuming to pollute ecclesiastical affairs by their secular and unhallowed touch.

But another question arises. What is the line of conduct to be pursued by the aforesaid kings and princes towards those who desire to teach new and hitherto unauthorized opinions? Let the Legend itself for once answer the question. "It is sufferance they (the dissenters) plead for, not establishment; protection, not power." Now is not sufferance—far more than sufferance—granted by the English community to every conscientious seceder, both in forming, and what is much more, in promulgating his tenets? Every thing which can be claimed under the name of the rights of conscience is fully enjoyed, and base indeed would be that man who should attempt to disturb the sacred possession. Then why all this outcry against the "persecuting spirit" of the established church? Because it seems whilst much is conceded, something is withheld. Mr. Cunningham imagined he had proved the practical impossibility of *complete* freedom from *all* restriction, when he asked, whether a dissenter would willingly permit an atheist openly to disseminate his tenets upon Westminster Bridge, or a blasphemer, who professed to be the Messiah, to preach his horrid impieties, and boldly claim divine adoration in public. The Legend frankly avows, that this liberty of conscience ought freely to be conceded to the atheist; but in its tender mercy would dispatch the other to Bedlam as a dangerous lunatic! If such principles of universal license be admitted, his Majesty unwarrantably interfered with the rights of conscience in the act against profane cursing and swearing, which are less evil to the community than the atheism which gives them birth. But, alas! what a solecism would it be in a professedly Christian country, for persons to be seen openly perambulating the streets cursing their Maker, whilst the police stood by, but was afraid to act, because in

sooth they chose to call legislative restraint an unfair interference with the rights of private conscience. A quaker cannot in conscience contribute his quota towards bearing the general burdens of the community; but were this to be permitted as an excuse, no government could be maintained, for every man would soon find that his conscience had suddenly become unusually squeamish on the subject. Nay, a daring villain might plead, as has more than once been actually the case, that his conscience prompted him to assassinate the reigning monarch, and who, according to the present doctrine, could dare to interfere? We challenge both the Legend and the New Covering to disprove that these inferences are naturally and necessarily derived from the data laid down in these two works.

We shall make but one remark more upon this part of the subject, namely, that if unbounded license be what is pleaded for by any considerable number of the leaders of our dissenting interests, dissent is a far more dangerous evil than we have ever yet supposed. The majority of those who wander from our folds to the dissenting pastures usually assert, as their sole reason for the practice, that though they love and prefer the church, they could not find in it that kind of spiritual food which they most desire. But what will persons of this neutral description think when they come fully to discover the real principles of *some* of their newly-adopted guides, and to be told, that though a minister "preach the gospel and preach it faithfully," they ought to forsake his instructions on account of the polluted medium through which they are conveyed. It would be a libel on the dissenters to imagine, that a tenth or a fiftieth part of their congregations enter into the views which are so unequivocally broached in these two works. We state, therefore, once for all, that in our remarks on the publications before us, our controversy has been with the individuals, and not with the body whom they profess to represent. As far as Christ is preached, even though it should be of envy and strife, (which, however, we are far from intending to impute as the motives which actuate those who honestly separate from our communion,) we do rejoice, and will rejoice; but when sentiments are openly and unblushingly avowed, which, in their necessary consequences, strike at the very roots, not merely of ecclesiastical establishments, but of every constitution, civil, moral, and social, by which man is leagued to man, we should think ourselves guilty of sacrificing the dearest temporal and eternal interests of our species, if we failed to utter, in the most forcible manner, our unqualified reprobation. It is in vain for the maintainers of the sentiments in question to assert that they do not wish to behold the established church destroyed; they must, they may, they ought, in conscience and consistency, to pray and labour to that end. Purgation will not suffice; the whole,

according to their hypothesis, is built on unjust and unchristian principles, and nothing short of overturning the foundation can cure the evil. Even allowing our doctrine and our worship, abstractedly considered, to be immaculate, we are still, on account of our connexion with the state, as much under the ban of proscription as antichristian Rome herself. We would however only request the writers of the Legend and the New Covering, who, whatever we may think of their principles on the subject of ecclesiastical government, profess to be really men of sense and piety, to lay their hands upon their hearts; to forget for a moment the petty interest of sects and parties; and as in the sight of God to ask whether it would tend to the spiritual benefit of the present and succeeding generations, and to the general enlargement of the Redeemer's Kingdom, that their avowed principles should be universally adopted; and that christianity in future should be left to make its way in the world, without any public establishment for its propagation. If their conscience reply in the affirmative, we would say, proceed as you have begun, and enlighten the world; but if in the negative, as we most sincerely think would be the case, our advice is, whatever you may think, yet for the good of the community, for the honour of your God, bury the secret for ever in your bosoms.

We do not deny the practical abuses which are to be found in our establishment. We wish them to be known that they may be corrected, and not that the whole system may be voted a nuisance. Were the abuses multiplied tenfold, we should still give our support to the church; because these abuses are accidental and not necessary; modal and not essential; because the system seems born for better things, and will become, we doubt not, increasingly useful even to its oldest age. We have all the essentials of faith and practise, our enemies themselves being judges; so that nothing is wanting but strict discipline to give effect to our standing rules.

Whilst on the one hand we find ourselves thus opposed by the regular dissenters, we are introduced, by the two remaining writers whose works we have placed at the head of this article, to a more new and an increasing subject of apprehension. Planted by the hands of a man of Mr. Wesley's character, (a man who, as Mr. Crowther informs us, (p. 117) "for more than fifty years successively preached twice every day, and in his earlier years not infrequently four or five times,"—besides "numberless exhortations;"—who for more than half a century "on the lowest calculation" travelled four thousand miles annually, and during his life delivered "not fewer than forty thousand sermons,") methodism could scarcely fail to become a strong and healthy plant. It was cradled in the storm, without any of those sources

of enervation which belong to most other establishments. The preachers were usually men raised from those walks of life in which the human body is inured to fatigue, and the mind proof against censure, opposition, and scorn. Several important ends were secured by this master stroke of policy; one of which was the certainty of procuring a regular supply of persons eager in the cause, and apt to be modelled according to the direction of their instructor; to say nothing of the price of labour, so to speak, being here much cheaper than among men of education, so that even the trifling rank and pay of a methodist preacher would operate in the way of a bounty for replenishing their ranks, almost as much as bishopricks and deaneries in the established church. Of men like these, boldness, and patience, and perseverance, were the characteristic weapons. Their success was such as human foresight could scarcely have expected. Already does the number of their converts in various parts of the world amount to nearly half a million. In the united kingdoms alone they conduct the education of not less than a hundred thousand children. Nearly four thousand preachers have at different times been licensed in their connexion, besides innumerable local preachers. Their influence has become so great, that even government uniformly pays the utmost respect to their petitions; and so fully conscious are they of their importance, that the author of the Candid Inquiry, after lamenting that their preachers have not sufficient facilities for obtaining knowledge, goes so far as gravely to urge the propriety of the legislature's furnishing the enormous sums requisite for establishing methodist colleges and schools!

The whole system under consideration is remarkably adapted to the purpose of forming proselytes, and retaining them when made. The preachers being of much the same calibre with their auditors, are able to address them with far more effect than if their learning and prudence were somewhat greater. The mode of conducting the services is admirably accommodated to the taste of the auditory. The energy of the preachers, and the animation of the singing, have irresistible power over the minds of the lower orders of the community; and the flame once kindled spreads with electrical celerity from bosom to bosom. The first object is to excite attention, and this point once attained, the whole machinery of the system is put in action to draw the wavering individual into closer contact. To recede is scarcely possible. By means of band-societies, class-meetings, love-feasts, watch-nights, and various other inventions, the initiated person is kept in a constant state of feverish excitement, and learns to view every thing through an artificial medium. There is a magical attraction in the sound of "*our people*" which raises the

lowest member to a conscious interest and importance in the society. A due pyramidical subordination is preserved; the people are connected with their preachers, the preachers with each other, and the whole with the conference which regulates the society. The secession of individual congregations is prevented by what is called the conference-plan, by which the chapels are made over in fee to the corporate body, by whom, and not by particular societies, the preachers and their circuits are appointed. This last regulation is highly politic, and preserves the attachment of the preachers to the conference, on whom they depend, in exactly the same manner as the Jesuits, scattered throughout the world, are kept subservient to the court of Rome. Mr. Crowther allows that their constant rotation of preachers, is "productive of many inconveniences and painful exercises." The expenses incurred by such frequent travelling are enormous, and the utility of the plan *in a religious point of view* is more than questionable; but it is an essential part of the system, and cannot with safety be altered: for who does not perceive that if a minister were permitted to remain at a fixed place, sufficiently long to allow of an inseparable mutual attachment between himself and his people, an *imperium in imperio* would be created, and secession perhaps ultimately ensue? It is not without difficulty that a congregation can procure the privilege of retaining the same minister two years in succession, and a third is carefully avoided.

Considering the proud independence of the age in which we live, the implicit subordination of the members of the society is almost incredible. Their discipline extends to the minutest actions of domestic life. Nothing can escape the notice of the guardians of the society. Domiciliary visits and public inquisitions are constantly in practice, and a member of the connexion cannot even change his habitation without carrying with him a certificate of his having had sufficient cause for removal.*

From what has been remarked, it is evident that the methodists are an important and united body, and the question which

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* We throw into a note a few of the most peculiar rules of the society, as they appear in Mr. Crowther's publication.

Page 255, *et seq.* We learn the rules of the Band-societies, most of which relate to the privilege claimed and granted of auricular confession, and reproof. The questions which are added appear to us liable to much exception; such as "Have you the forgiveness of your sins?"—"What temptation have you met with since our last meeting," &c.—The directions of the band-societies are very good considering the classes of character to whom they ase usually addressed; but to persons of education they must sound rather unpleasant, and many of them needless. "Carefully abstain from doing evil; in particular; 1. neither to buy nor sell any thing at all on the Lord's day. 2. To taste no spirituous liquor, *no dram* of any kind, unless prescribed by a physician. 3. To be *at a word* both in buying

this circumstance, in connexion with the general tenor of the present article, has suggested more immediately to our minds, is whether they are to be considered auxiliaries or opponents to that establishment which we most conscientiously believe is and must be the *chief* agent for the general religious instruction of the community. If auxiliaries, as they profess to be, we shall hail them with delight; but if, as we rather fear, the sure though slow and *unintentional* subverters of the national church, we cannot but consider all the good which has been effected, and in which, *abstractedly considered*, we most cordially rejoice, as no counterpoise for that superior good which must inevitably be prevented by the subversion of that venerable system, which alone provides, on an universal scale, for the spiritual wants of the people. We shall endeavour to enter very briefly into the bearings of the subject.

To the real merits of this society, and to the good which in very many instances has been effected by their ministration, we are far, very far from being insensible;—but we think that we perceive among them,—and we wish candidly to expostulate the question—many things which cause us to dread the too great diffusion of their system. We shall omit saying any thing of their discipline, or even of their creed, which however the author of the Candid Inquiry allows to be too much approaching towards Pelagianism.

A most obvious and exceptionable feature of the society is superstition. Our readers will give us credit for not wishing to identify zeal in religion with fanaticism; for piety may be as ardent as that of "the rapt seraph who adores and burns," without ceasing to be perfectly rational and sober. Mr. Wesley himself set the example of superstition, by the ridiculous tales of ghosts, presages, and inspirations which still continue to disgrace the accredited periodical organ of the society. In perfect consistency with this system, Mr. Crowther informs us with approbation that John Nelson took up a venomous serpent at the risk of his life, saying, "I have no enmity against it, and it has none against me." A clergyman, he tells us, by his prayers, put a stop to the races of Haworth, the Almighty sending such showers of rain that they could not be conducted. John Haime *predicted in battle*

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and selling. 4. To *pawn nothing*, no not to save life. 5. Not to mention the fault of any behind his back, and to stop those short that do. 6. To wear no needless ornament, such as rings, ear-rings, necklaces, lace, ruffles. 7. To use no needless indulgence, such as taking snuff or tobacco, unless prescribed by a physician," &c. &c.—

One of the most exceptionable things in the *discipline* of the methodists (for we have no time to enter into their *doctrines*) is what is called making or renewing their covenant. The Candid Inquiry has spent a whole chapter in reprobating the practice, and has forcibly pointed out its abuses.

that the French could not kill him. The extraordinary mercies which Europe has lately enjoyed are attributed to the passing of the new toleration act; which, adds Mr. Crowther very sagaciously, "I do not know that any other writer has remarked." We are certainly amongst the zealous advocates for the doctrine of a particular Providence, which is the very reason why we lament to see it thus abused; and if such instances are to be found in a respectable writer like Mr. Crowther, we can easily conceive, independently of numerous facts which have come to our own knowledge, how far superstition has been carried amongst the less intelligent classes of the methodist society.

Another circumstance which we dread is, that in proportion as their numbers, and riches, and talents increase, a new and very exceptionable spirit is often generated. It is one great object of the Candid Inquiry to show that, in Ireland at least, the high tone of piety with which they professed to set out is awfully lowered; whilst the system still retains its former organization and efficiency. The necessary results both political and ecclesiastical are obvious. We do not mean to deny that the great body may be respectable and patriotic characters, but what security have they given, or can they give, against dangerous innovations either in faith or morals? They possess no regular creed embodied in unalterable forms. Their most powerful pledge (of course we except the inspired volume) is the principles and conduct of Mr. Wesley. And how has this pledge succeeded? Which of his injunctions have they not violated? In ascertaining this one point we may guess at future probabilities. Mr. Wesley, it is well known, was most anxious that the connexion should not recede, either in spirit or practice, from the church of England. This was his repeated, his most sacred wish and injunction.* Some of his last words were, "O Lord, bless the Church and King." He objected vehemently to his societies receiving the sacrament of the Lord's supper in their own chapels instead of the parish church.

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* He published in 1756 twelve unanswerable reasons for their not quitting the establishment. We select a sort of specimen. (Crowther, 61, *et seq.*)

Reason 1st. Because it would be a contradiction to the solemn and repeated declarations which we have made in all manner of ways, in preaching, in print, and in private conversation.—6th. Because it would be throwing balls of wild-fire among them that are now quiet in the land, &c.—8. Because to form the plan of a new church *would require infinite time and care, with much more wisdom, and greater depth and extensiveness of thought, than any of us are master of.* 9. Because from some having barely entertained a distant thought of this, evil fruits have already followed, such as prejudice against the clergy in general, *and aptness to believe ill of them;* contempt (not without a degree of bitterness) of clergymen as such, and a sharpness of language towards the whole order, utterly unbecoming either gentlemen or Christians.

But on the subject of the present practice, and how far it accords with the original principles of methodism, let facts speak for themselves. Under Mr. Wesley's influence the conference of 1786 would not even permit preaching in the hours of parochial service, except in four exempt cases, namely, "1. When the minister is a notoriously wicked man;—2. When he preaches Arianism or any other equally pernicious doctrine; 3. When there are no churches in the town sufficient to contain half the people; 4. When there is no church at all within *two* or *three* miles:" (Crowther, p. 92.) and even in *these* cases, it is added, "we advise every one who preaches in the church hours, to read the psalms and lessons with part of the *church prayers*." Whereas now, it is an obvious fact that even in parishes where they themselves allow the clergyman to be both a religious and an active man, and where the population is not larger than can be conveniently accommodated in the church, the hours of preaching are permitted to interfere with the parish service, and the congregation thus drawn off never to return; a circumstance which could Mr. Wesley have anticipated it to the present extent, would, we doubt not, have embittered his last hours, and made him dread the ultimate effects of his own well-intended system. Even within a few months after his decease, whilst his repeated injunctions, we might have supposed, were still sounding in the ears of his admirers, they went so far as to *draw lots* in full conference, whether they should have the eucharist in their own chapels or attend the parish church.

But it is superfluous to produce particular instances, when it is notorious that the preachers themselves do not scruple to avow that Mr. Wesley's predilection for the church was his "weak side;"—a fault, however, which we fear they are in no danger of adopting. As far as our own observation has extended, there is at present little difference of opinion between the methodists and the regular dissenters on the subject of that establishment, of which one is the avowed opposer, and the other the *soi-disant* friend.

But we fear we have fatigued our readers with this painful discussion. We can most sincerely adopt the language of the vicar in Mr. Cunningham's publication:—

"I cannot spend my time in examining these thorns upon the hill

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10. Because the experiment has been tried so frequently already, *and the success never answered the expectation, &c.*

11. Because we have melancholy instances of this even now before our eyes. Many have in our memory left the church, and formed themselves into distinct bodies; and certainly some of them, from a real persuasion that they should do God more service. But have any separated themselves and prospered? ***Have they been either more holy or more happy than they were before?***

of Zion, when I am mercifully permitted to gather its flowers.—Come, and let us look together at the goodly proportions, the majesty, the splendor of the temple, and listen to the promises of its mercy seat—and leave others to pluck the few weeds which have sprung up in its courts."

Such being our sentiments, it may naturally be demanded for what purpose we have entered into this extended discussion.—Certainly not from any feeling of hostility to our dissenting brethren;—but simply and solely to arouse, if possible, our sleeping fellow-churchmen to life and energetic exertion. Something must be done, and done immediately; or else *actum est ilicet*,—the battle will be won before we have perceived the danger. As we profess ourselves to be practical men, it may be expected that, having expatiated so largely on the disease, we should attempt to point out a remedy. This is indeed no easy task; its difficulty is commensurate only with its importance; and having said so much on the subject in a late number, we shall confine ourselves on the present occasion to a few practical and obvious hints.

First then we deprecate, in the most solemn manner, every thing like legislative or other invidious interference for the suppression of dissent. Both the natural and the chartered rights of conscience ought to be held for ever sacred. We desire no penal statutes, nor any abridgment of the ample privileges which all religious persuasions at present so happily enjoy. We by no means view acts of parliament in favour of the dissenters as mere skins of parchment, stained with an infusion of galls and copperas, and having a piece of sealing-wax dangling at one corner. Legislative opposition is as impolitic as it is cruel. The case of the Israelites is applicable to religious sects, the more they are afflicted the more they multiply and grow. The Methodists were absolutely persecuted into notice. It is true, this persecution did not come in an official shape; for Mr. Crowther informs us, page 54, that Sir John Ganson, chairman of the Middlesex justices, waited on Mr. Wesley, in the name of his brethren, to say, That the justices had orders from the government to do him and his friends justice, whenever they should apply; his Majesty being determined that no man in his dominions should be persecuted for conscience-sake." Still, however, some wise justice, or wiser mob, would occasionally endeavour to compensate for what was considered by them as the ill-timed lenity of the higher powers; till at length the great body of the dissenters found it expedient to join in legally obtaining privileges, which, if left unmolested, they might never have thought it necessary to request.

There is, then, we conceive, but one way in which the church can be preserved, namely *by the united instrumentality of her*

ministers. Alarming as may be the present progress of dissent, we cannot but hope that, if in every village and parish throughout the kingdom there were suddenly to start up a clergyman of prudence, and zeal, and piety, and anxious to enter, as his duty requires, with affectionate interest into the spiritual concerns of his parishioners, dissent would *ultimately* be starved for want of the necessary supplies; or would take refuge only in those parishes which the legislature has left fairly open to its incursions, by not providing parochial accommodation sufficient for the worship of the united population.

We are placed in circumstances in which nothing but systematic, cool, and prospective measures can be of much real utility. The disease is chronic, and requires not merely a few active and bitter doses, but a constant course of alteratives to effect its subjugation. Dissent has gradually taken deep root in minds which at first steadfastly adhered in preference to the church, whilst they sought, as they professed, to hear her doctrines from the pulpits of seceders. Every farmer well knows that the chief reason why sheep learn to break their enclosures is that their regular pasture is scanty, or their pool of water impalatable; but he knows likewise that the habit, when once acquired, is seldom lost, even though they should be removed to a more favourable situation. The great hope, therefore, of the church must be placed in preventing future secession, in cutting off supplies, and in attracting to itself those new recruits who would otherwise march to join its opponents. In this view, catechizing and pastoral visiting, if *universally adopted*, might even yet do incalculable good. In almost every case the house of a pious dissenter is open to an active and religious clergyman, who may by Christian meekness and instruction soften down prejudice, and prevent the extension of an evil which he cannot at once eradicate. Perhaps many even of the older soldiers themselves might be induced to return to their deserted standards, when they found that its colours had become universally respectable, and its service productive of spiritual honour and advantage. Thus then we are arrived—we will not say at the regions of Utopia—but at the trite and obvious maxim that our clergy, in order to subdue their rivals, must, *as a body*, "outpreach them and outlive them."

The real or pretended faults of the clergy, for both go together to make weight, are the prolific seed of dissent. A good cogent story against the church operates more to its injury than fifty grave arguments to its advantage. Had Hooker been a bad man, his life would have excited more scandal than his invaluable book could ever have removed. It is clear, therefore, that the *general characters of the succeeding race of the clergy*

will in a great measure decide the feelings and conduct of the public respecting the ultimate fate of the English church! We tremble to think, that we depend apparently upon the cast of a single die; but believing as we do that Providence has intended the religious establishment of this country for great and glorious designs, we do not despair that in his mercy he will bring into its fold such a constant supply of faithful men as shall support it amidst all its perils, and bring it off "more than conqueror" from the attacks of its opponents.

But in order to deserve the name which we have assumed of plain practical men, we may be told it is not sufficient to have urged the probability that dissent would in time die away of itself, were the clergy universally what very many of them certainly are, without, at the same time, pointing out some specific measure for attaining so desirable an end. The fact, however, appears to be, that it is not by any one or more violent remedies that the church is to be preserved, and dissent annihilated, but by a wise and systematic combination of all these various means *which the church herself has placed within the power of her members.* We do not need a new temple, but merely "a whip of small cords" to purify the present. Much, very much, will have been performed, when the public at large shall have become once interested in the question: we have humbly entered upon the high and honest endeavour to bring about this end, and we pledge ourselves not to lose sight of the subject till this shall have become the case.

To effect then the great consummation so devoutly to be wished, we need no projecting or innovating spirit. The church, we have asserted, has placed the power of renovation in the collective agency of her members; she has provided for decays and dilapidations, and instituted a system, which, if *fully* acted upon, would restore her to that primitive glory which she derived from the blood of her martyrs and the suffrages of an admiring people. It is in the *practical detail*, and not in the system itself, that the source of all our disasters is to be found.

Let us exemplify this in the case before us, of improper ministers being permitted to enter her connexion. What admirable provision has been made to prevent such a possibility! more than triple brass is interposed to prevent any thing in the shape of ignorance, indolence, heterodoxy, or immorality, passing those sacred barriers which separate the priest from the people. In the first place it is expected, unless under peculiar circumstances, that the candidate for orders should be a graduate of one of the universities. By this limitation several objects are intended to be attained, and amongst others competent learning, both general and professional, with true church principles and morality of

character; the absence of any one of which, in a high state of university discipline, would have effectually prevented the individual's arriving at the honour of a degree. A second prerequisite is, that the candidate should have attained the full age of three-and-twenty years. Hence time is given for prayer, and study, and deliberation; the character is formed and matured; so that no boyish resolution, or parental authority, can be thereafter pleaded as a motive for entering a profession for which the candidate feels himself unqualified.

The next step is to procure testimonials of moral and religious character, from at least three respectable clergymen, who undertake to assert, from their own personal knowledge, that the candidate, who is affectionately styled "our dearly beloved in Christ," for at least three years last past "hath lived *piously*, *soberly*, and *honestly*, and diligently applied himself to his studies," &c. which can never be conscientiously predicated of an irreligious, or immoral, or even an indolent man. In order, however, to guard, if possible, still further against the admission of improper persons, a notice is publicly read during the time of divine service in the church or chapel of the parish in which the candidate resides, exhorting that if *any person whatever* know any thing against his principles, or his character, or any just cause why he should not be admitted to holy orders, he should openly declare the impediment.

Thus prepared, the candidate approaches the bishop. His papers are inspected. An examination ensues, in which the bishop has a full opportunity of discovering his learning, his orthodoxy, his *personal religion*, and his general ability for the important task which he is anxious to undertake; in any one of which, if he prove deficient, the bishop has full power to dismiss him unordained. In addition to this he must undergo another examination by the clergyman who is to present him to the bishop, and to whom the bishop is publicly to put the most solemn questions respecting the candidate's ability and piety. Thus all having been done that human sagacity can effect to discover his real qualifications, the only remaining step is to exhort him to self-examination, and to address to him the most awful questions which the momentous occasion can suggest. When the candidate fully answers these vast inquiries, deliberately professing himself to be "moved by the Holy Ghost" to take upon him the office of a minister, *human* inquisition and authority can go no farther.

To elude obstacles like these we might think impossible. The church has fully done her part; so that there must be some most flagrant violation of piety and truth (we speak boldly because we feel strongly) in *many* individuals, before one single improper person can be admitted into holy orders. We shudder to reflect

upon the subject. Little did our ancestors think, when they wisely instituted these judicious forms, how many of the successors would incur the most complicated guilt by frittering them away to mere official ceremonies!

It appears therefore from this one instance, and we might produce many others, that what we need, is not a new organization, but that the system already established should be put into its state of primitive efficiency. A strong feeling and expression of the public mind on the subject would produce irresistible effects. Were it once generally understood that the British people unanimously and peremptorily demanded, in all who should minister at her altars, not merely professional decorum of character, not merely statute labour and stipulated observance, but a very high and heavenly tone of scriptural piety, and a life of unremitting, laborious, ardent, self-denying exertion; very few mere men of the world would choose to enter the hallowed ranks of the priesthood. We deserve indolence and impiety while we consent to tolerate them. It is a lax state of public feeling on this momentous subject which produces the evils of which we complain; the cause and the effect act and re-act upon each other. There is always a sufficient quantity of piety and talent in the nation to replenish the church with able and conscientious ministers, and it should be an understood thing, that we are determined to have no other. To fly from the church because our minister happens to be an improper character is the very way to increase the evil. Let us be firm to the establishment, whilst we raise our voice against the abuses which have crept into it; and which, after all, are nothing in comparison of those which characterize many other churches. If those who sign testimonials, and those who examine them, the bishop who ordains, and the people who are to be instructed, are unanimous in demanding the requisite qualifications in their full spirit and intent, it will not be long before irreligious men will dread to apply for orders, and still more dread the care of a parish in which the people expect what they are by no means prepared to bestow. Thus an opening would be made for those who would press in with pious eagerness to support the holy vocation which the others had renounced. It is, we again assert, cautionary, prospective measures, which we need. Let every parent deeply impress upon his son, every preceptor upon his scholar, every individual upon his younger friends, the enormous guilt and infamy of undertaking the clerical office without corresponding qualifications;—let such a feeling be more especially cultivated in our public schools, from which no small number of our clergy is selected;—let the same system be constantly pursued by individual fellows, tutors, and governors, in our universities;—let our prints

and periodical publications speak the same language; above all, let our venerable fathers in the church use their united influence, learning, and authority, to produce this important result,—and it will not be long before we shall perceive the dawning of a brighter day than the Church of England, in all its glory, has yet enjoyed.

ART. II.—*Letters written by eminent Persons in the seventeenth and eighteenth Centuries, to which are added Hearne's Journeys to Reading, and to Whaddon Hall, the Seat of Browne Willis, Esq.;—and Lives of eminent Men, by John Aubrey, Esq.—The whole now first published from the Originals in the Bodleian Library and Ashmolean Museum, with biographical and literary Illustrations.* In two volumes. 8vo. London. Longman and Co. 1813.

WE know of no species of reading more interesting to a large class of persons than that which comes under the title of literary anecdote. To those who feel interested in the *gossip* of the learned world, the letters before us will be sufficiently amusing. We are introduced behind the curtain, and perceive the great performers on the stage of time divested of their fictitious habits, and appearing in the garb of ordinary men. The title-page sufficiently indicates that there is no regular concatenation in the work; the whole is professedly insulated and desultory; for amongst the letters and memorials of the principal authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, some are to be found on almost every subject of inquiry. The editor has, however, deserved well of literature by the publication of the work, as anecdotes and circumstances are here to be found which might be sought elsewhere in vain. We feel it impossible to give an analysis of the contents, and must therefore endeavour to attain unity in the present article by taking up in a *general point of view* the subject on which the letters and narratives unitedly bear; namely, the general state of learning during the two centuries in which they were written.

The literature of our native island, even abstracted from the interest of local attachment, deserves in a high degree the attention of the scholar. We can retrace it amidst the obscure clouds of antiquity to those periods in which a barbarous war-song was its highest effort. Thence returning, and marking the silent lapse of ages, we arrive at a still blacker night, in which not Britain only, but also the whole of Europe, was involved

A gleam of light sometimes indeed shoots for a moment across the horizon, but it is instantly lost in the surrounding darkness. Alfred, although a star of unequalled brilliancy, could not dispel so profound a gloom. The illustrious Roger Bacon, like the sun in a winter's noon, shed a few transient beams; but at his departure the mist of ignorance became almost as impenetrable as before his appearance. But soon after this time light began gradually to dawn, and our forefathers hailed with pleasure the first indications of returning day. At length, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, after a long-protracted twilight, the full lustre of science and learning burst upon the world with irresistible effulgence. So rapid indeed from this period was the progress of our national literature, that several authors have ventured, though without sufficient reason, to call the reign of Elizabeth our Augustan age.

About the close of this reign commenced the seventeenth century, which we are now to compare somewhat in detail with that which immediately succeeded it.

Adopting Lord Bacon's classification of the arts and sciences, we shall divide all literary productions into works of *judgment*, works of *memory*, and works of *imagination*. This arrangement is not, indeed, without inconveniences; for it is perhaps impossible to discover *any* artificial division which shall not occasionally bring under one head subjects which we are accustomed to view as almost unconnected, and disunite others which appear naturally allied; but if, upon the whole, it be found simple and correct, it will better suit the present purpose than a more elaborate arrangement.

Under works of *judgment* mathematical literature claims the most conspicuous place. During the early part of the seventeenth century, this important branch of knowledge was far from being an admired or a common attainment. Those studies which are usually classed together under the title of the mixed mathematics, were then too much obscured by the syllogistical reasoning and metaphysical subtleties of the schools to become generally interesting: and the Aristotelean logic and philosophy being still retained with almost undiminished reverence, the test of experiment was neglected amidst the clamours of verbal disputation. Under such circumstances it cannot excite wonder, that mathematical studies formed so insignificant a part of the learning of that period. It is true, indeed, that the writings of Lord Bacon had shown the folly of substituting theory for experiment, and of reasoning *à priori* concerning what could be known only by analysis and induction; but great as was the reputation of this reformer, a general extirpation of ideas so deeply rooted could not be expected during the life-time of a

single individual. Boyle, the champion of the mechanical philosophy, following the plan of Lord Bacon, amassed an astonishing number of experiments, but evinced a truly mathematical indifference for all pre-conceived hypotheses and solutions. The Transactions also of the newly-instituted Royal Society had begun, even in the reign of Charles II. to render scientific literature more popular as well as more worthy of attainment; so that every circumstance seemed to conspire to usher in the illustrious man who was completely to emancipate the world from scholastic bondage, and to open to its view the true "mathematical principles of natural philosophy." From the time of Sir Isaac Newton both the pure and the mixed mathematics became every day more and more understood; so that not only the whole of the eighteenth century, but even the latter part of the seventeenth, may justly claim a decided and increasing superiority over the reigns of the Stuarts. The mathematics, strictly so called, were perhaps never more cultivated than about the time of George the Second; but the studies dependent upon them continued to make rapid advances to the very close of the century. Optics, mechanics, astronomy, cosmography, and various kindred branches of learning, were so much improved that every man of education could readily have confuted the most admired theories of our earlier writers. But while we claim the palm of mathematical literature for the eighteenth century, we should acknowledge that the foundation of that excellence was laid in the century preceding; for had not Lord Bacon taught men to reason,—had not Boyle and others collected facts for them to reason upon,—and, above all, had not the incomparable Newton existed, who to extensive knowledge of what others had done, to unequalled felicity in devising and applying new experiments where the researches of others were insufficient, to mathematical precision, to unwearied patience, and to an inexhaustible stock of *data*, added a native sagacity of an extent unequalled, we might still, like our forefathers, have been content with substantial forms and occult qualities, and have dug for ever in the mine of science without a gleam of light to show us the riches with which we were surrounded.

But it appears unnecessary to enter more fully into this division of the subject, since mathematical works, though undoubtedly a part of general literature, belong rather to the cultivation of science than to the progress of authorship. But even *in a literary point of view* the scientific writings of the eighteenth century display far more taste and judgment than those of the early part of the other period under consideration. The chief end of the former appears to be to simplify and elucidate science; of the latter to involve it in mystery. The characteristics of the

one are brevity, selectness, and perspicuity; of the other, affected obscurity, tediousness, and want of critical discrimination. Were we, for example, to compare any well-written work on the new chemistry with the most admired alchemical writings of the reign of James the First, or his immediate successor, it would be difficult to decide whether our scientific knowledge or our literary taste would gain most by the comparison. But nothing perhaps shows the superiority of modern literature more than the contempt with which we view a numerous class of writings, which, in former days, were eagerly read and implicitly believed: I mean works of pretended magic, which even Lord Bacon himself expressly enumerates not amongst the ideal works of fancy, but with the deliberate efforts of the human understanding. Of the general taste for works of this description, several curious examples occur in the volumes before us.

In logic and metaphysics, which claim the next place under works of judgment, a very considerable change took place in favour of the eighteenth century. Logic, which had till then been abstruse and technical, and of little service except occasionally to silence a captious disputant, was now divested of its scholastic garb, and rendered practically useful both for the discovery and the transmission of knowledge. Metaphysics also began to be less characterized by mere verbal subtleties, and to be made subservient to useful information. The perspicuous though profound writings of Locke having greatly improved the national taste and judgment on these subjects, the wild speculations of the monkish writers began in consequence to be neglected, and metaphysical works of equal research, and of far greater interest and usefulness, were substituted in their place. Towards the close, however, of the eighteenth century the very name of metaphysical learning was disgraced by the appearance of various publications, the especial aim of which was to reduce man to his primitive barbarity, and to exhibit laws and religion and civilization as unnecessary and unjustifiable restraints. But the national taste for books of so pernicious a tendency did not continue long: antidotes were provided, and metaphysics has again become a merely speculative, and, so far at least, an innocent pursuit. It is, however, a remarkable circumstance, that at the close of the eighteenth century that very science should have been converted into an engine of anarchy, which at the beginning of the seventeenth had been the avowed defender of divine right and unlimited obedience.

Having thus incidentally adverted to political writings, it may not be improper to observe, that the perturbed affairs of the seventeenth century produced many works of this nature which were highly admired at the time, but few of which continue to

be read by posterity. The writings of Hobbes, in particular, acquired an unusual degree of notoriety; and if dogmatism, self-conceit, party-spirited virulence, insatiable eagerness for novelty and paradox, and irreversible hatred for every thing established by laws, whether human or divine, be legitimate claims to celebrity, he may fairly contest the palm with the boldest speculators of any succeeding age. Literature is, however, considerably indebted to various political writings which appeared about the reign of Queen Anne. The Freeholder of Addison, in particular, by its ease and delicacy of style, influenced the judgment of the age not less in literature than in politics, and still continues to be read as a genuine production of truly classic taste. But even in the preceding century several authors of merit, among whom Sir William Temple shines most conspicuously, had evinced by their example that political writings might be rendered susceptible of elegance of style and politeness of discussion. The times, however, were too momentous to allow men in general to devote much attention to these minor requisites of political writing, so that the majority of works of this nature, and especially of those which appeared during the civil wars and the subsequent political revolutions, possess little claim to attention except in the importance of the events which gave them birth.

Among works of judgment, the theological writings of the two centuries remain to be compared; and in no class of literary productions will modern inferiority be so evident as in this. With a few splendid exceptions, the religious writings of the eighteenth century, when contrasted with those of the preceding age, appear superficial and unsatisfactory; so that for deep systematic information we are still compelled to resort to the scarcely portable volumes of our earlier divines. The theologians even of Charles the Second's reign were eminently learned and devout; for though the sovereign himself was no patron of religion, he possessed men formed in a better school, and whose names will always live an eternal honour to the period of his reign. In works of polemical divinity the reign of James the Second is wholly unequalled. The important controversy which was then agitated with the Church of Rome elicited all the powers of our most able writers, whose works still remain inimitable specimens of deep erudition, irresistible argument, and exalted piety. If the eighteenth century can boast of any thing that may be esteemed an equivalent for these, it is to be found in those unanswerable works on the evidences of Christianity, by which that age was distinguished above every other, and which were rendered peculiarly necessary by the circumstances of the times.

It may not here be improper to notice that remarkable change in our theological style which took place during the latter half of the seventeenth century, and which has influenced our writings of this class almost ever since. In antecedent times, like all other literary productions, they had been disfigured by intricate ramifications and subdivisions, by awkward antitheses and unnatural conceits, and by the perpetual introduction of citations from the learned languages, all which faults rendered a change of manner absolutely indispensable. But in addition to this, our theological writings possessed a distinguishing character of their own in being modelled, like those of the primitive Fathers, from the language of the sacred Scriptures, in such a manner that Biblical phrases and allusions were habitually interwoven with the general style and sentiments of each individual author. At various periods, and especially at the time of the inter-regnum, this kind of language had been made a mask for hypocrisy, and had even been profaned by an irreverent introduction into ordinary intercourse, and into assemblies convened for the dispatch of secular affairs. Hence the most sublime peculiarities of scripture expression, and by consequence, of scripture doctrine, became the subject of indecent ridicule. The licentious wits of Charles the Second's court, and even their royal master himself, who for the sake of mirth willingly forgave profaneness, thought themselves justified in ridiculing the technical phrases of scripture, because they had heard them repeated by the hypocritical usurper and his adherents. Partly, therefore, as a matter of literary taste, and partly with a view of conciliating those who professed themselves disgusted at the usual theological style, several eminent divines adopted a manner wholly new, and endeavoured as far as possible to convey the doctrines and precepts of revelation through the neutral vehicle of unappropriated language. Their example was soon followed by others; so that, independently of those changes in language which apply to literature in general, it is easy, in many cases, to distinguish a divine of the eighteenth century, from one who flourished antecedently to the revolution, by this simple circumstance alone. In a literary view this change was undoubtedly an improvement;—in a theological view, it is not the present object of discussion.

Among works of *memory*, which were next to be enumerated, languages, history, and biography deserve the chief attention.

During the former century the modern tongues of Europe were not so generally studied in England as of later years, but the languages of Greece and Rome were held in the highest estimation. A respectable knowledge of the classics was essential to a courtier; and even sovereigns themselves considered the translation and composition of Greek or Latin as no unworthy

employments for their royal leisure. James the First invited over and pensioned the learned Casaubon on account of his classical attainments; and it was no unusual practice to select learned members of the universities for conducting the affairs of state, or becoming the national representatives at foreign courts. Not only were the writings of professed authors filled with learned quotations, but even the dispatches of government, and the speeches of senators and kings, could not escape the contagion. Every literary work of importance was written in Latin, and the *formulæ* and transactions of the public courts were recorded in the same language. But these very circumstances, while they rendered the Latin tongue extensively known, tended to debase its purity and elegance. Men studied it, not so much with a view to refine their style, and to enjoy the scarcely transferrable beauties of ancient writers, as in order to understand the technical jargon of public forms, or at best to be enabled to peruse the works of their contemporaries, and barbarous scholastic authors, whose want of pure Latinity was not then considered as much deducting from their excellence. At the time of the commonwealth classical literature sunk rather into disrepute; for though Cromwell had the wisdom to appoint Milton as his Latin secretary, and to patronize learning as far as it was subservient to his own views, he had also the policy to check it wherever it might enlighten or elevate the minds of his countrymen, and thus render them impatient of a yoke which he well knew mere force, without the aid of bigotry and ignorance, could never have imposed.

At the Restoration, classical learning received but little countenance from the reigning monarch. Charles, though an admirer of the sciences, and of his native literature, possessed scarcely any relish for the writers of Greece and Rome. Yet, in his time, the learned languages, though not very deeply studied, began to regain much of their long-lost elegance and beauty. The general politeness of the court, the newly acquired taste for the graces of English composition, and the contempt into which the scholastic writers had fallen, all conspired to improve classical literature. But it is to the writers of Queen Anne's reign that we are chiefly indebted for the general diffusion of a more elegant taste in the study of ancient learning. From this time, barbarous and technical Latin was studiously avoided; so that, if during the eighteenth century we cannot boast of many classical scholars as indefatigable and profound as some that adorned an earlier period of English history, we yet possessed a discrimination of taste, and a susceptibility for beauty in composition, which in times preceding were extremely rare.

In the number and excellence of our translations we are indisputably superior: for at the beginning of the seventeenth century

a comparatively small part of the classic authors, especially of the writers in prose, had assumed an English dress; and of these the version was seldom pleasing or even intelligible to a merely modern reader. We are indebted, however, to the latter part of that century for Dryden's translations, and, what is of still greater value, his prefatory remarks, by which the national taste was formed for admiring the excellent versions that were afterwards to follow, and some of which in consequence have met with a success almost unparalleled in the annals of literature.

The eagerness which appeared in the seventeenth century for the classics, did not generally extend its influence to oriental learning. A few eminent divines and commentators were almost the only persons who acquired a knowledge of the eastern languages, and this exclusively with an intention of becoming biblical students and critics. Even those illustrious Polyglots which have since been viewed as conferring immortal honour, not only on their compilers, but on the country itself, were unable at that time to awaken the public from their lethargy. Hebrew, and the critical integrity of the sacred text, though so closely connected with the theological pursuits of that age, were by no means generally studied; so that the received text is indebted for its general purity to the critics of an earlier day. But the writings and example of modern travellers, the general spirit of literary emulation, and the facilities which have been opened for commercial gain and enterprize in the East, having brought oriental learning to a high degree of perfection, manuscripts have been diligently studied and collated, the sacred writings have received valuable illustrations, and an interesting field of general literature has been opened, with which our forefathers were almost wholly unacquainted.

Connected with the languages, though belonging rather to works of judgment, may be mentioned grammatical pursuits. During the eighteenth century, Greek and Latin grammars have been uselessly multiplied, and they have seldom been more than verbal compilations from the labours of preceding authors; so that their chief merit is brevity, simplicity, and judicious selection, in all which the pedantry of our ancestors rendered them very defective. But in the grammar of our native language, whatever has been done (and certainly much has been performed) may be claimed by the writers of the eighteenth century. The science also of general or universal grammar has been deeply explored by Harris and others, to whom few names in the preceding age, except perhaps that of Wilkins, deserve to be opposed.

Of the *historical* works of the two centuries an estimate sufficiently correct may be formed by comparing a few considerable

authors on each side; nor can that contest be uninteresting, in which such men as Clarendon and Burnet are arranged against Gibbon, Robertson, and Hume. Camden, though patronized before his death by James, belongs rather to the age of Elizabeth. The historiographers of the seventeenth century are accurate, well acquainted with politics and mankind, and oftentimes eye-witnesses of the events which they undertook to record. We perceive in them, and especially in Lord Clarendon, a dignified, though somewhat awkward stateliness of deportment, which commands the attention, and prepares us to look up to our guide with confidence and veneration. Prolixity, digression, want of arrangement, and negligence of style are their prominent defects. Burnet in particular may be characterized as the most slovenly of historians. On the other hand, the writers of the succeeding age are in general fluent, chaste, correct, polished into elegance, and adorned with whatever can fascinate a cultivated taste. They select from their originals the most interesting facts and important arguments, trusting to their own powers for method and illustration, and carefully avoiding the antiquated style and tedious verbosity of their illustrious predecessors. The mind, however, soon fatigued with the flippant smoothness of later historians, recurs with pleasure to the blunt and even tedious narratives of our forefathers, who were accustomed honestly to utter their thoughts in their first words, and without reserve or discrimination to exhibit in their writings all the feelings and prejudices with which they were themselves impressed.

If from general history we turn to biography, which is a kind of history in miniature, we shall perceive some distinguishing characteristics of the two ages under consideration. In compliance with the taste of the eighteenth century, lives, anecdotes, and even auto-biographical details have been prodigiously multiplied, and of course far beyond any legitimate claims on public celebrity; so that this interesting species of literature has been debased much below its native dignity: whereas in the former period comparatively few memoirs were published, but of these few the majority were occupied about men whose names and actions will be always interesting to posterity. We have indeed to regret that so little was written, and that scarcely a feature is now to be seen of various individuals whom we could willingly have contemplated in a whole-length portrait. The eighteenth century is therefore entitled to commendation, for those laborious biographical works which have concentrated all the information that is at present extant respecting the most illustrious men, and left future ages little to perform, except to add a new niche to this temple of Fame as often as a deserving character shall arise to claim it. If Walton's Lives, and Burnet's Account of

Lord Rochester, are to be considered fair specimens of the biographical talents of the seventeenth century, we can never sufficiently regret that we have not a much larger stock of writings in the same department. It would not be too much to say that these two works have not been excelled by any thing that has been since written; not even by those inestimable "Lives of the Poets" which have conferred on their author a literary immortality.

Antiquarian learning at the beginning of the seventeenth century had many ardent admirers, among whom Coke, Camden, Spelman, and Selden are still illustrious. The age of Charles 1st in particular could boast of that great patron of antiquarian studies, the Earl of Arundel, to whom the world owes those important chronological tablets which are still preserved in the University of Oxford, under the title of the Arundelian marbles, and which will perpetuate his name when even those of Hearne, Dugdale, and honest Anthony Wood shall have sunk into neglect. It could not, however, be expected that a species of learning so dependent upon successive researches, should at that time be as extensive as at present, when scarcely a town or ancient building exists whose antiquities may not be found recorded in works devoted to that purpose.

Works of Imagination now remain to be considered, among which poetry claims the chief place.

The eighteenth century was marked by the appearance of several *epic poems;* some of which exhibit great genius, and would ensure the victory over the preceding century without a contest, were it not for the incomparable "Paradise Lost," which is far more than a counterpoise for all that has since appeared.

Of the drama as it existed at the beginning of the seventeenth century, we may form the most correct idea from the plays of Jonson; for Shakspeare, who still survived, is rather an exception than a specimen; and though he had been the idol of Queen Elizabeth's reign, his writings had not yet produced much effect in new-modelling the stage. The rules of dramatic composition were scarcely known; the wildest absurdities found a place in almost every scene, and perpetual quibbling and extravagance were looked upon rather as beauties than defects. Jonson, with all his acknowledged learning, has not produced any thing that can give satisfaction to the refined taste of modern criticism; and though the genius of Shakspeare often converted even errors into brilliances, we cannot but perceive that many of his plays, if divested of the peculiar fascination which his genius contrived to throw around every thing it touched, would be insufferably ridiculous and disgusting. Theatrical performances, and consequently theatrical writings, were from religious motives suspended

during the life of Cromwell; but at the accession of Charles, the drama re-appeared with a licentiousness that has scarcely been equalled in any other age or country. No species of literature was more admired, or more debased, than this. Milton had, some years before, in his Comus and Sampson Agonistes, endeavoured to introduce the Grecian model, but his efforts were in vain. The profaneness and nauseous indecency which characterized the dramatical writings of Charles's time had not even the veil of refinement to render them less disgusting. Folly, absurdity, and a dereliction of all the ancient rules of the drama, and even of common sense itself, were visible on every side. From this account little abatement can be made during the remainder of the century. The celebrated play of the "Rehearsal" produced indeed some effect; but a more considerable time was required, entirely to change the prepossessions of the age. Even Dryden himself, though a writer of great original powers, was infected with a full proportion of the faults of his contemporaries. We cannot, however, regard, as barren of dramatical genius, a century which began in the life-time of Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, and even Shakspeare himself, and which afterwards gave birth to Otway, Lee, Dryden, and others, whose names are still deservedly celebrated in dramatical literature. But, in the eighteenth century, the drama became more regular in its composition, and less openly impure in its language and sentiments. Collier having collected together a variety of offensive passages from the writings of our dramatic authors, the public, not wholly dead to taste and decency, started with displeasure at the disgusting recital, and having perceived the hideousness of such passages in combination, determined no longer to tolerate them in detail. From this time, not even the genius of Congreve could reconcile them to gross impurity; so that, although *much, very much, still remains which modesty can by no means approve*, we have never reverted to that open licentiousness which our dramatists were at one time accustomed to display. The taste of the eighteenth century was farther evidenced by the rejection of rhyming plays, and a growing admiration for the works of Shakspeare: bombast of language was no longer confounded with loftiness of idea, nor a series of puns or quibbles mistaken for the festivity of genuine wit.

Of satirical poems nearly the same remark may be made which has just been applied to the Epopœia; for, judging by the number of tolerably excellent works in this department, the preference must be given to the eighteenth century; but if a single one of unrivalled merit be allowed to outweigh a multitude of more ordinary productions, the Hudibras of Butler will claim the victory for the preceding age. In point of ribaldry, indecency, and im-

piety, it is not easy to decide the contest. These seem, indeed, to be the common property of most satirists in every age. Wolcot inherited them from Churchill, Churchill from the writer of the Dunciad, Pope from Butler, and Butler, through a long succession of ages, from Aristophanes himself. From this censure Donne, the pious satirist of the seventeenth century, must be excepted. His ideas are often admirable, but his language is most unpolished and obscure. Both his satiric powers and his uncouth style may be at once inferred from the circumstance of Pope having condescended to clothe several of his satires in new and elegant versification. But the Hudibras of Butler has claims to poetical fame, which no successor has dared to contest. It is the most learned as well as the most witty and severe poem in this, or perhaps any other language, and is occasionally read with interest even by those who are unacquainted with the events in which it originated..

In other departments of poetry the superiority of the latter period under consideration is evident and indisputable. *Pastoral* never attained its proper ease and sweetness till the time of Pope. *Descriptive* and *local* poetry, which are now so popular, were comparatively little practised at the beginning of the seventeenth century; and though Denham and others afterwards excelled in them, they by no means equal Thomson, Hurdis, Cowper, and others, who have since followed in similar tracks. Our *amatory* verses, which have at all times included the greater part of our poetical effusions, began first to be characterized by their tenderness and elegance about the reign of Queen Anne; but received their last improvements from the pathetic and unaffected genius of Shenstone. During the greater part of the former century, this species of poetry possessed little sentiment or feeling: the lover, heedless of the professed object of his regard, was content if he could gain the astonishment of his reader, and thus forgot the natural expressions of affection in his eagerness to add the charm of wit and novelty to what could interest only in proportion as it appeared devoid of art.

Poetical *translation* has been already mentioned, and in this the superiority of the eighteenth century is so evident as to need no proof.

The *sonnet* owes much to modern poets, and especially to female writers, in whose hands it has become a beautiful and interesting species of composition; whereas in the seventeenth century, even till the time of Milton himself, it was harsh, lifeless, involved, and often almost unintelligible. What Milton found it, and what he left it, may be ascertained from his own attempts in this kind, which, to say the least, add nothing whatever to his fame.

Lyric poetry, in the course of these two centuries, passed through several considerable changes. In the early part of the seventeenth it possessed neither nature nor pathos, but was usually a tissue of conceits woven together with the utmost negligence of language and versification. The discovery of a new mode of torturing a word, or of combining incongruous images, was one of the highest efforts of poetical genius. To his unrivalled talent in this art, even Cowley owes much of his fame. In his most elevated pieces we no sooner meet with a sentiment that touches the heart, than the sweet charm is instantly dissolved by some unexpected and unnatural combination of ideas, some pedantic allusion, some attempt at wit, or some cool metaphysical discovery, which prove that he wrote for others, and that his own feelings were unimpressed; so that with all his learning and commanding powers he is seldom truly pathetic or sublime.

The latter half, however, of the seventeenth century, produced lyric poets who sought a better road to fame by delicacy, sweetness, or grandeur in their conceptions, united with harmony of numbers, and a general attention to chasteness and refinement of style.

To Cowley, among others, must be ascribed that Pindaric mania, which, at one time, carried our poetry to the utmost verge of bombast and extravagance. Irregular stanzas, in which the abruptness, the wild sublimity, and even the obscurity of the Theban bard were the professed objects of imitation, became almost universal; and as inferior artists, in order to produce a striking resemblance, usually find it necessary to overcharge the most prominent and characteristic features of the portrait, most of our British Pindarics have been rather caricatures than copies. Pope and Dryden, it is true, in their inimitable musical odes, had exhibited the fire, the majesty, the rapid transitions of Pindar, not only without violating any of the proprieties of English composition, but even with a felicity of language and numbers which materially improved it; but their imitators, adopting their irregularity and peculiarities, without possessing their genius, soon made this kind of poetry absolutely intolerable. Congreve, at length, who had himself been both an admirer and a writer of these wild stanzas, by an essay, in which he proved that the measures of Pindar were not destitute of regularity and connection, brought this folly into disrepute; and having himself exhibited a better model, soon freed us from the epidemic contagion. Pindarics, if so they may be called, which have appeared since that time, are, in consequence, written in a much better style than those of the seventeeth century, and the earlier part of the eighteenth, so that several of them may be even esteemed among the finest productions of the English muse.

The introduction of Gothic mythology into English lyric verse was a late experiment: and with what success it was attended may be learned from the sublime poems of Gray and others who have followed in the same track. The lofty and terrific imagery of the northern system seems, indeed, both on account of its novelty, and for other reasons, to be better adapted to English lyric verse than those mythological fables which disgraced our earlier poems. Even the Lycidas of Milton, notwithstanding its sweetness and innumerable beauties, has, on account of its introduction of classical fictions, incurred the censure of Dr. Johnson, who justly remarks, that the mind shrinks with disgust from a new tale of Venus or Minerva.

The chief fault of some of our best lyric poems of later years is stiffness and the want of simplicity. They resemble Italian music; a factitious taste is required to enjoy them; neither Collins, for instance, nor Gray, please an untutored reader, for their obscurity of thought and language prevents his immediately perceiving the beauties with which he is surrounded. As far, indeed, as obscurity adds to sublimity, they may have adopted their peculiarities upon principle; but it should be remembered, that poetry which requires much study in order to understand it, is often thrown aside without the labour of perusal. Stiffness may, indeed, be tolerated in our earlier poets, because in them it was the effect of necessity, our language not being sufficiently refined to suit their purpose; but where it arises from affectation or choice, as it certainly does in Collins and Gray, it is always censurable. Ease and simplicity would be less despised, if it were considered that in an age of high intellectual refinement nothing is more difficult to obtain. A rude age is simple, but it is so through necessity and not choice. The first effort of art is to destroy or supersede nature, as we see exemplified in our poetry during the reigns of Elizabeth and her immediate successors, when the nation had just emerged from the ignorance of the middle ages. A higher degree of art brings men back to nature, teaching them at the same time to refine and direct her by criticism and taste: this we see exemplified during the time of Queen Anne, and by the majority of our best poets of a later age. The last effort of art, and that from which we have most to fear, is the introduction of fastidiousness, to the exclusion of nature, and the admission of nothing but what is artificial and new. We may infer the difficulty of attaining true simplicity in this highly-refined age, from the recent examples of authors, who, in pursuit of it, have fallen into such puerilities as are fit only for a nursery. The number of those is very rare, who, like Cowper, can unite simplicity with manly taste, and the greatest correctness with the most unstudied ease.

The Darwinian school, which, towards the close of the eigh-

teenth century, boasted of numerous disciples, partook of a similar fault by being too artificial and elaborate. Its characteristics are a floridness of language, an exuberance and often affected novelty of epithets, an eagerness for scientific terms and allusions, and a constant effort at richness and splendour, which are the consequences of refinement heightened to fastidiousness; and predict, wherever they become common, the speedy decline of natural and manly taste. Much, however, as the poets of this school deserve censure, they are less objectionable than the metaphysical poets of the preceding century. The former considering, perhaps, that the end of poetry is chiefly to please, are apt to accumulate superfluous ornament, and to overcharge their lines with gaudy decorations; while the latter, anxious only to excite interest by their ideas, resign their language to the barrenness of neglect.

To proceed to another branch of poetry, we owe much of the strength, the harmony, and the copiousness of English blank verse to the great poet of the seventeenth century. Till his time blank verse had been confined chiefly to the drama; but it was destined in the Paradise Lost of Milton to appear in a new manner and with new beauties: since which time it has received little real improvement, except what incidentally arises from the general advancement of our language. Thomson and others have, indeed, avoided the peculiar faults of Milton, such as his frequent harshness of language and numbers, and his occasional admission of pedantry and conceits; but they have not been able to rival, or very successfully to imitate, his strength, his variety, his grandeur, or even his general fulness and rotundity of cadence. One of our best writers of blank verse is Akenside; but, with all his beauties, he gives little pleasure to a common reader. His periods, though polished, and inimitably rounded, are frequently so long, and consist of such numerous members, that the attention is fatigued instead of being pleasingly suspended, and a second or third perusal is sometimes necessary, before we can perceive half the excellencies which he has contrived to cluster into a single paragraph. It should, however, be added, that to a reader of judgment and sensibility, when once familiar with his style, no poet gives greater or more lasting delight.

As a proof of the great pedantry and want of taste in our poetical literature at the beginning of the seventeenth century, may be mentioned a custom which had been by no means uncommon in the reign of Elizabeth, and which was not yet wholly abandoned, of writing what the authors chose to call English poetry by the rules of quantity instead of accent. To say nothing of the total want of cadence and harmony in such lines, it is surely absurd that we, who, even in reading the learned languages, make no use of the quantity except to regulate the accent, should write English

verses by a rule, the utility of which we have no means of appreciating.

Upon the whole it appears, that at the beginning of the seventeenth century, our verses were rough and inharmonious, and displayed little propriety of selection, judiciousness of taste, or felicity of arrangement. Even writers whose beauties are above all praise were disgraced by such blemishes as an ordinary poetaster of the eighteenth century would have perceived and avoided. Our versification, however, improved by degrees till the end of the century, and seems to have reached its zenith about the beginning of the next. From this time fluency and correctness became general; but our best poets, not content with avoiding the faults of earlier writers, emulated also their original powers, and thus combined all that could be desired, the fire of ancient genius with the correctness of modern criticism. It was, indeed, no slight improvement when the uncouth and often inharmonious metres of former poets began to be exchanged for more simple and less fatiguing measures. The Spencerian stanza, in particular, though susceptible of great ornament and beauty, is so difficult to the poet, and in a long work so fatiguing to the reader, that we cannot regret to find it at present almost wholly abandoned. We may congratulate ourselves also, that, with the stanza of Spencer, has been abolished that love for chivalry, magic, and allegorical personages, of which his Fairy Queen is so remarkable a specimen, and which, long after his death, and till the very age of Milton himself, continued to spoil some of the best poems which our language had then produced.

To poetry succeed works of fiction in prose, for the improvement of which we are indebted chiefly to the genius of Richardson and Fielding. The old romance, so much admired by our forefathers, and which possessed the greatest charms for Milton himself, was a wild and unnatural fiction. Neither its personages, its events, nor its machinery, were those of ordinary life; but all partook of that extravagance of fancy and license of invention which chivalry was calculated to inspire. But from the time of Richardson, works of fiction began to be admired, not in proportion to the wildness of their flights, but for sentiment, feeling, propriety, an interesting plot, skilful delineation of character, accurate (alas, too accurate) developement of passion, and a general regard to what is within the regions of possibility and nature, so that griffins, knights invulnerable, enchanted castles, and implacable necromancers, lost much of their power to delight. But while, as a literary composition, the modern novel is preferred to the ancient romance, it must not be forgotten that the latter was usually founded on dignified and honourable principles, and had a tendency to promote the cause of virtue; whereas the former, by

the insidiousness of its maxims, the voluptuousness of its scenes and language, its false standards of action and decision, its affectation of sentimental refinement, and, more than all, by its systematic separation of virtue from taste and loveliness, and its amalgamation of vicious principles with agreeable manners, has been the most powerful auxiliary of vice and dissipation.

Having thus very slightly touched upon the chief divisions of literature, we may be allowed to add a few general remarks on the subject.

In the reign of James the First, our prose writings were involved, ungrammatical, and inharmonious. A favourable specimen of the taste of the age may be found in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy; a work which, notwithstanding the harshness of its style, is still read for its erudition, pleasantry, and curious information. It contains, perhaps, more citations than were ever before collected into a similar compass; and though to a modern reader this seems the most eccentric feature of the work, yet at the time in which Burton lived, it was probably considered as one of its greatest excellencies.

We possess, however, in the authorized translation of the sacred scriptures, a most valuable exception to the foregoing remarks. When we compare this celebrated version with contemporary writings, we cannot but be astonished at the difference; for, in an age of pedantry and bad taste, it stands eminent for ease, simplicity, purity of language, unaffected sublimity, and the most harmonious modulation and cadence. Even if placed by the side of more recent translations, it gains far more than it loses by the comparison; for, although subsequent improvements in Biblical learning and criticism may have suggested partial amendments, yet, taken as a whole, King James's version still remains unrivalled and alone.

Charles the First, so far as circumstances would allow, encouraged both learning and the fine arts; but in an age so turbulent and distracted, no very considerable improvements could be made.

The Usurper Cromwell showed little or no regard to literature; though it must be confessed that Usher, Wilkins, Walton, not to mention Milton and others, found protection and even favour under his government.

In the reign, however, of Charles the Second, our language began to assume new graces, and from that period to the close of the century, made gradual advances towards perfection.

At the accession of Queen Anne, many of the great authors of the preceding age were still alive and in full possession of their powers, while a new race sprung up to share their glory. Pope, by his mellifluous verse, perfected in our poetry what Denham and Waller had begun, and Dryden had improved; while Addison and

his friends exerted themselves to effect a similar reformation in prose. Neither the Augustan age at Rome, nor even the illustrious courts of Leo or Louis XIV. could boast of such a constellation of talents as adorned the reign of Anne. Flamstead, Keil, and Newton, in works of science; Burnet and Clarke in theology; Rowe, Prior, Steele, Pope, Congreve, and Gay, in poetry; Swift, Arbuthnot, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, and Addison, in miscellaneous literature, are but a part of the luminaries which made those days illustrious. The Tatler, Spectator, and other periodical works, had an incredible effect in exciting a literary taste among the higher and middling classes of society. Till this time, deep learning had been the only road to distinction; an appetite for general superficial reading was a thing scarcely known, nor indeed would it have been easy to find proper books to gratify such a taste. Newspapers, it is true, and other periodical works, had been regularly published for nearly a century; but being engrossed by important religious and political discussions, they had little influence in exciting a general taste for literary pursuits. But the papers of Addison and his associates admirably supplied this deficiency, since which time the English have become a nation of readers: and, in consequence, magazines, novels, periodical essays, and all sorts of light reading, have been multiplied to an astonishing excess. These, in their turn, have tended to increase that love for reading to which they themselves owed their own existence. The universal taste for general literature is, perhaps, the most remarkable distinction between the two centuries. It is evidenced by the general state of society and education; our most voluminous and elaborate works attest the same fact; for even our Encyclopedias, while they prove the scientific and literary superiority of the eighteenth century, show also the eagerness of the age for universal and indiscriminate reading.

The style of writing of the last century was, in general, easy, polished, and correct. It may, however, be doubted, whether the peculiar manner which Dr. Johnson was the means of introducing has benefited the language. Johnson himself was, indeed, the professed admirer of Addison, whose style he recommends as the finest model for imitation; but, practically, he adopted a manner totally different, and far more resembling that which characterized the reign of Elizabeth than of Anne. As an individual writer he is truly excellent; but as a model for imitation he is very exceptionable. An ordinary hero must of necessity appear ridiculous in the gigantic armour of Achilles. Since the time of Johnson, even our periodical works have affected a stiffness and inflation of style which that author would have been the first to condemn, and which, if generally encouraged, must soon supersede the elegant simplicity

which it was the praise of Addison to have introduced. We owe, however, to Johnson much of that attention to grammar, orthography, and general correctness, which before his time was extremely rare, but which has since become almost universal. Addison, indeed, greatly improved the age in which he lived; but well knowing that his readers were but indifferent critics, and were acquainted with little but what he himself had taught them, he did not, perhaps, always deem it necessary to write with that scrupulous accuracy, which, after his time, the public began to expect. It is thus that all reformers are exposed to censure; their posterity, marking what they have omitted, are apt to forget what they have performed. When the critics, who were contemporary with Dryden, had from his writings attained their skill in the art of poetry, they began to exhibit it by looking with conscious superiority on their master; and thus the moment may arrive when the boasted improvements of the eighteenth over the preceding century shall be viewed by our successors as the advantage of childhood over infancy, while they proudly contemplate in themselves the full maturity of knowledge and of taste.

ART. III.—*Memoires de Madame la Marquise de la Rochejaquelein.* A Paris, 1815. 8vo.

M. DELILLE, in his pathetic poem of "Pity and Misfortune," so full of the crimes and sufferings of the revolution, thus apostrophises La Vendée:

La Vendée! a ce nom, la nature fremit,
L'humanité recule, et la Pitié gemit,
La funeste Vendée, en sa fatale guerre
De François egorgés couvroit au loin la terre,
Et le sujet des rois, l'esclave des tyrans,
De leur sang repandu confondoient les torrens.

In a note on this passage we have a declaration, that no authentic or circumstantial account of the war of La Vendée has yet appeared, and a complaint that the public are left to form their opinions of it from the calumnious statements of the Moniteur. The assertion is undoubtedly true, and the complaint well founded. The consequence is, that the history of the struggle between the infant republic of France and the devoted loyalty of several of its bravest departments, though very important at the time, and calculated from its nature to be always interesting, has been hitherto but imperfectly known abroad, and even in France, east of the Loire. We have a remarkable instance of the ignorance that prevailed in this country on the affairs of La Vendée, even when our ministry

were consulting with the insurgents about the means of aiding their cause, in the fact that Mr. Dundas, the Secretary of State, addressed his letters to M. Gaston, a wig-maker, who had been killed at the beginning of the war, supposing him to have been the officer of that name who had commanded at Longwy. We have now before us a life of M. Gaston, published several years after the conclusion of the Vendean insurrection, detailing circumstantially his military plans, his mode of disciplining and leading his troops on a theatre of action where he never appeared. It was the anxious desire of all parties in the republic to bury in oblivion the memory of the war, together with that of those brave men, who, having signalized themselves in its sanguinary enterprises, had perished in the field, or been massacred after defeat and capture. The survivors, after the pacification and the amnesty, might entertain their friends or their relatives with the horrid tale; but the press was not open for its more extensive circulation. The praise which their principles of devotion and loyalty would have deserved at the hands of the impartial narrator of their exploits was opposite to the views of the tyrants who successively ruled in the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire. The conduct of the revolutionary government towards them had been so atrocious, so inexpressibly infamous, and the measures pursued by its accredited agents had been so hideous and revolting, that the least mention of the scenes which recalled the unskaken fidelity and devoted heroism of the Vendeans, appeared like a phantom to terrify and disquiet the possessors of usurped dominion. The only documents to which they could safely appeal, or which they could allow their subjects to peruse, were the exaggerated and monstrous statements of the generals who had been beaten by the peasants, into whose cottages they carried fire and massacre, or of the revolutionary commissioners, who were obliged to excuse their *noyades*, their *fusillades*, and other almost incredible atrocities, by representing their victims as savage persons, whose fury could not otherwise be restrained or tamed. In short, the world had nothing to guide their opinions but the accounts of such men as Carrier and his associates, or the exaggerated narratives of Tureau or Philippeaux, who described the Vendeans as not only cutting down most unmercifully the tree of liberty, and trampling under foot the *tri-coloured cockade*, but as refusing quarter in battle, and employing torture after victory.

Had France, after the first revolutionary fermentation, settled into repose; or had nothing occurred to withdraw the curiosity and interest of the French people from their domestic transactions, it is likely that this blackest period of the revolution would have filled its proper space in the history of these dismal times. But the victories of the republic followed so quickly after its greatest

crimes, and its external successes so completely overbalanced its civil disasters, that the insurrection in the western provinces was, in a few months, entirely forgotten. When the greatest part of the continent of Europe had fallen under its sway, when Kings and Emperors had become its tributaries, and a general revolution seemed to be in progress, who could think of a few obstinate political bigots or ignorant fanatics beyond the Loire? Their efforts had, indeed, nearly crushed the infant republic; but they sunk into insignificance compared with the opposition which it afterwards surmounted, and this revolutionary Hercules, after accomplishing its other great labours, forgot the serpents that it strangled in its cradle. The return of the Bourbons alone, for whom they fought, could allow the services of the Vendeans to be stated, or their woes to be duly commiserated. Thus, though the memoirs before us were written before 1811, they were not published till last summer, and had not the throne of the Bourbons been re-established, it is more than probable that we should not now have the gratification of perusing them.

Their author, Madame de la Rochejaquelein, is well entitled to the honour of being the historian of the Vendean war, for, in recounting its noblest enterprises, she is only giving the history of her own family. Her father, the Marquis de Donnissan, was elected Governor General of the insurgent districts, her first husband, the Marquis de Lescure, was some time before his death the Generalissimo of the forces, and she herself generally was with or near the army, and sometimes acted as secretary to the council of chiefs. She was born in the court of Louis XVI. who became her god-father, and she, together with her relatives, carried to a remote province the recollections of his benevolence and amiable virtues, to exalt the loyalty of subjects whom his subsequent misfortunes so sensibly affected. In the progress of the war she lost her husband, her father, and her infant children; she endured all its hardships, and she is unfortunate enough to say, *Magna pars fui*, in speaking of its most frightful calamities. She does not, however, pretend to give a complete and formal history of all its transactions, and, indeed, considered in that light, her memoirs are both redundant and defective—redundant in detailing too minutely her family affairs, and defective in withholding from us all information about the plans, projects, or even names of the republican generals. "Loin (says she) donc d'avoir pu ecrire *l'histoire complete de la Vendée*, je n'ai pas même raconté toute ce qui s'est passé pendant le temps ou j'ai vu la guerre civile. Mille oublis me donnent des regrets. Je n'ai pas pu bien savoir que ce qui regardoit mes parens et mes amis; je me suis bornée a rapporter avec une exacte verité tout ce dont je conserve le souvenir." Her work is thus rather a family group represented in the midst

of a stormy scene, the objects of which are brought forward and coloured with great vigour and fidelity, than a finished historical piece. But we are glad that the noble author has chosen this plan, though some of the proportions of history are sacrificed, as we do not think that any other could have admitted so many of the elements of interest, sympathy, or even of information. As a book of memoirs, containing an account, nearly satisfactory, of important public transactions mixed with minute details of private accidents or concerns, and of the personal feelings of the narrator, it is, in our opinion, by far the most interesting work that has lately appeared. It more powerfully engages our sympathies than the narratives of La Beaume or Rocca, though it has none of their pretensions to science, eloquence, or fine writing. For vigour of representation and delicacy of remark, it reminds us of Sully's account of the wars of the League, while both the nature of the objects described, and the freshness of the description, recall sometimes the scenes, the military groupes, and the clannish chiefs of Waverly. The characteristics of the style are unaffected simplicity and rapid movement. It is circumstantial without tediousness, and elegant without decoration. We do not remember a single rhetorical trope or figure from beginning to end, and yet our interest is always alive, and our imagination active. There is least of all any attempt at display—any artifice to produce effect—any thing that betrays the affectation or the craft of authorship. The work was written by Madame La Rochejaquelein, as she tells us, for a melancholy gratification to her own feelings, and for the benefit of her children, to whom it is affectionately dedicated. It breathes, therefore, a purely private and domestic air; it enters into no political discussion, and manifests no exasperation of party feeling;—it has somewhat of the unadorned appearance of a favourite saint's picture kept in a retired oratory to heighten the devotion of the family without being intended for the view of strangers.

We are fully aware of the responsibility which we have imposed upon ourselves by the high encomium here given; but we hope we shall be able to redeem our pledge, and to justify our opinion by the quotations which we shall hereafter lay before our readers. The theatre of the Vendean war, of which a good map is prefixed to these Memoirs, includes a part of four of the ancient provinces, Bretagne, Maine, Anjou, and Poitou, and of double the number of the modern departments; but the space of country in which the peasants hoisted the *white flag* of their own accord, and to which chiefly Madame la Rochejaquelein refers, is bounded on the north by the Loire, and confined to a portion of the departments of La Vendée properly so called, the two Sevres, the Maine and Loire, and the Lower Loire.

It has somewhat of a circular appearance, and is about fifty miles in diameter, not having nearly the extent nor the population of Yorkshire. Formerly it went by the name of *Pays de Bocage*, from the great quantity of wood with which it is covered. The aspect of the country, and the condition of the inhabitants, strongly distinguish this district from the rest of France. In general it has no great eminences or chain of mountains, but its surface is very unequal, covered with rock of granite, and rising into numerous little hills, from which descend streams that direct their course to the Loire, or the ocean, without forming any considerable river. The valleys are consequently numerous, narrow, and shallow; and as there are few rising grounds from which extensive tracts of land can be seen, they give to the face of the country the appearance of a labyrinth, of which the insurgents knew well how to avail themselves in the war. Though it abounds with wood there are no extensive forests, and no large timber, a line of trees accompanying generally the hedges which form the minute and numerous enclosures into which it is divided. The soil is rugged and unproductive, yielding very little grain or fruit, but supplying excellent pasture. Cattle is therefore the chief wealth of the peasantry, and the charge of rearing them their principal employment. There are few cities, towns, or villages; no good roads except the highway between Nantes and Rochelle; no canals or river carriage, and consequently little intercourse and no commerce. The peasantry have generally small farms not yielding more than 30*l.* of annual rent to the landlord, no leases, and no knowledge of husbandry. They divided with their seigneur the produce of the soil and of their industry, performed feudal services about his castle, attended him on hunting parties, or enlisted into his regiment in war. He generally resided with his family among them, displaying neither elegance nor magnificence, but spending his income in rustic hospitality, and placing his dignity in the number of his vassals. In short, La Vendée was, in 1790, exactly what the north of Scotland was in 1715 and 1745, without having *Macs* or mountains; and the seigneur of a chateau corresponded in all respects to the chief of a clan. The government of the *superior* in both cases was confirmed and absolute, but mild and paternal; and the vassals accustomed to hear of a master as long as they had heard of the neighbouring castle, could not separate the idea of a feudal landlord from any image they could form of social order or subordination. The only other necessary person to complete the circle was a priest, and he, by his learning and his piety, came in for a share of that respect which the chieftain enjoyed from his wealth and power.

Among such a people the principles which produced the revolution could not be expected to make a rapid progress. They

were too uninstructed to discuss abstract systems of government, too virtuous to think of profiting by the licence of anarchy, and too much attached to their landlords to claim the privilege which the republic seemed to offer them of burning their castles. They were cut off, happily, both by ignorance and distance from the volcano of the capital. None of the twenty thousand clubs, which are said to have been in operation to spread the poison of faction and impiety through the lowest orders of the state, were established among them; no treasonable and blasphemous pamphlets, of which so many were at that time published, could convey the pestilence to their minds; and none of the numerous journals, which were the organs of anarchy, could communicate with their passions or their understanding. They heard of a new constitution, but the only immediate effect that it seemed to produce was massacre, and the only prospect which it held out was civil war. Their neighbouring cities were celebrating the names of republicans and reformers; but as these philanthropists had abolished religion, they seemed to them to be rather embodied emanations of the spirit of evil than friends of humanity. They were told that the rights of man were proclaimed; but the revolutionary version of those rights showed them to mean the expulsion of their most conscientious pastors, the proscription of all that was respectable or virtuous in their eyes, and the extinction of the paternal sway of their chiefs.

Paris, as we are told by an eye-witness, had then almost the appearance of a forest of trees of liberty; but as they perceived that this tree produced only baneful fruits, they expressed great uneasiness at seeing it planted in their own territory, and set fire to it whenever they found an opportunity. These alarms, instead of being discouraged by people of more exalted rank, or more liberal knowledge, were shared and justified by them. The nobles saw with pain the abolition of feudal rights, and the other precipitate legislative enactments which, without any preparation, completely altered their condition; and the clergy, whose consciences would not allow them to take the constitutional oath, and who in consequence were replaced by men of worthless characters or infidel principles in the charge of their flocks, had equal reason for discontent and melancholy foreboding. To all moderate and reflecting men it inspired terror to see the national legislature set adrift on the ocean of stormy innovation and extravagant theory, the whole institutions and usages of society,—every thing that experience had proved to be useful, or antiquity rendered venerable, overthrown by the capricious rage of designing men or mad speculators, and the elements of the political structure converted into a mass of shapeless ruins, sprinkled with noble and royal blood, amidst which the demons of anarchy held their cruel and unhallowed

orgies. Every thing around them was undergoing the most extraordinary or frightful changes. The kingdom was parcelled out into new divisions, and received new names at the whim of legislative pedantry. The common forms of address were *revolutionized*, and politeness banished by national decrees. Religion was voted an imposture, and immortality an illusion. The seasons could not be altered or *revolutionized* by the convention; but the months were thrown into new arrangements, and received new titles. Of the temper with which these innovations were received by the Vendeans, Madame la Rochejaquelein gives the following account.

"The cities surrounding the province took part in the new movements, but the inhabitants of the Bocage (La Vendée) saw with fear and displeasure all those changes which, instead of adding to their happiness, could only disturb it. When the national guard was formed, the seigneur in every parish was solicited by them to command it. When it was necessary to appoint mayors, here again the seigneur was chosen. When the pews of the seigneurs were ordered to be removed from the churches, the order was disobeyed, and, in short, every day the peasants showed increasing discontent at the new order of things, and increasing attachment to their landlords. The oath administered to their priests exasperated them still more. When they saw themselves deprived of the parish clergy, by whose instructions they were accustomed to be guided, who were acquainted with their manners and their *patois*, who had secured their veneration by their charity, and when they saw their place supplied by strangers, they refused to go to mass in the church. The constitutional priests were insulted and abandoned. The new priest of Echaubroignes was obliged to leave his cure without being able to obtain fire to light his wax-tapers; and this unanimous opposition reigned in a parish of four thousand inhabitants. The displaced clergy hid themselves in the woods, and said mass in the fields. When persecution increased, the peasants assembled round their denounced pastors armed with muskets, sickles, or pitchforks, to defend them during the time of divine service."

Such a people, resembling very much, both in piety and mode of persecution, the *hunted* Cameronians and mountaineers of Scotland in the time of Charles II., was prepared for insurrection; and whatever may be said about fanaticism in either case, no wise government will ever in such a manner place the conscience and the obedience of its subjects in opposition to each other. Madame la Rochejaquelein expressly declares that the revolt was not excited by the direct influence of the clergy or the nobility.

"The unfortunate peasants," says she, "wounded in all that was most dear to them, subjected to a yoke which the happiness in which they formerly lived rendered more galling, and being unable longer

to support it, revolted, and elected as their chiefs the men who enjoyed their confidence and their affection. The proscribed and persecuted nobles and clergy, who were hostile to the cause which the peasants attacked, marched at their head, and supported their courage; but no reasonable being ever imagined that a handful of poor people *(pauvre gens)*, without arms or money, could conquer the *whole* forces of France. They fought from faith and feeling, and not from calculation. They had neither a fixed aim nor a positive hope, and their early successes surpassed the expectations which they at first formed. They had neither plan, combination, nor secret intelligence. All the people rose at once, because a first example found all ready for revolt. The chiefs of the different insurrections were unacquainted with each other. As far as regards M. de Lescure and our relations, I can affirm that they took no step to organize a war. They foresaw it, they wished it; but they formed only a vague and distant hope of it. I can even go the length of affirming, that over the whole of La Vendée things were carried on in the same way."

Of a war which extended into so many partial engagements, and at last ended in no important results, it will not be expected that we should enter into any details. Suffice it to say, in general, that it commenced at the death of the king, and concluded with that of Robespierre; that most of the nobility in four or five departments engaged in it; that the insurgent generals could at one time call into the field nearly 150,000 men; that they had four or five assemblages of armed peasants, which, though dispersed either by victory or defeats, and seldom remaining in active service above a week at a time, might be called armies, as they could be perpetually renewed from an enthusiastic population; that they occupied and frequently beat very considerable portions of the troops of the republic; and finally, after seeing their country laid waste, and their women and children massacred, procured good terms from their victors, and the admiration of Europe. For particulars of these transactions we must refer to the Memoirs themselves, from which we proceed to give some extracts, only premising that the military narratives, though very important, and extremely curious as coming from a lady, are not the most interesting parts of the book.

The immediate cause of the insurrection was the recruiting of 300,000 men, which the republic had ordered. The first leaders in it were so far from being noble, that they were no other than Cathelineau, a hawking wool-carrier (*voiturier colporteur de laines*), Forat, a peasant, and a person named Gaston, the wig-maker above alluded to. The malcontents having assembled under these and such leaders, in small detached and uncommunicating parties, soon called M. de Charette, Royard, D'Elbée, Bouchamp, Lescure, La Rochejaquelein, Donissan, and others, to lead them, to form them into more effectual masses,

and to establish a concert in their movements and operations. At the time when the peasantry began to display this spirit of open resistance, Madame de Lescure, the author of these Memoirs, her husband, her husband's cousin, La Rochejaquelein, and several other noblemen who enjoyed the hospitality of her family, lived at the chateau of Clisson in the Bocage. The chateau was beset with *gens-d'armes*. M. de Lescure, and all the persons of his household, were threatened with imprisonment, on suspicion of being aristocrats, royalists, and enemies of the *Blues* (as the peasantry called the republican troops), and consequently all who could were anxious to escape. Here we have the following curious contrast between the courage of two royalists, and the prospect which the beginning of the war presented to its most distinguished leaders.

"M. de Lescure wished to follow La Rochejaquelein. We opposed his purpose. Henry (the name by which she calls the latter) represented to him that their situation was by no means the same; that he was not forced to draw the militia; that his peasants had not revolted; that he could not leave Clisson without exposing the safety of a numerous family; and that the extent to which the insurrection had proceeded was not known to us. 'I will go and examine matters more nearly,' said he, 'and discover if this war has any appearance of reason. My departure will not be remarked; and if any thing can be done for the cause, then it will be time enough to decide; at the present moment it would be folly.' We joined our prayers to these representations, and M. de Lescure yielded after a long resistance. Then a representation was made to Henry, that by departing he would endanger his cousin and all the inmates of Clisson; and that his disappearance would be the signal for their imprisonment. Henry replied that he had nothing to oppose to such objections, and that the idea of drawing down persecution upon us would throw him into despair. M. de Lescure then said to him, 'Honour and conviction have made you resolve to place yourself at the head of your peasants. Pursue your design—I am distressed that I cannot follow you—undoubtedly the fear of being thrown into prison will never induce me to restrain you in the execution of your duty.'—'Well, I shall come and deliver you,' cried Henry, throwing himself into his arms, and assuming on a sudden that lofty and martial air, that eagle look which he never afterwards resigned.

"After this touching scene the Chevalier de ** (the author suppresses generally the name when she means to convey a censure of her friends) told us that he wished to depart with Henry, and to join the royalists. Since the history of the *opened letter* he had raved with fear. After making some objections we besought him to consider that M. de Lescure had become responsible for him at the district, and that it was ungenerous to endanger the family of his friend. The Chevalier then began to weep, declaring that we wished his death, and that we were obliging him to resist the will of God,

who had inspired him with the desire, and afforded him the means, of securing his escape. He then with uplifted hands entreated of M. de Lescure permission to fly. My husband allowed him with pity and disgust; but we then became distressed about Henry. The Chevalier was fifty years of age, corpulent and unwieldy. We told him that he would delay the progress of his travelling companion; that he could not traverse nine leagues in a night, leaping ditches and hedges; and that he would be the cause of Henry's destruction, by making him fall into the hands of the patrole. 'When he will hear a noise he will save himself, and leave me behind.'—'Do you believe me as great a coward as yourself?' replied Henry. 'Shall I desert any one who is with me? No! if we are surprised I will defend myself, and we shall perish or be saved together.' The Chevalier then began to kiss his hands, repeating 'He will defend me, he will defend me.'"

As we have copied the description of this insignificant creature, the reader may not be displeased to see the account of another loyal poltroon celebrated in these Memoirs, who seems to have formed himself upon the model of "the neat and trimly dressed" lord who came to demand Hotspur's prisoners.

"We stopped at Amaillon, where we found M. **, aged about thirty, who, to give himself an air of greater consequence was decked out in a coat of blue velvet embroidered with spangles, with his dress hat under his arm, and a sword by his side. This was the first time he had been seen in the camp. He told us that having learned the non-arrival of the chiefs he thought it his duty to repair hither. M. de Lescure thanked him, and begged him, as the officers were much fatigued, to be pleased to continue in the command of the camp, and to take charge of the bivouac for that night. He replied, that a gentleman of his quality was not made for *sleeping* out of doors." "As *a chief* you are in the right," replied my husband, with a smile. He ordered the soldiers to relieve each other in protecting him all the night from the rain, at a distance from the fire.—That was done, and M. ** appeared no more."

Such imbecility was very uncommon in La Vendée, though we are afraid there were some similar chevaliers among the mob of nobility who emigrated. The family of Lescure was immediately afterwards arrested, and carried to prison in Bressuire, the chief town of the district, drawn by oxen, the common mode of travelling (*en voiture*) in that country, and escorted by *gens-d'armes*, who were afraid that the rabble would attempt a massacre. M. de la Rochejaquelein, after many dangers and difficulties, in which he lost his travelling companion, arrived among his own peasantry just at the time the insurgents had been defeated in a considerable engagement under D'Elbée, Bouchamp, and Stofflet, near Chollet. This did not discourage him. "The peasants, learning that he had arrived, assembled in crowds, beseeching

him to place himself at their head. They assured him that his presence would reanimate the country, and that to-morrow there would be 10,000 men under his command. He did not hesitate—he declared himself their chief. During the night the parishes of Aubiers, of Neuil, St. Aubin, and many others, sent their men, and the number promised was almost complete; but the poor peasants had no other weapons but staves, scythes, and pitch-forks. There was not among the whole assemblage above 200 firelocks, and these were bad fowling-pieces. Henry had discovered sixty pounds of powder which belonged to a mason, who used it for blasting rocks. This was a treasure. In the morning he appeared at the head of his peasants, and addressed them in these very words. "My friends, had my father been here, you would have had confidence in him. As for me, I am only a child; but in so far as regards courage, I will show myself worthy of commanding you. If I advance follow me, if I retreat kill me, if I die avenge me. His speech was answered by great acclamations." This gallant young man who had not yet attained the years of majority, immediately led these undisciplined troops into the field, and gained a considerable advantage over the *Blues*, killing upwards of sixty of them, wounding many, and taking two pieces of cannon.

"The following," says our author, "was the manner in which the Vendeans fought, particularly at the beginning of the war. All their tactics consisted in spreading themselves in silence behind the hedges, encircling thus the troops of the republicans. They then fired on all sides, and at the least hesitation or slightest wavering of their enemies they rushed upon them with great shouts. They ran first to the cannon. The strongest and most active were destined beforehand to possess themselves speedily of the artillery, *to hinder it from doing harm*, according to their own phrase. They cried out to such a one, "You are the strongest, leap astride upon the cannon." In their engagements the chiefs always advanced first, as a necessary measure to inspire the soldiers with courage, who at the commencement of the action were apt to be intimidated. This manner of fighting must doubtless appear singular, but it was adapted to the country. Besides, it must be taken into consideration that the soldiers were unacquainted with the military exercise, and that they scarcely knew the right hand from the left. The officers were scarcely more adroit. The *commandants* and generals had no experience in military tactics. They were for the most part young men, simple abbés with the tonsure, who had just left the seminary, villagers, and peasants. Nevertheless, such are the men who at first by their courage and enthusiasm, and afterwards by the talents which a brief experience developed, caused the republic to tremble, conquered a part of France, obtained an honourable peace, and defended their cause with greater success and glory than all the coalesced powers."

By the success of M. de la Rochejaquelein, and several other partial advantages gained over the republicans in different parts of the country, Bressuire, where the family of M. de Lescure were imprisoned, was evacuated; and as the war was now seriously begun, this is the opportunity which our author takes of passing in review both the insurgent troops and their leaders. The following is a description of a party of cavalry, very picturesque indeed, but not very imposing for their military appearance.

" Their horses were of all sizes, and all colours; many of them had pack-saddles for saddles, cords for stirups, and wooden shoes for boots. They were accoutred in all possible variety; with pistols at their girdles, and with muskets and sabres hung with packthread. Some wore white cockades, others black, and others green. All of them had a consecrated heart (*cœur sacré*) stitched on their coats, and a string of beads hung at their button-hole. The tails of their horses were decorated with the tri-coloured cockades, and the epaulets which they had taken from the *Blues*. The officers were a little better equipped than the privates, but had no distinctive marks. When this troop sat down to breakfast, the peasants of the neighbourhood came to join them. Women likewise arrived with axes in their hands, with which they had cut down the trees of liberty. The chateau was full of people, who ate, who drank, singing and shouting *Vive le roi.*"

" The town of Bressuire," says our author afterwards, " was filled, when we returned to it, with twenty thousand men. Six thousand only were armed with muskets, the rest carried scythes with the handle reversed, a species of instrument that has a frightful aspect, the blades of knives or sickles stuck into staves, pitchforks, or great masses of knotted wood. All the peasants were in an intoxication of joy—they believed themselves invincible.—The streets were crowded, the bells were ringing. They had burnt in the great square the tree of liberty, and the papers of the administrations. As I walked through the town the soldiers accosting me wished to conduct me to see Mary Jean, which was a 12-pounder cannon so called. It had belonged to the Chateau of Richelieu, where it was placed by the cardinal with five others. It was of beautiful workmanship embellished with ornaments and inscriptions to the glory of Louis XIII. and his minister. The republicans had taken it from Richelieu, and employed it against the *brigands*. It was wrested from them at the first battle of Chollet by the peasants, who bestowed upon it, I know not for what reason, the name of Mary Jean. They attached to it the idea of miraculous power, and believed it was the certain pledge of victory. I found this cannon in the square. It was decorated with flowers and ribands, and the peasants embraced it. They begged me to embrace it too, which I willingly did. There were besides this piece thirteen others of different calibres. In the evening I was surprised and edified at seeing all the soldiers, who lodged in the same house with us, falling down upon their knees and repeating the rosary, which one among them uttered aloud. I learned that they never failed to perform this act of devotion *thrice a day*.

Their bravery and their enthusiasm did not destroy their natural mildness of temper. Their love and their respect for religion, though by no means enlightened, increased this disposition; and in the first months of the war, *before the atrocities of the republicans had inspired them with the desire of revenge and reprisal, the Vendean army was as remarkable for its virtues as it was admirable for its courage.*—The army which occupied Bressuire was composed of the inhabitants of Anjou, and of those of Poitou belonging to the parishes that bordered upon the former province. It was called the *grand army,* and generally could muster 20,000 men, though in important expeditions, or on great emergencies, it could be increased to twice that number."

The army near Angers amounted to ten or twelve thousand men, commanded by Bouchamp; that of the coast to twenty thousand, commanded by Charette; that near Montagu to twelve thousand, commanded by Royard; and there was a division of three or four thousand between Nantes and Montagu, under the conduct of Lyrot and Isigny. These armies were distinguished in the field rather by their parish than by their regiments: they generally dispersed after a battle, and were reassembled in the following extraordinary manner:

" Notice was sent through all the parishes, the tocsin was sounded, and the peasants collected. Then a requisition was read couched in these terms: 'In the holy name of God, and by the authority of the king, such a parish is requested to send the greatest number of men that it can to such a place, on such a day, at such an hour; let them bring provisions along with them.' The chief within whose command the parish was comprised signed the requisition. It was obeyed with alacrity and emulation. Every soldier carried bread with him; animal food was distributed by the generals. The villages clubbed for the purpose of sending cartfuls of provisions on the roads where the army was to pass. The female peasants counted their beads on their knees, remained upon the road in this posture, and offered the soldiers provisions. The Vendeans regularly said their prayers before entering into battle, and almost all of them made the sign of the cross at every shot they fired. But it was impossible, even with a large bribe, to induce any one to keep watch as sentinel, or to act as a patrole. The officers, when it was necessary, were obliged to perform that duty in person."

Madame de la Rochejaquelein, who has a particular felicity in drawing characters, has presented us with portraits of the different leaders who commanded these pious and loyal forces in their enterprises against the infidel and regicide republic. One of them was called by the peasantry the *Saint of Anjou,* another the *Saint of Poitou,* another the *Intrepid,* and another *General Providence.* In perusing the account of D'Elbée, to whom this last title is applied, several of the features of Cromwell cannot fail to present themselves to the recollection of the reader.

"He was an old sub-lieutenant, who had resigned several years before. He was then about forty, of a small size, extremely devout, enthusiastic, of extraordinary and unruffled intrepidity. His pride was easily hurt, and led him to unreasonable irritation, although he was a man of the most ceremonious politeness. He had some ambition; but it was limited like all his views. In battle he always pushed forward, crying 'On, my children, Providence will give us the victory!' His piety was sincere, but as he saw that it was a means of attaching the peasants to him, and of animating their courage, he blended it with much affectation and a tone of quackery which often excited ridicule. He always carried in his clothes pious images; he delivered sermons and exhortations to the soldiers, and especially he talked always of Providence. He carried this mode of speaking so far, that the peasants, although they were much attached to him, and highly reverenced every thing connected with religion, bestowed upon him, without intending by it any malice, the surname of *General Providence*. Notwithstanding these little foibles, M. d'Elbée was at heart so virtuous and estimable a man, that he inspired universal love and deference."

Did our limits permit us, we would willingly transcribe the character which our author has, with becoming pride, drawn of her deceased husband, who was the ablest, the best informed, the most disinterested, merciful, and pious, of all the Vendean generals; but we find that we have trespassed too long on the patience of our readers already, and therefore hasten to lay before them a few other unconnected specimens of her work without attending to the order of time, or the arrangement of subject. The following anecdote of the noble person alluded to implies a sufficient eulogium on his cool self-possession, humanity, and religious observance of the third commandment in a country where profane swearing is so common. "One day a republican levelled his piece at his life close by him—he turned aside the muzzle, and said, 'Lead away this prisoner!' The enraged peasants massacred him in the rear. He turned about and was transported with greater rage at their conduct than he had ever before displayed. He told me afterwards, that 'this was the *only occasion* in his life that he had uttered an oath.' The courage of his cousin La Rochejaquelein was of a more fiery, rash, and romantic kind. Often in making a prisoner he offered him, before he accepted his submission, the chance of single combat; but by his mercy and mildness to the vanquished he was no less distinguished. These are the two heroes of Madame la Rochejaquelein; and in a scene where much chivalrous gallantry and devoted loyalty were displayed, they stand forth from the piece like Tancred and Rinaldo among the champions of Tasso. 'If we establish the king upon the throne,' said Henry, 'he will give me a regiment of hussars.' The wishes of his friend were equally disinterested and modest. Their names always went together, and their friendship was celebrated in the army."

After the capture of Thuars by the insurgents, we have the following curious anecdote of the attachment of the peasants to their chiefs, and of their terror of the republicans. General Quetineau, who commanded there, and who was afterwards executed at Paris for a conduct which must procure for his memory the respect of all honourable men, being made a prisoner of war, was invited by by M. de Bouchamp to lodge in his quarters.

"The peasants of his division, who could not conceive how any terms could be kept with republicans, took the alarm. They came in a crowd to request their chief not to consent to the measure. He was very much distressed at the insult shown to Quetineau, and received their remonstrances with displeasure. They renewed them several times in the course of the evening, and seeing no attention paid to them, they introduced themselves into the house, when he went to bed, passed the night on the staircase, and before the door of his chamber, to guard their general. His gamekeeper, even when he thought him asleep, opened gently the door, and stepping in lay down at the foot of his bed. The general, when he awoke, felt displeasure at these proofs of attachment, which, in their unfounded suspicions, these brave men had shown him."

About this time the army was joined by two young warriors, the one Chevalier de Mondyon, only 14, and the other M. de Langerie, only 13 years of age, who distinguished themselves much in the subsequent campaign. The taking of Fontenay, the capital of the department of Deux Sevres, which followed soon afterwards, was more important than any event that had hitherto occurred in the war.

"It procured for the Vendeans forty pieces of cannon, a great number of muskets, a great quantity of powder and *materiel* of every kind. There were likewise taken two chests filled with *assignats*, which were not marked with the royal image. One of them was pillaged by the soldiers, who placed so little value upon this *paper-money*, that they burnt it, or tore it to pieces, and several of them amused themselves with making it into crackers. The other, which contained about 900,000 francs, was preserved by the generals to supply the wants of the army; and, in order to protect it from a similar fate, there was inscribed on it *good, in the name of the King*, with the signature of the members of the superior council, which was now formed."

If the manner in which the peasants treated the republican money be amusing, the treatment to which their chiefs subjected their prisoners was no less so. They could not keep them in prison as they had no places of security, and they could not depend upon their parole of honour. They, therefore, bethought them of cutting off their hair and sending them back to the Convention clipt bare, like so many old English roundheads, with the assurance, that if ever they were found in arms again they should

receive no quarter. This precaution was very diverting to the Vendean army, and had the strength of the republic depended upon the same circumstance as Samson's, must have been as useful as it was amusing; but, unhappily, the Vendeans found, as the Samnites had done before them, in their struggle against a republic which France then affected to imitate, that the degradation of prisoners is not the way of weakening the state in whose service they are taken. Humanity and France, however, would have been saved from many disgraces which were heaped upon them by the atrocities of this civil contest, had the *blues* been equally moderate, and satisfied themselves with reversing the distinctions employed in our commonwealth war, by converting the *cavaliers* into *roundheads*.

The unexpected successes of the insurgent troops crowned by the surrender of Fontenay, justified magnificent hopes, and called for the formation of a superior council which might superintend the extensive districts which were subject to them, and give consistency and concert to their measures against the enemy. The seat of this council was Chatillon, a central town.

The Convention, in whom these events had excited a considerable feeling of alarm and a burning thirst of vengeance, recalled an imposing body of their troops from the frontiers by forced marches, and resolved to overwhelm the royalists of the west with an irresistible torrent. These forces were to penetrate into La Vendée by different routes, and sweeping the rebels before them, were to hunt them into a narrow space, and destroy them like the wild beasts in a royal Eastern chase. Many of the republicans even entertained projects of exterminating the whole aristocratic race, and planting La Vendée with a colony of regenerated citizens. The Vendeans, however, were not to be intimidated into submission. They still fought, dispersed, rallied, were conquered, re-assembled, and can enumerate a long list of victories in the summer and autumn of 1793, the first considerable one of which gave them Saumur, and with it the passage of the Loire, 80 pieces of cannon, several thousand muskets, and 11,000 prisoners, who were all sent back *tondus*.

In this affair M. de Lescure was wounded; and the author of these Memoirs thus describes her agitation on hearing of her husband's accident: "A frightful trembling seized me. I could not remain a moment longer. I laid hold of a wretched little horse that chanced to be in the court. I did not even allow myself time to adjust the stirrups, which were unequal. I set off at full gallop. In three quarters of an hour I had traversed three leagues of bad roads. I found M. de Lescure up, but in a violent fever, which continued for some days. Though formerly timid *I never since have been afraid to ride on horseback.*"

She had before this time lived retired from the scene of actual warfare, and felt none of its privations, being only now and then alarmed with the sight of the hostile Blues, or with the sound of the distant cannon, which made the women and children of all ranks of Vendeans fall down upon their knees, and pray for success to the good cause; but henceforward she is generally with her husband and the army. General Westerman had begun a system of extermination; whole villages were burnt, the castles of M. de Lescure and La Rochejaquelein were consumed. The army of M. de Lescure had dispersed, and he sent our author to summon the parishes. "I set off at the gallop; I arrived at Treize-Verns; I ordered the tocsin to be sounded; I delivered the requisition to the council of the parish, and *harangued the peasants in the best way I could.* I went from that to Mallievre, where I did the same. I sent expresses to the neighbouring parishes, and returned to meet my mother, whom I had appointed to come to Boulaye." With the force thus assembled Westerman, who commanded upwards of 10,000 men, was defeated near Chatillon, and his troops paid in a shocking manner for the atrocities they committed:

"The peasants would give no quarter. It was in vain that their chiefs cried out to the republicans, 'Surrender, and no harm will be done you:' the peasants massacred them nevertheless. When arrived at the town the carnage was more frightful still. M. de Lescure, who commanded the advanced guard, had traversed Chatillon in pursuit of the captives, and had ordered, in passing, to shut up several hundreds of prisoners. The peasants, instead of obeying the order, cut their throats. M. de Marigny led them on. D'Elbée, and others, who wished to oppose them, were scoffed at by the soldiers. M. de Lescure, hearing of these horrors, arrived immediately; about sixty prisoners that he had made threw themselves around him, clinging to his clothes and to his horse. He advanced towards the prison, the disorder ceased; the soldiers respected him too much to disobey him; but Marigny, in a transport of rage, advanced towards him, crying, 'Hold off, I will kill these monsters; they have burnt your chateau.' My husband told him he would defend the prisoners even against him; and thus the massacre ceased in the town: but many of these wretched fugitives were destroyed in the farm-houses into which they wandered. We made more than 4000 prisoners; all the rest were killed."

The division of the republican army commanded by Santerre was shortly afterwards (on the 18th of July) put to a total rout near Vihiers; but the Vendeans had to regret the agility of that general's horse, which leaped over a high wall, and deprived them of the pleasure of a personal retaliation on one of the chief murderers of their king. They wished first to have chained him in an iron cage for public exhibition, and would

have been at no loss what to have done with him afterwards. The insurgents, in the beginning of August, met with a dreadful defeat at Luçon, which they repaired a few days afterwards by a victory at Chantonnay, a town in the neighbourhood of the former place. Here the boy Mondyon, whom we have formerly mentioned, behaved with great spirit: he saw an officer wishing to fall back upon pretence that he was wounded. "I do not see your wound," said he, "and as your retiring would discourage the soldiers, if you attempt it I will blow out your brains." The officer remained at his post.

The period of Vendean success, however, was now drawing to a close. In the course of August, we are told by our author (and her statement is confirmed by other accounts), that the royalist districts were encircled with a line of 240,000 republican troops, including in that number a great body of experienced soldiers. "Frightful measures," says she, "had been determined on. They never marched but with the torch in their hand: all their victories were followed by massacres; the women and children were not spared—the prisoners were murdered. In fine, the Convention had given orders that the country should become a desert, without men, without houses, and without trees. This order was partly executed."

Madame la Rochejaquelein now describes battles fought in all important points of the country with the most sanguinary fury: we shudder to follow her in the track of blood. She complains bitterly that the garrison of Mentz, consisting of 40,000 men, was by the coalesced powers let loose upon the Vendeans; but she relates their discomfiture near Torfou under General Kleber soon after their arrival. In the battle of St. Fulgent, which terminated likewise in favour of the Vendeans, a curious instance of coolness is mentioned, as exhibited by a Swiss servant, called Rynchs. While the bullets were flying about him he took a flageolet from his pocket, and began to play in derision the republican air of *ça-ira*. A cannon ball carried off the head of his horse. Rynchs rose from below him, and continued his tune. After several other engagements M. de Lescure was mortally wounded near Beaupreau, and his wife, without knowing the extent of her calamity, was obliged to fly. We have from her the following dreadful description of her situation:

"We continued to march, but we mistook our way among the cross roads, and instead of arriving at Beaupreau, we found ourselves at night in the village of Boza, about a league and a half from the Loire, in front of Mont Jean. We threw ourselves upon beds in a small chamber full of soldiers, who were going to rejoin the army of Beauchamp. At three o'clock in the morning, on the 17th of October, we were wakened with the noise of cannon; we heard them at

the same instant on the side of St. Florent and on the side of Mont Jean along the Loire. The people were going to the grand mass, which the *curé* was celebrating in the night to allow the soldiers time to join their standards. We went to it; the church was full. The *curé*, who was a good old man of a venerable figure, exhorted the soldiers in the most touching manner. He held them bound to advance courageously to defend their God, their king, their wives and children, whom their enemies were massacring. The reports of the cannon were heard at intervals during his discourse. These sounds, our own attitude, the uncertainty in which we were with regard to the fate of the army and of those who were most dear to us, the obscurity of the night, all contributed to make upon every one of us a melancholy and frightful impression. The priest ended by giving absolution to those poor people who were going to fight. After mass I resolved to confess. My friends had told the priest that M. de Lescure was dead, and as they were embarrassed to announce to me the overwhelming misfortune, they begged him to prepare me for it. This old priest spoke to me with ingenious benevolence, endeavouring not to stun me at once with too severe a blow. He passed a high eulogium on M. de Lescure and his piety; he told me that I ought to be grateful to God for having given me such a husband; that such a favour imposed upon me great duties; and that I ought not to be satisfied with fulfilling the obligations of a simple Christian; that M. de Lescure was called to a state of higher sanctity; that God would now show his regard for me by subjecting me to great calamities; that I ought to be resigned to his will, and look for the happiness reserved for me above. His voice became elevated—his words appeared prophetic. Frozen with terror I stared upon him, without knowing what to believe. At this instant the noise of the cannon redoubled; the reports multiplied and seemed to approach us. We were under the necessity of leaving the church—I fell into a swoon—they put me on horseback: we continued to fly without knowing where we could find a shelter."

She soon found her husband; though mortally wounded he lived for some time—to close his eyes amid a scene of as great calamities as ever an assemblage of human beings were made to experience.

The troops of the Vendean grand army, amounting to 40,000, had been completely beaten by a republican force of 45,000 on the 17th of October; and being put to the rout after losing D'Elbée, Bouchamp, and several more of its general officers, adopted the fatal project of passing the Loire, with the hope of escaping on its right bank for some time the fury of their conquerors, and of recruiting their ranks, or at least of procuring resources among the Bretons, who were known to be attached to their cause. The latter half of these Memoirs are accordingly employed in detailing the victories and miseries consequent upon this measure; and the retreat from Moscow, though more im-

portant to the world, did not present more dreadful sights, and has not found a more able painter. We conclude our extracts with the following description of the passage of the Loire, which we think executed with the pencil of Dante.

"The heights of St. Florent form a kind of semicircular enclosure, at the bottom of which there appears a vast continued flat extending to the Loire, which is here very broad. Eighty thousand persons pressed into this valley, soldiers, women, children, old men, wounded, all in hurried disorder flying from murder and conflagration. Behind them they saw the smoke arising from their burning villages, which the republicans had set on fire. Nothing was heard but weeping, groans, and cries. In this confused crowd every one endeavoured to find his relatives, his friends, his defenders. They were ignorant of the fate which awaited them on the other bank, at the same time they were eager to pass, as if beyond the river they were certain of meeting the termination of their sufferings. Twenty wretched barks successively transported the fugitives who were heaped into them: others endeavoured to pass on horseback: all stretched out their hands towards the other side, praying that they might be carried next. At a distance, on the opposite bank, another multitude was observed, whose noises reached the ear in a more hollow murmur. In the midst was a small island covered with people. Many among us compared this disorder, this despair, this complete uncertainty of the future, this immense spectacle, this bewildered crowd, this valley, this river which must be passed, to the images which the mind sometimes forms of the terrible day of the last judgment."

Madame La Rochejaquelein, who drew this representation from too sad a reality, was not perhaps aware that in some parts of it she was only transcribing Virgil's account of the passage of another river, on the banks of which (in pagan language we should say) the most considerable portion of her eighty thousand peasants soon afterwards appeared.

Huc omnis turba ad ripas effusa ruebat,
Matres atque viri, pueri innuptæque puellæ.
Stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum,
Tendebantque manus, ripæ ulterioris amore.

Few of the individuals of the Vendean grand army ever recrossed the Loire. Most of them perished in the winter of 1793-4, either in the numerous battles they were obliged to fight, or by famine, cold, and private massacre in the fields of Bretagne, or by *the guillotins, the noyadades, and fusillades,* of Carrier and his cannibals. After the armed force was completely dispersed, our author and her mother, who had been educated and caressed in the most brilliant court of Europe, were obliged, during a rigorous season, to wander in the woods,

or to seek refuge in the wretched hovels north of the Loire, in the rags of beggars or the dress of peasant servants, exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, and often to the agonies of famine, and hunted incessantly by the republicans, who pursued them almost with the instinct of blood-hounds. We cannot, we think, state a more affecting or picturesque instance of the utter desolation of Madame La Rochejaquelein's lot at this period, than is contained in the following account of the manner in which she was obliged to make out the *baptismal register* of twins born in her widowhood and persecution.

"Three days after their birth a priest came to baptize my infants. I called them Josephine and Louisa. We had four witnesses. We wrote the record of their baptism upon pewter plates with a nail; then we buried the plates. I was happy that I could do even this much for them, and that there should remain some trace of the destiny and true names of my unfortunate babes."

We are happy, for the honour of human nature, in such a dark and sanguinary epoch, to find the chapter from which this is extracted, and which records the lowest depths of human suffering, graced with the redeeming title of "*Hospitalité courageuse des Bretons.*" The period of the greatest crimes is sometimes distinguished by examples of the most heroic virtue, as the lightning appears brightest in the gloomiest storm. After the amnesty our author and her mother came from their retreat. The former found, contrary to her expectation, her property preserved. She was pressed by her mother to marry, and consenting only to enter again into that condition with a name that recalled the glories of La Vendée, she married M. Louis de la Rochejaquelein, the brother of her hero Henry, in 1802.

To these Memoirs is added a supplement, containing an account of the measures taken by the faithful Royalists of the south, for bringing about the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, which will be read with interest.

In these transactions the second husband of our author acted a conspicuous part, and showed with what fervency he had embraced and cherished those principles of loyalty and remembrances of glory, which (if we may be allowed the phrase) were accumulated in his family both as the inheritance of his brother and the dowry of his wife. He watched the progress of the tyrant's infatuation; he saw with joy through the gloom of his country's calamities the prospect of a return to that better order of things for which his gallant relatives had been martyred; and when the English cannon were heard north of the Pyrenees dismaying the partisans of usurpation, he seized the first opportunity of decidedly exerting himself for his legitimate sovereign. By his example,

his influence, his incessant activity, and his extensive communications, he fanned the flame of reviving loyalty, and received an appropriate and satisfactory reward for his zealous services in the flattering manner with which his sovereign condescended to acknowledge and declare them. When his name was announced, upon being admitted to an audience of Louis XVIII. at Calais, he was overpowered with the grateful frankness with which he heard his Majesty declare, "It is to him I owe the movement of my good city of Bourdeaux," and threw himself at his feet. Happily M. Louis de la Rochejaquelein was not at this juncture called upon to supply the place of his brother Henry in the field, or to make those dangerous sacrifices which he afterwards showed himself so devotedly prepared to offer; but every virtuous and feeling heart must regret that by the events of 1815 another supplement is required from the pen of our author, of a different character from the former, coloured with all the bright and dark hues of her original memoirs, the undismayed heroism of her countrymen, and her own domestic affections. Scarcely was her book prepared for publication, which concluded with the reestablishment of the Bourbons, when that dreadful act of treachery, which in its progress, its overthrow, and consequences, has engaged the attention of Europe for the last eleven months, threatened with irreparable ruin every thing that loyalty, justice, and wisdom had been endeavouring to establish. The skock of rebellion was sudden and appalling like that of the earthquake; but happily, in the convulsions of society as in those of nature, the upright and the virtuous soon recover from their panic terrors, and resume the attitude of unembarrassed decision to meet or to ward off impending dangers. The usurper passed from exile to dominion, from the coast of the Mediterranean to the Thuilleries, through a dense population as through an "unresisting medium;" but the inhabitants of many parts of France, and particularly those of La Vendée, were not terrified into final submission by the rapidity of his movements, or the apparent unanimity of treachery by which they were facilitated. Their faithful chiefs and nobles flocked to their posts of duty, armed assemblages were every where formed, and military communications established: and that silence of nearly two months, which passed after the tyrant's debarkation, was not the season of doubt or despair, but of collecting energy—the period of laying the train, and preparing the mine for future explosion. On the seventh of May M. Fouché endeavours to console the Emperor by a description of halcyon serenity in the shape of a report on the state of the country; but unluckily he lets out these expressions: "Some armed bands have appeared in the departments of the Maine, the Loire, and the Lower Loire." These armed bands increased in every additional

report, and covered with a dark cloud the domestic prospects of the tyrant, while the tempest was collecting in the north that overwhelmed him on the plains of Waterloo.

It is curious at this distance of time to trace the improbable reports, the contradictory statements and ridiculous fabrications that appear in every successive Parisian journal of that period on the affairs of La Vendée. At length we have an account of a victory gained by General Travot over 5000 insurgents; then we see an arreté of the lieutenant-general of police of *the third arrondissement*, commanding all the noblity to quit their places of residence among their tenantry, and to retire to situations where they might be less dangerous; and lastly, we find a circular from Fouché himself, acknowledging that "Insurrection had broken out in several departments of the West," and ordering the ex-nobles to be treated with all the severity of the laws, who should be found connected with it. The Emperor destined 25,000 troops under La Marque to enforce the recommendations of his minister's circular. The insurgents were said to exceed thrice that number, and they were headed by the descendants and relations of many of those who figured in 1793-4-5.

M. Louis de la Rochejaquelein was here the most active and distinguished, as his brother had been in the former war. He had previously commanded in the *gardes du corps*, and joined the king at Ghent, where he fruitlessly solicited permission to take with him the officers and men of his own company, who were inclined to follow him into La Vendée. This refusal did not cloud his views or repress his zeal. He resolved to go alone, and deserted his post about the person of the king, in order to serve him more effectually elsewhere. On his way to his destined scene of action he came to England, and here he picked up twenty-eight followers, who embarked with him for La Vendée. Unfortunately his arrival was delayed by contrary winds; but his presence and name acted like magic. Under him was assembled that body of 5000 peasants above mentioned, and that great force against which General La Marque was directed to proceed. With his usual zeal and intrepidity he was always at the outposts. He adopted his brother Henry's famous words already mentioned: *Si j'avance, suivez-moi; si je recule, tuez-moi; si je tombe, vengez-moi.* He has fallen and has not been avenged; he fell on the 4th of June in an affair of posts, like his brother, whose steps he so nobly followed. His blood has not been avenged; but his son has been made a peer of France, and takes his rank between the sons of such loyal subjects as Berthier and Lasnes. His widow, the author of these Memoirs, which record such inconceivable losses for loyalty and the Bourbons, has, according to information on which we can rely, lately become completely

blind, and lives in the country with eight children on a very narrow income.

So much has been said of the style of this interesting publication in the beginning of this article, that it would be superfluous to add any thing more here; but in conclusion, we may be indulged with a remark or two of a general nature, as inferences from its statements. In the first place the nobility and clergy *did not* excite the war as they have been accused of doing, nor even take part in its first movements. There had been partial risings in several parts of the country, before a single nobleman or priest joined the standard of revolt. Had we no other evidence upon the subject than what is furnished by the class of officers who commanded detachments in it, we might be led to conclude that it had neither exclusively an aristocratic origin, nor was conducted on aristocratic principles. Even the republic could not have desired men of lower birth to command their troops, at a time when low birth and low manners were a recommendation, than Cathelineau, Forestier, Stofflet, and many others, could boast of; yet Cathelineau was commander-in-chief till the day of his death, and highly respected by the most ancient nobility. With respect to the priests, we see no improper management in their conduct.—The mysterious story of the *bishop of Agra* is now satisfactorily explained, without supposing an intended imposition on the part of the clergy, or a criminal collusion on that of the aristocratic laity.

Connected with the charge of their being led by priests is the more serious accusation brought against the Vendeans, that they were grossly superstitious and fanatical, and that to these principles in their character are to be ascribed all the enormities that were committed during the war. Now we are not prepared to deny either the superstition or fanaticism of this simple and uninstructed people. Wherever mankind are ignorant, and possess a religious system abounding in ceremony, they will be found to place a greater reliance on external rites, than they deserve, and will thus become superstitious; and wherever they sincerely believe the faith they profess, they must become fanatics in its defence when attacked, or at least show that degree of religious excitement which their persecutors will denominate fanaticism. Accordingly we find that this last term has been very liberally applied, and that it has been shouted even at the stake of the martyrs. But did those feelings of the Vendeans which are called superstitious and fanatical disturb the other parts of France, before an unjust and violent government interfered with their conscience, by appointing for their spiritual guides men whose principles (whether right or wrong) they detested? Did they endeavour to impose their belief upon others by violent means, or

by misery and the sword attempt to obtain a triumph over reluctant converts? They wished only to preserve what the government had for ages allowed them to enjoy—they made no attack, they fought only to defend their altars and their houses; they undertook no crusade against the infidels, till the infidels had driven them from the holy sepulchre. They saw their friends, who refused to attend the constitutional service, paraded on asses through the streets with every mark of derision and insult; they saw their churches profaned by unhallowed ceremonies, and were forced to guard the pastors of their choice from armed banditti, whilst performing religious duty, before they were excited to revolt. To ward off the blow aimed at such interests is surely a pardonable motive of action. The great body of fanatics that disgraced France at this time had lighted their zeal from a less pure source than the altar of religion. They were the *sans-culottes* and the *Marsellois*, the members of the revolutionary clubs, the agents of Robespierre's despotism, the enthusiasts of crime, the preachers of infidelity and confusion. The Vendeans committed no cruelties for the sake of religion; they massacred no prisoners to obtain a triumph for the faith; they only began their bloody deeds when the atrocities of their persecutors excited in them a passion for revenge, which neither their religion nor their priests could restrain. Numerous testimonies to this truth occur in the Memoirs before us, to which we refer the reader.

The loyalty and the fidelity of the Vendeans have been justly celebrated, and we have heard it recommended that the protection of the French throne should be chiefly entrusted to an army recruited from among them. The slightest perusal of the history of the civil war, and the most superficial knowledge of the state of society in that district, will show the impracticability or the inefficacy of such a project. The Vendeans were admirably situated for the warfare in which they were engaged with the Convention. They were amidst their own cottages, woods, and hedges; they knew their own cross roads; they had in view the castle of a master whom they loved, the spire of a church in which they prayed, the residence of a pastor whom they reverenced. Their courage therefore drew strength from the dearness of every object it was called to defend, and in these peculiar circumstances scarcely required discipline to direct its efforts. They met in the field by parishes as they met at mass: they remained embodied only for a few days, and were never required to change their domestic habits, which were the only safeguards of their good principles. Those of them who were collected in the towns on the borders of La Bocage were all infected with the revolutionary pestilence as much as if they had been at Paris.

Now leaving out of view altogether the impossibility of procuring a sufficient body of troops from this quarter, and the jealousy which such a measure would excite in the rest of France, we strongly suspect that a Vendean regular army could scarcely be formed without laying aside many of those characteristics of a Vendean peasantry, which rendered them so faithful, so persevering, and so renowned in the campaigns of which Madame de la Rochejaquelein has given us this affecting history.

We hope indeed, that the throne of Louis will soon require no partial expedients for its consolidation and defence; but that every province will become a La Vendée in regarding it as the inviolable seat of legal and royal dominion. The dissolution of that turbulent and perfidious assemblage of banditti, called the army, and the institution of departmental forces, where the soldier will not be so far removed from his fellow-citizens as to forget in riot and criminal hopes his connexion with their feelings and their interests, offer the best prospects for the repose of France, and the security of its sovereign. Autrefois (says an able French pamphlet lately published) le sang du soldat François appartenoit au prince—aujourd'hui il appartient au general qui sait mourir pour *la gloire.* Let therefore faithful and good-principled officers be selected to head these forces, men of honour and loyalty, who will place their aim not in dying for glory; but their glory in dying for their prince:—commanded by such men the devotion of the soldier to his chief and to his sovereign will be the same feeling; the ancient faith of the army will return under its ancient banners, and the throne of the Bourbons will be better defended by a general recruitment from all the provinces, than by granting a monopoly of loyalty to any one province, however faithful and devoted it has proved itself.

Art. IV.—*Elements of Chinese Grammar: with a preliminary Dissertation on the Characters and the colloquial Medium of the Chinese: and an Appendix, containing the Ta-Hyot of Confucius, with a Translation.* By J. Marshman, D. D. Serampore. Printed at the Mission Press. 1814. 4to.

The learning of the Jesuits was entitled to respect; and, on this account there were scholars in different parts of Europe, who lamented their downfall. There is now no reason, even on this account, to rejoice in their restoration; for the literary labours of our protestant missionaries are in every respect as superior to

those of the Jesuits, as is their simplicity of doctrine and honesty of heart. It is to the press at Serampore that we are indebted for the volume before us—the most interesting and important work, which has ever been offered upon the subject of Chinese philology. Only a few copies, we have reason to believe, have hitherto reached our own country from India, and for the use of that which we possess we are indebted to the kindness of a friend.

The language of China, which has been worthy of notice in every age, is daily becoming of higher importance to our own country. It is a language which stands alone—in its principle differing from every language of which we have any idea. It has been carefully cultivated, and tenaciously preserved from every foreign mixture, by one of the most ancient and populous nations in the world. It contains a number of treatises on morals and government which, in point of antiquity, exceed the oldest writings of the western hemisphere; and the maxims contained in which, embodied in the discourses and precepts of a later philosopher *Kong-fu-tsu*, or Confucius as he is generally denominated in Europe, have for more than two thousand years preserved that dominion over the minds of the Chinese, which has survived the shock of revolutions, and compelled conquerors themselves to adopt them as the best mode of giving stability to their thrones. It is further believed to be at this day the medium of communication for nearly a third of mankind. And when, in connexion with these facts, we reflect on the intercourse which our merchants are maintaining with the Chinese nation, and which the growing state of the British empire in the east promises still more to extend, and which has just been extended by the splendid and victorious campaign in the Napaulese territories; and add to this general view the increasing desire of our own government, to establish a diplomatic relation between the two countries, for which another magnificent embassy is at this moment in preparation—we feel it an act of duty to comply with the curiosity of the unlearned as well as of the learned, and through the medium of the valuable volume before us, to take a popular survey of the Chinese language, and to submit certain views of its origin and general nature, which have for many years been maturing in our own minds; so as to make it harmonize in some degree with the nature and origin of other tongues.

Language is either *oral*, and addressed to the ear; or legible, that is, penned or printed, and addressed to the eye. Generally speaking the first is of the greater importance: in China, however, the more important is the latter; for while almost all the provinces of this vast empire employ a different dialect, they all use the same written characters; insomuch that these characters, to adopt the words of Dr. Leyden, are understood "by at

least twenty different nations, who would scarcely understand a word of one another's speech, and would all use different words to express the same meaning." We have already stated it as our opinion that, in a very early period of the world, while mankind constituted a single family, they possessed but one oral language, but that they soon became possessed of many.* According to the Pythagoreans and Platonists, this language was the production of a synod of primitive sages, who had influence enough with the multitude, to induce them to adopt the articulate and systematic terms of which it consisted, instead of the inarticulate and barbarous sounds which these philosophers suppose to have been employed antecedently. The Epicurean school triumphantly opposed this doctrine by observing that, in so rude and early a period of the world as is here referred to, no one man or synod of men could have acquired a *systematic* knowledge of vocal science, nor could they, even allowing them such attainment, have communicated their ideas of this science to the savages around them. Epicurus, therefore, started the notion that articulate speech is nothing more than a natural and gradual improvement upon the inarticulate sounds, which flow necessarily from the structure of the vocal organs of man, and must have been from the first appropriated, as among inferior animals, to indicate particular emotions and desires. This, we believe, to be the prevailing opinion among the philosophers of the present day: but it is clogged with as great difficulties as the opinion of the Platonists; and perhaps there is no way of freeing ourselves from embarrassment but by openly admitting that the primitive language of man was the immediate gift of the Creator. Into this question, however, we cannot at present enter, though we may return to it on a future occasion; the immediate object before us is the origin and nature of legible rather than of oral language.

This, like the language of the lips, on account of its high antiquity, has also been supposed by many wise and good men in all ages, to have been a supernatural gift, communicated to mankind either at the creation, or upon some special occasion not long afterwards. Yet there seems no satisfactory ground for either of these opinions. That it was not communicated, like oral language, at the creation appears highly probable; because first, it by no means possesses the universality which, under such circumstances, we should have reason to expect, and which oral language displays. Secondly, among the different tribes and nations that do possess it, it is far from evincing that unity or similarity in the structure of its elements, which is to be traced in the elements of speech, and which must be the natural result of

* Brit. Rev. No. xii. p. 522.

an origin from one common source. The system of writing among some nations consists in pictures or marks representative of things; among others in letters, or marks symbolical of articulate sounds; while not unfrequently the two systems are found in a state of combination, and the characters are partly imitative and partly arbitrary. And thirdly, there does not seem to be the same necessity for a divine interposition in the formation of written characters, as in that of oral language. The latter existing, the former might be expected to follow naturally, in some shape or other, from that imitative and inventive genius which belongs to our nature; and as we endeavour to penetrate the obscurity of past ages, we meet with a few occasional beacons which point out to us something of the means by which this wonderful art appears to have been first devised, and of the countries where it appears to have been first practised.

Contemplating written language, then, as of human invention, let us next inquire into the most probable means by which it was produced, and brought to perfection, and the countries in which it originated.

Supposing, by a miracle, the world were now to be reduced to the state in which we may conceive it to have existed in its infancy; and every trace and idea of written language to be swept away, and the only means of communication to be that of the voice—what would be the mode most likely to be resorted to of imparting to a deaf person, or a foreigner ignorant of our dialect, a knowledge of any particular fact or thing with which we might wish him to be acquainted? The answer is obvious: we should point at it, if in sight; and if not, endeavour to sketch a rude drawing of it; and thus make one sense accomplish the purpose of another. It is the plan actually pursued in most situations for instructing those who are dumb from deafness, and the elementary system by which they acquire knowledge. In such establishments, however, it is the elementary system alone; for the use of letters, significative of words or sounds, is, in every respect, so far superior to that of pictures significative of things, that the latter is uniformly dropped as soon as ever it has answered its purpose, and served as a key to the former.

But we are at present adverting to a state of things in which letters are not supposed to exist; and the only mode of communication between man and man is that of vocal language. Under such circumstances the most natural method of conveying ideas to a person unacquainted with our tongue, is, as already observed, to point at the things to which they relate if at hand (as all savage nations are well known to do); and, if not at hand, to trace out a rude sketch of them on the sand, the bark of a plant, or some other substance. In this manner the idea of a horse,

a house, a dog, or a tree, may, as single objects, be as dictinctly communicated as by alphabetic characters; while two or more houses might be made significative of a town; and two or more trees, of a wood; and thus continuing to copy, in successive series, such things or objects of common notoriety as the train of our ideas might call for, a kind of connected narrative of passing events might be drawn up, which though not calculated for detail or amplification might be generally understood and interpreted.

This kind of language would be fairly entitled to the appellation of *picture-writing:* it would give the images of things, instead of the symbols of sounds or words. In its scope, however, it must be extremely limited; for though conveniently adapted to express embodied forms, it must completely fail in delineating pure mental conceptions, abstract ideas, and the properties of body which are not submitted to the eye; as wisdom, power, benevolence, genius, length, breadth, hardness, softness, sound, taste, and smell.

Our next attempt therefore would be to remedy this deficiency; and the common consent of mankind, in ascribing peculiar internal qualities and virtues to peculiar external forms, would enable us to lay hold of such forms to express the qualities and virtues themselves. Thus the figure of a circle might be made to signify a year; that of a hatchet, separation or division; that of an eye, watchfulness or providential care, if open, and sleep or forgetfulness, if closed: the figure of a harrow might represent a ploughed field, and of a flag a fortress; a rose-bud, odour; and a bale of goods, commerce. Upon the same principle compound ideas might be expressed by a combination of characters; the character significative of a man in the midst of that significative of an inclosure, as a square for example, might denote a prisoner; and an union of those expressive of mouth and of gold might impart eloquence.

Such kinds of picture language, however, even with this improvement, must be attended with very considerable labour: and hence, from a desire to abbreviate that labour, we may readily conceive that the pictures, or imitative characters, would soon become simplified and contracted. The idea of friendship, formerly perhaps represented by two hands in a state of union, might now be signified by a Greek H, or a Chinese 廾 *(kūng)*,—two perpendicular lines united by a transverse stroke in the middle; and disunion or division, formerly represented by a hatchet, might now be figured by a Greek digamma, or simple gamma, F or Γ, or a Chinese 卩 *(ciĕ)*, — a perpendicular line headed by a horizontal. In this manner picture characters, or images, would insensibly become converted into arbitrary characters,

which to those acquainted with the meaning of the different marks would answer the purpose as well, and would have an incalculable advantage in the facility of writing them.

We have now reached the utmost pitch of perfection which the legible language of *things* is perhaps capable of attaining. It has one superiority over that of *words*, or marks characteristic of *sounds;* namely, that where the pictures are drawn at full length, or, if abbreviated, where the key of the abbreviation is known, it is a species of writing addressed to all nations, and may be interpreted without a knowledge of their respective tongues. It speaks by painting, and appeals to what all are acquainted with. And, hence, M. Leibnitz, and many other philosophers, have conceived an idea that a system of pasigraphy, or universal writing, a language of human thoughts, might be founded on some such invention.*

It is easy to perceive, however, without any detail of facts, that such a system could never be carried into full effect amongst different nations; and that, plausible as it may appear at first sight, it must be loaded with inconveniences, and be equally defective and burdensome even among people of the same empire. It is easy to conceive, to adopt the language of Sir George Staunton, as applied to the most perfect system of the kind (that of China,) which has ever been actually carried into execution, that it would consist of "a plan of which it may justly be said, that the practice is by no means less inconvenient and perplexing than the theory is beautiful and ingenious."† If a distinct character were to be employed to represent every distinct idea, the number of distinct characters would be almost incalculable: if a few distinct or simple characters only were to be made use of to represent such ideas as are most common, and the rest were to be expressed by combinations of these, though the number of distinct characters would be in some degree diminished, the memory would still have a difficult task to retain them, and the combinations would, in a thousand instances, be embarrassing and intricate.

Under this pressure of evils there can be no doubt that a contemplative mind, in whatever part of the world placed, would soon begin to reflect on the possibility of avoiding them by making the contracted characters now in use, or any other set in their stead, significative of sounds or words rather than of things or images. By minute attention it would soon be discovered that such an art, which would require, indeed, a general

* See Langlois' Pantograph. Mach. A. VII. 207. Nichols II. 342. Northman's Pantograph. Repert. of Arts, II. 307. III. 91.

† Ta Tsing Leu Lee. Pref. xiv.

convention or agreement in order to its being generally embraced or understood, might be effected with less difficulty than would at first be imagined. It would be perceived that the distinct articulate sounds in any or in every language are the same, or nearly so: that in few languages they exceed twenty, and in none perhaps thirty;* and that, consequently, from twenty to thirty arbitrary marks, or alphabetical characters, might be sufficient to express every simple sound, and by their combinations to denote every separate word or intermixture of sounds:† whence a written language might be formed, addressed to the ear instead of to the eye, symbolical of oral language, and, of course, possessing the whole of its accuracy and precision; and as much more easy of attainment as it would be more definite and comprehensive.

We have thus drawn a sketch of what there can be little doubt would be the case, provided mankind were at this moment to be deprived, by a miracle, of all legible language, and reduced to a state in which we may conceive the world to have existed in its earliest ages. The art of writing would commence with imitative and terminate in symbolical or arbitrary characters: it would first describe by pictures, or *marks of things*, addressed to the eye, and finish with letters, or *marks of words*, addressed to the ear.

This is not a speculative representation; for we shall now proceed to show briefly that what we have thus supposed would take place, has actually taken place: that the picture characters, and symbolical abbreviations we have referred to, are accurately drawn from the legible languages of countries that have never possessed an alphabet, as China, and Mexico in its aboriginal state: that wherever alphabetic characters exist or have existed, we have direct proofs or strong presumptions for believing that they have been preceded by picture or imitative characters;

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* The number of simple sounds in our own tongue, says Mr. Sheridan, are twenty-eight. Dr. Kenrick asserts that we have only eleven distinct species of articulate sounds, which, even by contraction, prolongation, and composition, are only increased to the number of sixteen; every syllable or articulate sound in our language entering into this number. Bishop Wilkins and Dr. William Holder make the distinct sounds amount to about thirty-two or thirty-three. See also Astle on the Origin of Writing, p. 18.

† Tacquet asserts that the various combinations of the 24 letters (without any repetition) will amount to not less than 620,448,401,733,239,439,360,000. Arith. Theor. p. 517. ed. Amster. 1704.

Clavius makes them only 5,852,616,738,497,664,000. In either case, however, it is evident, as Mr. Astle has observed, "that twenty-four letters will admit of an infinity of combinations and arrangements, sufficient to represent not only all the conceptions of the mind, but all words in all languages whatever." Id. p. 20. In like manner ten simple marks are found sufficient for all the purposes of numerical calculations, which extend to infinity; and seven notes, differently arranged, fill up the whole scale of music.

and that wherever picture or imitative characters, the language of things, still continue to exist,—instead of having been preceded by alphabetic characters, they have a strong tendency to run into them, and probably will run into them at last.

The remains of Egyptian sculpture are but few, and imperfect: but they are sufficient to afford us specimens of each of the kinds of writing here adverted to, the pure hieroglyph or simple picture-style, the mixed, allegorical or emblematic, the abbreviated or contracted, and the alphabetical: and the valuable relics which are to be seen in the British Museum, more especially the sarcophagi, and the Rosetta stone erected in honour of Ptolemy V. contain examples of most of them. They indicate to us, also, the order of succession in which the changes were effected, and clearly show the pure picture-style to be the most ancient.

The magnificent ruins of Persepolis, the capital of ancient Persia, offer monuments to the same effect. The windows, the pillars, the pilasters, and the tombs, are loaded with characters of some kind or other, imitative, emblematical, or alphabetic. In many instances the pure picture-style is as correctly adhered to as in any Egyptian specimen: in others we meet with tablets filled with what may indeed be abbreviated emblems, but which appear to be letters; and at any rate afford proof that the ancient Persians had, at this period, made some advance from characters standing for things, towards characters standing for words.

The prophecy of the utter destruction of Babylon has been so completely fulfilled that, although the banks of the Euphrates, on which this city stood, give evident proofs of magnificent ruins, we cannot exactly ascertain its situation. On many of the bricks, however, which have been dug up from the midst of the general wreck, we find a peculiar sort of characters evincing an approach towards letters, and which are supposed to be abbreviated emblems, as emblems are often abbreviated pictures, employed by the Chaldean sages of Babylonia, who, according to Pliny, always engraved their astronomical observations on bricks. And even in southern Siberia, as high as the river Irbit or Pishma, Strahlenberg asserts that he found a variety of rude figures or emblems engraved on the rocks, which seem to have preceded the use of the Tartar or Mantcheux alphabet.

In America we meet with traces of picture-writings amidst the most savage tribes. Every leader, on returning from the field, endeavoured to give some account of the order of his march, the number of his adherents, the enemy whom he attacked, and the scalps and captives he brought home, by scratching with coarse red paint a certain display of uncouth figures upon the bark of a tree stripped off for this purpose. "To these simple annals," says Dr. Robertson, "he trusts for renown, and soothes

himself with a hope that by their means he shall receive praise from the warriors of future times."* The Mexicans are well known to have acquired such a degree of perfection in this style of writing that, on the first arrival of the Spaniards on their coast, expresses were sent to Montezuma, the reigning monarch, containing an exact statement of the fact, together with the number and size of the different ships, by a series of pictures alone, painted on the cloth of the country. It was thus that this people kept their public records, histories, and calendars. We are still in possession of several very curious specimens of Mexican picture-writing: the most valuable are those obtained by Mr. Purchas, and published in sixty-six plates, divided into three parts; the first containing a history of the Mexican empire under its ten monarchs; the second a tribute-roll, representing what each conquered town paid into the royal treasury; and the third a code of Mexican institutions, domestic, political, and military. Various other specimens are to be met with in different parts of Spain; and especially in the royal library at the Escurial; to which we may add that there is also a very curious folio volume of the same at the imperial library at Vienna. We occasionally meet, in some of these national archives, with emblems, or prominent features, put for whole figures; and in others with symbols, or arbitrary characters, making an approach towards letters, and thus confirming the progress from pictures to arbitrary signs which we have endeavoured to elucidate. It is here we meet with the figure of a circle for a year, of a flag for a fortress, of a rose-bud for odour, and of a bale of goods for commerce, which we have already alluded to hypothetically.

We now advance to the written language of China. This is carried to a still higher pitch of perfection than the Mexican, and is, perhaps, rendered as perfect as the system upon which it is founded will allow. It is altogether a language of things, and was formerly altogether a language of pictures. The pure picture-style is admitted by themselves to have been the oldest, or that first invented, and they expressly denominate this order of characters *siang* or *hing*, "form or image," and ascribe it to Fro-khee (Froki). This kind of style is now become obsolete, and is rarely to be met with; but of the next series, or that into which the image or *hing* style was first transformed, which they call *Yu-Tsu*, probably from the name of the great emperor *Yu*, in whose reign the transformation is said to have taken place, and who flourished about sixteen hundred years before Confucius, it is no uncommon thing to meet with specimens on ancient rings, seals, and other public instruments. These are strictly abbrevi-

* America, vol. iii. b. vii.

ated pictures, emblems, or symbols. But the characters now in use are abbreviations of these abbreviations; and hence have, for the most part, the appearance of being arbitrary marks, though we can still so frequently trace the parent image as to decipher their origin and reference. Let us here offer a few examples. *Tien*, heaven, has for its modern character 天, but was at first written , evidently symbolical of the three heavens, the planetary, sidereal, and empyrean. *Kin*, a head-dress, tiara, or mitre, written at present 巾, was formerly figured thus . *Yih* the sun, now represented by 日, was at first described by ⊖; while *ngyuĕh*, the moon, which for its modern character has 月, was originally denoted by . The common character in the present day for *yin*, man, is 人, representing the lower extremities alone; while the ancient writings give us the neck, head, and upper extremities as well. The mark 囗 *wy* imports circular, surrounding an inclosure, and hence a prison: it is the ancient character for a country, and was at first written ○, having undergone a similar change to the character for sun. 口 *Khoŭ* imports mouth, a smaller circle, but the original, which was probably two lips, is now lost. 廾 *Koong* is *union, hand in hand*, and evidently betrays its source. 弓 *Koong* was formerly , and under this shape indicates a bow, which is its real meaning. 彡 *Tshyan* are feathers; and 爪 *tehaō*, nails or claws of birds or beasts, still retaining something of the original portraiture. We may make the same remark respecting 田 *thyen*, a cultivated or *harrowed* field, as also 門 *mum*, an outer door, and hence, derivatively, to guard or preserve.

These are simple characters, and they might be easily multiplied through several pages. The compound characters are formed upon the same principle. We have already observed, that the symbol for man is 人, and that for an inclosure or prison *tchen* 囗; from an union of the two we obtain the symbol of a prisoner, which is 囚 a man shut up in inclosing walls. The symbol 一 *yih*, a slender horizontal stroke, imports primarily, one or first, and

hence, secondarily, principal or chief; and hence again 大 *ta*, a combination of *man* 人 and *chief* 一, denotes a great man, a man of dignity or honour, and hence, abstractedly, great and greatness. The repetition of a character denotes plurality; and hence 二 *úlh*, is two, 三 *sān*, three; the duplicate of man 人人 signifies a multitude, and the mark of plurality and of man in a state of combination 生 *sung*, is production, offspring, and secondarily life, or being itself. 口 *Khoù*, we have observed, imports mouth; with the mark of plurality over it we obtain 言 *ngyèn*, language, words, discourse, to speak or utter: and *ngyen* 言 united with *yin* or man (人) gives us *chong* or faithful, 人言, literally *a man of his word:* while the simple character 口 *khoù*, mouth, connected with 金 *kin* or gold, in the form of 唫 signifies *kin*, eloquence, persuasive speech, oratorical composition, literally χρυσόστομος, *aurea verba ore fundens.* Abstract ideas are in like manner expressed by signs strictly emblematic, as *kan*, pleasure, pleasantness, delight, which is represented by 日, the symbol for the sun, as noticed already. So life, being, or vitality, is expressed by 禾 *hw̄o*, which primarily imports corn, and especially rice, these being the staff of life; and the term *hwo* applying to both. Fragrance, or fragrant exhalations, is in like manner expressed by uniting the two characters of 禾 *hw̄o*, corn or grain, and that of 日 *yih*, the sun or heat, so as to form 香 *hyang:* and splendour, brightness, or whatever is illustrious, *ming*, is expressed by an union of the two characters of sun and moon, *yih ngyuăth*, so as to form from 日 and 月 the composite 明.

We have not space for more examples, nor is it necessary. The Chinese is an extraordinary language in every respect. Its words do not exceed four hundred, every one of which is a monosyllable. But it must be obvious that these can by no means answer the purpose of distinguishing every external object and mental idea, unless varied in some way or other; and hence every one of these four hundred words is possessed of a number of different

tones, and in every tone signifies a different thing, so that the whole vocabulary, limited as it is by its very nature, may be made to express many thousands of distinct ideas. Thus the word *fu*, which enters into the well-known name of Kong-fu-tsu (子夫孔) or Confucius, pronounced in different manners, imports a husband, a father, and a town. In like manner 口 pronounced *Khoù* signifies, as we have already observed, *mouth*; but with a nasal intonation *Khoong*, *empty*. So *shu*, differently enunciated, denotes a *lord* and a *hog*. The elementary characters by which the oral language is represented are still fewer. The Chinese philologists calculate them at two hundred and fourteen; but this is by far too many, and proceeds from their not being able, in the present day, to analyze the more complex elements, and reduce them to their constituent parts; whence they are obliged to regard them as elements, though there can be no doubt of their being compounds, in the same manner as our chemists were not long ago obliged to arrange the earths and alkalies as elementary principles, though it was then generally suspected, as it has been since evinced, that they are composite bodies. These two hundred and fourteen elements or keys are divided into seventeen classes, according to the number of strokes they contain. Thus 丨 *kwun*, straight or pendicular, 丶 *chyù*, a point or apex, and metaphorically a chief or lord, 乙 *yih*, crooked or interrupted, 亅 hooked, to drag by a hook, evidently belong to the first class, and as evidently betray their picture origin; 十 *shih*, the number ten, 厂 *hàn*, a cave or overhanging cliff, as evidently belong to the second class, or those consisting of two strokes, and may fairly be regarded as elements: but 心 *sin*, the heart, desire, longing, 无 *woo*, nothing, vacuity, to want, both of four strokes, and more especially the more complicated characters of 骨 *kŏh*, bones, of ten strokes, and 鹵 *loò*, impure salt, salt water, of eleven strokes, and in perhaps all beyond this, as well as a great number before, are to all appearance compound figures, although the Chinese lexicographers are incapable of reducing them to their constituent principles, and are hence compelled to let them stand as elements.

Even with this addition, however, the Chinese elements do not amount to more than two hundred and fourteen, and as such number is wholly incompetent to represent either sensible objects or mental ideas in their aggregate, they are combined in various

ways, and under various modifications to signify those which they do not express in their simple forms; something in the same manner in which letters or simple articulations are combined to express words; and by these means the two hundred and fourteen elementary characters, like the four hundred elementary terms, are wonderfully increased, and in the great Imperial Dictionary of China have been multiplied to nearly forty thousand characters in the whole, and may unquestionably be extended to a much greater number. Yet it must be obvious that, in a variety of instances, these compound characters must be very loose and perplexing; and so, in fact, they are often found to be by the most expert and best instructed natives. It is obvious, at the same time, that a system of picture-writing thus constructed and perfected, may, in a very considerable degree, answer the purpose of alphabetic marks, and it is doubtless owing alone to the perfection which this system of writing had acquired in Mexico, and still exhibits in China, that the ingenious people of both countries stopped at the point of abbreviated emblems, significant of objects, and never fairly advanced from a legible language for things to a legible language for words.

It should be observed, however, as a farther proof of the tendency of picture-characters to advance towards literal, that even in China itself the Mantcheux or Tartars of the empire have an alphabet, or system of verbal writing; and that the Mantcheux practice has long been acquiring a growing reputation. It should be observed also, that the Chinese characters themselves have of late been resorted to at Canton, and by Chinese natives, as merely expressive of sounds, and been employed in the formation of an English vocabulary, in consequence, as Sir George Staunton remarks, of the great concourse of persons residing at this station who use the English language. In like manner the Japanese, fond as they are of copying from the Chinese, have long since departed from their system of marks for things, and addicted themselves to alphabetic characters, sometimes writing them horizontally, and sometimes perpendicularly, both which methods are found in Chinese records, though the perpendicular is by far the most common.

Attempts have been made to prove that the picture-writing of the Egyptians, the Chinese, and the Mexicans, have proceeded from one common source: yet nothing can be more fanciful, and, apparently, nothing more unfounded; for each possesses a distinct style, derived from an attachment to distinct classes of images, for the most part of a local nature: as the sea-horse, the crocodile, the ibis, the ichneumon, the lotus, and papyrus, birds and other animals with human heads, and men with the heads of birds and dogs in the Egyptian system; the rabbit, cane, reed, flint, horse,

flag, and circle, in the Mexican; and cross, parallel, crooked and angular lines, as the abbreviated symbols or pictures, in the Chinese. Each has had a distinct origin according as mankind in these different parts of the world, and under different circumstances, have found a necessity of recording local facts or ideas in remote periods of antiquity; and each, as already observed, has an obvious tendency to run into arbitrary, and ultimately into alphabetical characters of different forms and descriptions.

Of all these, the system whose origin we are, perhaps, best capable of tracing historically is the Phœnician: and here the voice of history completely coincides with the theory now advanced. The oldest Phœnician historian, whose writings have reached us in a few fragments and quotations, is Sanchoniatho, who was contemporary with Solomon, and drew up a history of Phœnicia from existing monuments and archives preserved in the college of the Phœnician priests. This history was dedicated to Abibalus, the Phœnician monarch, father of Hiram, king Solomon's ally, and was allowed by the king, and the official censors appointed to examine it, to be a work of great truth and accuracy. In this history Sanchoniatho places mankind, on their first creation, in Phœnicia, and gives us a genealogy of the patriarchs from Adam, or Protogonus, as he calls him, to Taaut, Athoth, or Hermes, the successor of Menes, first king of Egypt. In a passage of this very curious history, preserved by Eusebius, he distinctly states that picture-writing was invented by Ouranus, king of Phœnicia, who appears to have been contemporary with Misor or Misraim, the son of Ham; and that Taaut, the son of Misor, improved upon and abbreviated the picture-writing of Ouranus, either during the reign of Ouranus, or of his son Cronus or Saturn: and that Cronus having given Taaut the throne of Egypt upon the death of Menes, the Egyptian monarch, the latter carried with him this improved picture or symbolical writing into that country. And in another passage he asserts that Taaut afterwards carried forward this improvement to the invention of alphabetic characters. "Misor," says Sanchoniatho, "was the son of Ham-ym; the son of Misor was Taaut, who invented the first letters for writing. The Egyptians call him Thoth, the Alexandrians Thyoth, and the Greeks Hermes or Mercury." He tells us, in a third place, that having invented letters, he ordered the Cabiri and Dioscuri, the priests and sages of the country, to draw up, by the use of these letters, a history of Phœnicia.

This is a very curious and important relic of profane history, and it is curious and interesting to observe its coincidence with the Mosaic narrative. It makes no mention, indeed, of the deluge; and it introduces two more generations in the line of Cain, from Protogonus or *first-made*, as the term literally implies (the

Adam of Moses) to Agroverus or Noah. It places, however, the first race of mankind in Phœnicia, which, in the latitude in which this term was generally understood, includes the banks of the Euphrates, in which Moses fixes the garden of Eden: it allows nearly the same period of time between the creation and the æra of Misor or Misraim, and nearly the same number of generations as Moses does, and gives, as closely as may be, the same names to the son and grandson of Noah; Ham and Misraim being merely transmuted into Ham-yn and Misor. There is coincidence enough in the two accounts to reflect authenticity upon each other; and had there been more, an advantage would eagerly have been taken of the Phœnician narrative by sceptical polemics, and Moses would have been boldly accused of having stolen his history from this quarter.

We now turn to the work before us, to which these observations are immediately introductory, and will be found to serve as a useful, perhaps a necessary key.

It is an extraordinary fact, that while the Chinese abound in dictionaries and vocabularies, they are to this moment without any thing that can pass under the name of a grammar; and it is still more extraordinary, that the first grammar which appears to have been produced in this tongue, should be the work of a foreigner, and, to the honour of our own country, of an Englishman, who was never in China in his life, and has collected his materials from incidental sources as he has been able. On this subject Dr. Marshman shall speak for himself.

"On the author's arrival in India in the year 1799, ideas which the perusal of accounts relative to the Chinese empire, history, &c. had excited in his mind even in his earliest youth, recurred anew; and he found it impossible, when so near China, to divest himself wholly of the wish to become fully acquainted with both its history and its language. The study of Bengalee and Sungskrit, however, seemed a paramount duty, and it was not till more than three years after his arrival, that he found himself at liberty to gratify his wishes relative to Chinese; when his brethren, on reviewing the various languages into which it appeared possible to attempt translating the Scriptures, advised him to devote himself with that view to the Chinese language. Finding the way thus open for him to indulge those wishes so long felt, he made every inquiry in his power respecting the nature of the language, and the most effectual means of acquiring it. He was, however, able to do little more than ascertain more clearly the object in view, till Mr. Lassar's arrival in Calcutta in the year 1805, when the Rev. Dr. Buchanan proposed to the author to enter on a course of study under him, with a view to the translation of the Scriptures. On his acceding, Dr. Buchanan persuaded Mr. Lassar to remove to Serampore, where he generously supported him the first year at his own expense.

"As Mr. Lassar brought with him the best authors in the language,

and two natives of China, the author found his wishes relative to Chinese, as he then thought, gratified to the utmost. Here, however, difficulties were to be surmounted: he had no dictionary or vocabulary of that language either in English or Latin; and Mr. Lassar knew little more of English than he himself knew of Chinese: the labour, therefore, of beginning to study Chinese *in Chinese*, without being assisted by a single sentence from a Chinese author translated into any language, was such as sometimes nearly staggered his resolution. With these means, however, he was at length enabled to bring the first volume of Confucius through the press; three months after which, he, for the first time, saw a Latin Chinese dictionary. This circumstance, which he owed to the politeness of the Catholic Missionary, P. Rodrigues, who, after spending twenty years in China, (and ten of them at Peking, as he informed the author,) was then proceeding to the Brazils, formed to him quite a new æra in the study of Chinese. It cleared up numerous obscurities in the language, and removed a multitude of doubts which unavoidably harassed him in groping his way in an unknown path with so little light. The assistance he thus obtained convinced him, that had he been furnished from the beginning with due helps, he should have made a greater progress in the language with far less labour. Still, however, he felt that the absence of them was not without its advantages. It had compelled him to form his own judgment of the nature of the language: had he been favoured from the beginning with the helps furnished by the labours of the Catholic missionaries, he should probably have been led to acquiesce implicitly in their ideas, and to tread precisely in their track; but having previously acquired some idea of the language, he was now enabled to appreciate what they had done, and to avail himself fully of their labours, while he still examined things for himself. As the Missionary, P. Rodrigues, resided eight months in Calcutta, this enabled him to avail himself of his politeness to the full extent of his wishes relative to various points both in the grammar and the pronunciation of the language; which he gratefully takes this opportunity of acknowledging.

"Early in 1810, arrived at Calcutta from China, where he had resided for several years with the view of studying the language, Thomas Manning, Esq. who to an exquisite relish for the beauties of the Roman and Greek classics, adds a most respectable knowledge of Chinese. To the conversation and the frequent discussions he had with this gentleman on the nature of Chinese, during his stay in Calcutta, a period of six months, he feels himself indebted for many ideas respecting the language, particularly its tones, which, but for these discussions, had perhaps for ever escaped his research. With Mr. Manning's Chinese teacher, who had studied at Peking, he also had an opportunity of examining anew the monosyllables of the language with a view to the Peking pronunciation.

"Such, then, was the way in which the author was led to engage in Chinese, and such, with the study of their best works, and daily conversation with his Chinese assistants, the means by which he has been enabled to collect and digest those ideas respecting the nature, origin, and peculiarities of the language, which he now submits to the judgment of the public.

"In treating of the language grammatically, some difficulty occurred: the Chinese have, in reality, no ideas of grammar corresponding with ours; and while the Sungskrit language abounds with grammatical works, the author has not been able to obtain the least idea of any treatise of this nature in the Chinese language. The plan, therefore, and the mode of execution, remained to be formed; and to him the most likely method of illustrating the language seemed to be that of confirming each position by examples from their best works, and of noticing carefully under each of the parts of speech any thing peculiar to the language. These are arranged under the five general divisions of Substantives, Adjectives, Pronouns, Verbs, and Particles, under which last are included the Adverb, the Preposition, the Conjunction, and the Interjection. To these is subjoined a sixth upon Chinese Syntax."

Dr. Marshman has been peculiarly careful to select his examples from a rich variety of the best Chinese writers in different ages. To Confucius and his disciple Tsung-tse, author of the *Ta-hyoh* he has chiefly had recourse. But he has also freely quoted from the Choong-young of *Tse-se*, grandson of Confucius; from *Mung*, who flourished two centuries after this great philosopher; from each of the five *Kings*, or sacred books of China. We also find examples drawn from the commentaries of *Chyu-Lee* and others, which owe their origin to the revival of literature under the Soong dynasty, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries of the Christian æra; as also from the *Koo-wun*, a work in ten volumes written by various hands, and often quoted as an authority in the Chinese Imperial Dictionary; and the *Koo-se-tshin-yuen*, a valuable publication in two volumes, composed as late as the fifteenth century.

In the Chinese Imperial Dictionary, composed by order of the emperor Kang-khee, A. D. 1710, and extending to thirty-two volumes, the whole number of characters introduced are as follows:

"The characters in the body of the work..............	31,214
Added, principally obsolete and incorrect forms of others	6423
Characters not before classed in any dictionary........	1659
Characters without name or meaning.................	4200
	43,496

"It is obvious, however, that these forty-three thousand characters do not express an equal number of *different ideas*. Several thousand of them have *no meaning* affixed to them in the Imperial Dictionary: this is the case with nearly the whole of the last class; and of the 6423 added in the body of the work under the different elements, by far the greater part being either obsolete or incorrect forms of the other characters, to them the reader is of course referred for their meaning: so that of the twelve thousand which the diligent researches of the learned,

employed in compiling the Imperial Dictionary have added to those contained in the preceding ones, scarcely a third of them express new ideas, or have even an explanation affixed to them.

" But beside these, a considerable number of the 31,214 characters adopted from the former dictionaries, have *no meaning affixed to them;* but are merely given as obsolete, or current but incorrect forms of other characters, to which the compilers of the dictionary have referred the reader for their meaning. In a volume of the dictionary containing 1004 characters, the writer found 115 thus referred to other characters. The *significant* characters of the language, therefore, including names of every description, can scarcely be estimated at more than *thirty thousand.*

" Of these thirty thousand, however, we have not been able, by including both the elements and those formed by two elements united, to account for a sixth. The grand inquiry, therefore, still remains to be answered: How are the rest formed? As they cannot be formed immediately from the elements, are they formed from certain primitive characters like the roots in Greek, or the dhatoos in Sungskrit? If so, what are these primitive characters, and by what method are the derivatives formed from them? This has for several years occupied the mind of the writer of this dissertation, and he is ready to hope, that he has at length succeeded in tracing the manner in which nearly the whole of the Chinese characters are formed from each other. To some it may not be uninteresting to learn by what process he has been led to this conclusion."

" That such Primitives really exist as occupy the middle space between the elements and the great mass of the characters, and, like the Greek primitives or the Sungskrit dhatoos, form the bulk of the language by associating to themselves certain of the elements, was long suspected by the writer. This idea was strengthened by his observing in a manuscript Latin-Chinese Dictionary, which classed the characters according to their names, that in numerous instances, one character was the root of ten or twelve others, each of which was formed from it by the addition of *a single element;* thus the addition of the element for a hand to a primitive, formed one character; that being changed for the element denoting the head, another character was formed from the same root; by the change of that for fire, a third; and of that for the element denoting water, a fourth. It further appeared that the characters thus formed from the same primitive by merely adding one element, generally took the name of the primitive with some slight variation. This so struck him that he examined the dictionary from beginning to end, noting down each primitive as it occurred, and referring thereto all the characters formed from it by the addition of one element; and he at length found, with astonishment and pleasure, that all the characters of this dictionary, about nine thousand, were formed from *eight hundred and sixty-two characters by the addition of only one element.* Fearing, however, to be mistaken in a fact that promised to throw so much light on the formation of this singular language, reflecting that nine thousand characters bore but a small proportion to the whole mass, by the help of his Chinese assistant, he set

about examining the whole of the Imperial Dictionary; and, after fifteen months' labour, had the satisfaction of seeing every character in the dictionary derived from another, classed under its proper primitive. The result of his search is now laid before the candid reader. Exclusive of the two hundred and fourteen elements, the number of characters from which *another* is formed, amounts to *three thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.* From these, by the addition of a single element to each, is formed the great body of the language, in nearly the same manner as the great mass of the Greek language is formed from about 3500 primitives, and that of the Sungskrit language, from about 1700 dhatoos or roots. The greatest number of derivatives which spring from any one of these, is *seventy-four*, and the least *one*; the addition of a single element to the primitive, forms each derivative, which in general expresses an idea in some measure distinct from that of the primitive character, but still bearing some relation thereto. It is, however, proper to observe, that the term 'primitive' is not applied to them on account of their *origin*, but merely with reference to their *use.* In the former sense few could be properly termed primitives beside the 214 elements; nor indeed all of them, as we have already seen that some of them are evidently compounded of two or three others. It is merely on account of their office in the language, therefore, that the name is given. Thus 賣 *maì*, to sell, contains three elements, and produces no less than thirty-five derivatives by combining itself separately with that number of elements; 在 *tsai*, ability, produces nine; 無 *woŏh*, not, twenty-five; and 今 *kin*, now, no less than sixty-two."

The number of these primitives, so far as they are concerned in forming the general mass of Chinese characters, our author still further diminished, by observing that they are not all equally prolific; that more than seventeen hundred of them produce only one derivative each, (the exact number appears to be 1726,) and that four hundred and fifty-two produce only two derivatives or philological shoots. These, therefore, he has ventured to exclude from the rank of primitives, and thus leaves us not more than "one thousand six hundred and ninety-eight characters as forming the great mass of the language."

Our author next proceeds to show that the primitives divide themselves into four classes; and offers many valuable observations respecting the relative power and extent of the primitives, and the mode by which the derivatives spring from them. Through no part of this have we space to follow him, but shall select a single example as explanatory of his general reasoning, and of the structure of the Chinese language in this department of it.

"心 *sin*, the heart, as a primitive, gives birth to twelve deri-

vatives. Uniting itself with 人 *yin*, a man, it forms 伈 *sin*, a state of fear, with 口 *khon*, the mouth, &c."

In several of these, and the observation will apply to other families of derivatives, it is difficult to trace the connection: half of them preserve the same name as the primitive, and the other half only change the initial power. Our own, and most other languages, will furnish us with similar examples: thus *toll* imports duty or impost; *toll*, again, imports to seize, to carry away; *toll* is also to sound a bell, and with a superadded initial power *extol*, to exalt or magnify; all which are probably derived from the Latin *tollo*.

Our author correctly concludes as follows:

"This view of the primitives and derivatives places the existence of *design*, in forming the Chinese characters, beyond the possibility of doubt. It is scarcely more evident in the formation of a multitude of Latin verbs from one radical verb; or of the various Greek derivatives from their respective primitives. Indeed for a language formed from about sixteen hundred roots, no one of which produces seventy derivatives, to be thus formed without any view to the meaning of its component parts, would exhibit a phenomenon hitherto unknown in the philological world. Were this design evident in the formation of only a third of the derivatives adduced, it would be sufficient to establish the truth of the fact; for if design be evident in the formation of a third part, what reason can be given for its not being carried through the language? Whether the inventors were happy in selecting characters to suggest the new idea intended, is a different question; but that such was their object seems to appear with an evidence which acquires increasing force from every new examination of the language."

We have already stated that the oral language of China is of a very different kind from its legible. This oral language is, in the work before us, called "the colloquial medium of communication." As this consists of sounds, it is necessary that the legible language should have some means of representing and discriminating such sounds, or otherwise it would be woefully deficient in a most important feature.

The initial sounds or powers are, by the Chinese lexicographers, divided into nine series, as differing from each other by the character of simple sounds, aspirates, nasals, dentals, labials, or gutturals, or else of subformations or compounds of these. The auxiliary or final sounds were originally twelve, of which eight are vowel, and four are nasal enunciations. But these twelve have been multiplied in later ages to perhaps a greater number than any other language brings into use, by peculiarly modifying the articulation. The twelve original finals are called *primary* sounds, the modified, *secondary*. The modification most fre-

quently consists in interjecting, when admissible, a sound resembling that of *i* or *y* between the initial and the final.

Dr. Marshman enters upon a long and learned comparison of the form and principle of the Chinese language with the Hebrew and Sungskrit tongues in all their numerous branches, through which we cannot accompany him, and which, however valuable in a work on Chinese philosophy, may readily be dispensed with in a work on Chinese grammar.

We now advance to the subject of grammar properly so called. The Chinese have no inflections: and the great and important object of the valuable work before us is to show in what manner, without inflexions, the Chinese can make their language accomplish the purpose of those that have an inflexion for nearly every part of speech.

"A Chinese character may in general be considered as conveying an idea without reference to any part of speech; and its being used as a substantive, an adjective, or a verb, depends on circumstances. Of this we shall, perhaps, form some idea by recollecting the usage of other languages. In the alphabetic systems two different modes of forming the parts of speech are evident: the first is that which obtains in Greek, Sungskrit, and certain other languages, wherein a word is given as a kind of root, which, by receiving the verbal terminations, becomes a verb; by receiving certain other terminations a substantive; by receiving others, an adjective; and by assuming an adverbial termination, an adverb. Such is δικαιος, or rather the root divested of the adjectival termination. Though found in the state most nearly approaching an adjective, by receiving ω it becomes a verb; by receiving συνη, a substantive; and when the adverbial termination ως is added, it may be used as an adverb. A second mode is that of the Hebrew and its cognate dialects, in which an idea is expressed by a root consisting generally of three letters, which root, in its original state, is most commonly a *verb*, but which, in numerous instances, is also used as a *noun*, and, in some instances, as an *adverb*, without the addition of another letter, though others receive some addition. Somewhat akin to this, is the mode which obtains in a certain degree in the English language, which, in some instances, uses the same word as a substantive, an adjective, and a verb. This is the case with '*cut*' which we use as a substantive when we say a 'a severe *cut* with a sword;' as an adjective in the sentence 'he appeared in a *cut* wig,' and as a verb in, 'they *cut* through the enemy.' The word *present* is used still more extensively. In the sentence 'he made him a handsome *present*,' it is a substantive; in, '*present* season,' it is an adjective: changing the accent in another sentence, it becomes a verb, 'they *present* him annually with a large sum;' and in the following sentence it forms an adverb, '*at present* I am quite unable.' Multitudes of words occur too, which are used both as nouns and verbs without the least change, as *love*, *fear*, *hope*, &c. and even certain names of sensible objects; as the head, 'they *head* the mob;' the hand, '*hand* me the book;' the eye, 'they *eye* me con-

stantly;' a pen; 'I *pen* an epistle;' with many others. These examples shew the possibility of using a word in various grammatical senses without the least change in the word itself, while the accompanying characters define with certainty the sense in which it is used. It is to this last class that the Chinese language belongs; but it evidently carries the principle farther than any other language, beside those descended from itself.

By these means verbs are distinguished from substantives, substantives from adjectives, and some kinds of substantives from other kinds. Thus substantives importing agency, are distinguished by adding the auxiliary character: and so what are usually termed genitive nouns, or nouns descriptive of country, &c. are generally formed in Chinese by the addition of 人 *yin*, a man. Thus a Chinese in his own country terms himself *choong-kyŏh yin*, "a middle countryman," or of that country which fills the middle of the world.

English nouns have no inflexions for difference of genders, such distinctions being expressed by the pronoun; and hence it is not to be wondered at that the Chinese are in like manner able to do without such distinction in their nouns.

Number in Chinese nouns has no peculiar character, and is only distinguished by the auxiliary *a*, *an*, *one*, *two*, *three*, or some general indication of the context. The same deficiency occurs in the Bengalee and Orissa languages, and to a certain extent in the Hindustannee, and even in our own; of which the term *sheep*, and a few others, will afford us easy examples.

Cases are formed by prepositive marks answering the purpose of prepositions, as in most of the modern languages of Europe; though the genitive is sometimes expressed by a mere juxtaposition of the two substantives governing and governed, the latter taking the lead: and hence, in conversation, the mark of this case is often omitted, so that we have a near approach to the Hebrew law of *regimen*. It is a singular coincidence, that the Chinese mark for the genitive case should be 之 *tchee*, literally importing "*genesis*, *proceeding*, or issuing from," and hence altogether synonymous, and nearly univocal with the Latin *genitive*. Generally speaking, the prepositive characters *precede* the substantive they govern; but those answering to the genitive, and some of those answering to the ablative, or locative, as this peculiar species is more correctly called in Sungskrit, are an exception to this rule.

The Chinese adjectives, as we have already observed, are for the most part substantives transformed into adjuncts without inflexion or auxiliary of any kind.

The same word is both virtue and virtuous: 仁 *yin*, which expresses virtue in the highest degree, is also an adjective when added to 人 *yin*, a man. The comparisons of adjectives are made by the use of comparative adverbs or prepositions *more than* or *beyond*, as in Hebrew. The superlative is formed in a similar manner by adding to the adjective in the positive degree some character denoting superior excellence, as *kih*, "an apex, ακμὴ, or summit," or *tchee*, "to arrive at."

The pronouns, in the Chinese language, are of the utmost importance, as it is chiefly from these that the verb derives precision. Accordingly we find them of various kinds, and every kind numerous. The pronoun of the first person has not less than seven distinct names and characters; some of which, however, are somewhat obsolete, and one or two of them provincial or low. The oldest character is now restricted to the emperor alone, and answers to our *we* as employed by the sovereign.

The pronouns of the second person are not less numerous than those of the first; and the third pronoun personal is nothing more than a relative or demonstrative, *this*, *that*, *the other*, or *another*. These pronouns also offer numerous varieties.

Originally the same pronominal term or character appears to have been both singular and plural, the writer or speaker depending upon the context for the necessary distinction. In more recent times, however, the plural has been expressed by adding to the common mark some other indicative of fulness, amplitude, or association. But our limits will not allow us to enter into our author's explanation and exemplification of any of the other parts of speech: or his very valuable and interesting account of Chinese prosody. For all these we must refer to the work itself.

The examples in illustration of the different parts of speech are not only drawn from the best sources, but are in themselves, for the most part, elegant sentences or useful and important apophthegms. These, in general, are rendered literally enough; but in various instances the version is unnecessarily diffuse, and weakened by a style even more ornamented than that of the original.

The work concludes with a translation of the *Tā-hyoh*, which is a celebrated comment of *Tung-tse* upon a brief epitome of government delivered to him by Confucius. The translation is given as an exercise for those who have studied the grammar, and is the work of Dr. Marshman's son, who, we are told, has been engaged in the study of Chinese for seven years. It is highly creditable to his zeal and perseverance; but is rather too free for the purpose for which it is intended: it is accompa-

nied, however, with explanatory notes at the foot of the page, and enriched by an illustrative praxis at the end of the volume. The brief essay of *Kong-tsee*, or Kong-fu-tsee (Confucius), here commented upon, is so highly prized as to be introduced into the *Kings*, or most sacred books of the Chinese; and the *Tà-hyoh*, literally "the Great Sublime, or Important Doctrine," is the first of the four books most revered next to the Kings, the other three being the *Choong-yoong*, *Zun-zu*, and *Mur*. It is in effect a treatise on self-knowledge as the foundation of all other knowledge; and as essential to self-government, without which there can be no other government, whether civil or political, of any value. It begins unquestionably at the right end, and as it is short we shall copy it.

"The path or course of learning proper for men consists in restoring reason to its pristine lustre, in renovating others, and in making the summit of all virtue the only point of rest.

"When the mind knows its point of rest, it is decided; once fixed, it can enjoy tranquillity; and thus at ease, view all things around with complete self-possession, thence maturely weigh their nature and value, and finally attain (perfection in virtue).

"Things in the vegetable world have a root, as well as branches and fruit; actions too have a consummation, and also a source whence they spring. He then who has formed a just idea of cause and effect, has made a near approximation to the path which leads to the summit of virtue.

"The ancients who wished to restore reason to its due lustre throughout the empire, first regulated the province which they each governed; desirous of governing well their own kingdoms, they previously established order and virtue in their own houses; for the sake of establishing domestic order they began with self-renovation; to renovate their own minds, they first gave a right direction to their affections; wishing to direct their passions aright, they previously corrected their ideas and desires; and to rectify these, they enlarged their knowledge to the utmost. Now this enlargement of knowledge consists in a most thorough and minute acquaintance with the nature of things around us.

"A thorough acquaintance with the nature of things renders knowledge deep and consummate; from hence proceed just ideas and desires; erroneous ideas once corrected, the affections of the soul move in a right direction; the passions thus rectified, the mind naturally obeys reason; and the empire of reason restored in the soul, domestic order follows of course; from hence flows order throughout the whole province; and one province rightly governed, may serve as a model for the whole empire.

"From the Son of Heaven even to the common people, one rule applies, that self-government is the root of all virtue.

"That the right government of a kingdom should spring from a

mind in a state of disorder, is impossible. To despise that which is most important (self-government), and esteem that alone which is light and secondary, is contrary to reason."

Thus far Confucius, from records that surpass all uninspired writings in antiquity, and introduce us to the manners of the primæval ages of mankind, when kings were patriarchs, and subjects constituted their families.

In commenting upon this brief essay *Tung-tse*, whom Sir William Jones has styled the Chinese Xenophon, takes progressively a separate passage as a text or motto; his comment being divided, as we have already observed, into ten sections, and illustrated, agreeably to the custom of the patriarchal ages, of which we have numerous examples in the book of Job, with the lofty maxims and treasured sayings of the renowned sages of still earlier times. The two following sections will be a sufficient example to the reader:

" (SECTION III. On 'making the summit of all virtue the only point of rest.')

" The *Shee* * says,

' A kingdom a thousand *lee* in extent,
Was once the seat of *rest* for his people.'

It also says,

' Hear the note of the imperial bird:
He *resting*, makes his abode in *Kyen-ee*.'

Tsee on this observes, ' From his resting, he evidently knows his place of rest. Can it be that a man is less wise than a bird?'

" The *Shee* again says,

' Deep and extensive *Wun-wang's* virtue!
How did his heaven-illumined mind ever regard virtue as its rest!'

As a ruler, tender affection to his people was his point of rest: as a minister, reverence for his sovereign; as a son, the heighth of filial veneration: as a father, the tenderest affection; in his intercourse with men, inviolable sincerity.

" The *Shee* says,

' See on yon bank of the meandering *Khee*,
The waving reeds how beautifully luxuriant!
Such the virtues of the Superior Man.
As they carve and file ivory,
As they cut and polish the precious gem,—
How exquisite! how severe!

* The second book, called The *Shee-king*. *Edit.*

How resplendent! how illustrious!
The virtues which adorn the Superior Man,
Can never become a prey to oblivion.'

"'They carve, they file ivory:' the superior man carefully forms his mind on the model of the precepts he studies;——'they cut, they polish the precious gem:' he incessantly corrects his views and desires; ——'How exquisite! how severe!' describe his diligent solicitude respecting his conduct;——'How resplendent! how illustrious!' his majestic, yet attractive dignity of character;——'the virtues which adorn the Superior Man, cannot become a prey to oblivion,' characterize that consummate excellence, which must ever live in the minds of men.

"The *Shee* says, 'How is the memory of the (two) former sovereigns continually revered!' Succeeding princes imbibed their wise probity, and from them caught the sacred flame of love to the people: to them also the people owe their happiness; through their wise institutions they now enjoy quiet and plenty. It is this which will endear them to the latest generations."

"(SECTION VI. On rectifying the ideas and desires of the mind.)

"That which the sage has said relative to 'rectifying the ideas and desires of the mind,' is this; 'do not deceive yourself respecting vice and virtue; deeming the former an ill-scent, dislike it as really as a fœtid smell; and delight in virtue as in a beautiful colour.' It is this feeling which constitutes self-satisfaction. The superior man, therefore, will diligently regard his conduct as witnessed by himself alone.

"The ignoble man, on the contrary, when remote from observation, is constantly vicious; nor is there any degree of turpitude at which he does not arrive; yet, beholding a virtuous man, he attempts to conceal his wickedness, and to display an assumed excellence; but men of discernment perceive him as clearly as though they saw his heart and reins: then of what advantage is his dissimulation? This then illustrates the saying, 'uprightness within shines in the outward conduct:' the superior man, therefore, will most assiduously regard his conduct when he seems remote from observation. *Tsung-tse* says, that which the eyes of ten men (may possibly) examine, and the fingers of ten men handle, is indeed matter of concern!

"As riches adorn a palace, so virtue adorns the man; when the mind is expanded by virtue and knowledge, the body itself feels in a state of freedom and enjoyment. Hence the superior man will labour to rectify his thoughts and desires."

We cannot take our leave of the work before us without sincerely acknowledging the obligations which Dr. Marshman has conferred on the republic of letters. It is in many respects the most important volume on the language and learning of China which has hitherto been given to the world, and we do not mean to except the bulky imperial "*Dictionnaire Chinois* of M. de Guignes:

for it does far more towards rendering the Chinese tongue accessible to all nations; and cannot be otherwise than a valuable present to Chinese philologists themselves: since it puts them for the first time into possession of a vernacular grammar by a philosophical analysis of the materials of which their language is compounded. We have been peculiarly struck with our author's important observations on the subject of *position*, concerning which foreigners have hitherto been very much in the dark. Dr. Marshman has succeeded in proving that when an auxiliary character is added to a primitive, its position is not arbitrarily, or at random, assigned above or below, on the right hand or the left, but regulated by permanent laws: and that the great purposes of inflexion, and, in few words, the whole of the Chinese grammar, turns on position.

The following information is too important to be omitted.

"The Chinese characters in this work are printed from Metal Types. It is hoped that this improvement, when brought to perfection, will essentially promote the cause of Chinese literature, as well as the dissemination of the Holy Scriptures: as while they add greatly to the legibility if not to the beauty of the Chinese characters, their being *moveable* enables us to print in the manner of the *Ta-hyoh*, any Chinese work whatever, at an expense too by no means immoderate. Thus it will be easy to lay before the public, by degrees, every thing valuable in the Chinese language, in a page containing both a Translation and the Text itself; and the language may thus be rendered as familiar to the learned world, as any other oriental language deemed worthy of notice.

"In the course of the work, the reader will often find reference made to the Chinese chronology: the dates given are those which their own Annals assign to the various transactions recorded in their history. On the subject of the Chinese chronology, it would be improper now to enter: the author would therefore merely observe, that while no judicious man will credit it implicitly, an examination into the degree of intrinsic evidence which the annals of a nation so ancient, really possess, will not be altogether unworthy the labour. The Annals of China, taken in their utmost extent, synchronize with the chronology of Josephus, the Samaritan Pentateuch, and the Septuagint, rather than with that contained in our present copies of the Hebrew Text; and, according to the former, the highest pretensions of their own annals leave the Chinese inhabiting the woods, and totally ignorant of agriculture, nearly five hundred years after the deluge.

"Should this work experience sufficient indulgence from the public, it is probable that, if life and health be spared, it will be followed by a Translation of the Imperial Dictionary, supposed to contain every genuine character in the language, which when printed in a convenient size, (for which the Metal Types are happily adapted,) will place the Chinese Language within the reach of any one to whom an acquaintance with it is an object of desire."

As a work of general utility, however, an *abridgment* of the Imperial Dictionary, is rather to be recommended than a translation of the whole: this ponderous compilation, consisting of not less than thirty two volumes, was drawn up at the command of the emperor *Kang-khee* in the beginning of the last century, and comprises not merely the characters in modern use, but all the obsolete words which occur in the writings of nearly four thousand years, and various provincial characters of the date in which the work was compiled; thus giving us an aggregate of not less than *thirty five thousand:* while all the characters that occur in Confucius, in 'Mung, and the Five Kings, forming together more than twenty volumes, fall considerably short of six thousand, including the numerous unusual words found in the four volumes of the *Shee*. None of the six most esteemed national dictionaries of an earlier date contain much more than half the number of the characters given in the imperial vocabulary; that of M. de Guignes contains nothing like half the number; and those of the Jesuits seldom more than 8000 words: yet these are supposed to constitute the entire body of the language.

Art. V.—*The Journal of Llewellyn Penrose, a Seaman.* 4 vols. 12mo. Murray. London.

The interest which attaches to biography on the principle so happily expressed by Terence, 'Homo sum; nihil humani à me alienum puto,' is perhaps excited in the most intense degree by narratives of persons who have been providentially preserved from shipwreck, or who have been abandoned on some desert coast. Such narratives have an influence and value independently of mere amusement and information. The necessity of providing the means of subsistence and security, by single and unaided efforts of mental foresight and bodily exertion, calls forth all the resources of skill, of fortitude, and courage, with which man is endowed, and exercises whatever is natively great in his natural character. At the same time, the state of existence presented to us is that of a creature more *visibly* dependent, so to speak, than in ordinary circumstances, on an ever-watchful Providence; a source of thoughtful piety is opened within us; and if there be a spot on which a cold and sullen atheist might catch a spark of gratitude towards the unseen Father of the universe, or feel a momentary leaning for support on something

of metaphysical aid and protection, that spot must be sought on the Isle of Juan Fernandez, or in the forests of American India.

Robinson Crusoe is a book of admirable use with reference to boyhood: it raises feelings truly and practically religious; it sows the seeds of self-dependent energy in acting and thinking, of calm, cheerful, and steady daring, of wise resignation in circumstances that are inevitable, and of active enterprise in all possible undertakings. The novel of De Foe, however, is not a mere book for children; it was popular with all ages and all classes; but this popularity first took root from the belief, impressed by the artless style of the narration, that the history was genuine. Adventures, striking yet probable, and clothed with fidelity of moral description, occur in various imaginary travels, and are read with satisfaction from the justness of the imitation and the accuracy of the selected particulars: but this interest is feeble compared with that which is inherent in such works as the voyages of Hawkesworth. Robinson Crusoe still pleases; but much of the pleasure which it originally conveyed is abated by the knowledge that the story is a virtual romance, constructed on the rude materials of Alexander Selkirk. Who does not perceive that the rough diary of the seaman, irretrievably sacrificed to the vanity of authorship, would be now an invaluable treasure?

Viewing the work before us as a story of entertainment, there is one essential point in which its inferiority will appear very manifest if compared with Robinson Crusoe, or with the ingenious imitation of that romance, entitled Philip Quarll: a book with respect to which it is impossible not to regret that it should be disfigured with so much vulgar trash in the introductory part of the story. There is in both these productions a solitary individuality of interest wonderfully affecting, and stimulating to the curiosity. It is in proportion to his destitution and entire self-dependence that a character of this kind engages our sympathy and attention. We follow him through his woods, and along his shore, and into the hut which he has constructed with his own hands, with that sort of awe and admiration which attaches to some supernatural being; and this is the reason why in Quarll, where the singleness of interest is complete, a child finds always more of delight than in Crusoe: the green monkey is preferred to Friday, the savage; not merely because the tricks and docility of a tutored animal are surprising and diverting to a childish imagination, but because the isolated state of the man is more absolute and impressive.

This peculiarity of interest is, in Penrose, limited to only a short period of the time embraced by his journal. His solitude gradually diminishes; the charm of stillness, the majestic repose

of nature yield up their possession of the mind; his cave is peopled; the seclusion of his coast is violated by European mariners; and the silence of his forest of palms is broken by Dutch accents, and the Scotch and Irish brogue. He becomes a centre, around which other characters revolve; and the attention that should be absorbed in one, is divided and dissipated among many.

If, however, we regard the Journal as a record of authentic facts and actual observations, it assumes an interest distinct from that which has been described, and possesses a value beyond that of merely influencing the imagination, in the features which it presents of savage manners, and the details which it exhibits of natural history. The pretensions of the work are, in every view of it, considerable. We shall reserve our opinion of its authenticity till we have given some sort of analysis of its contents, and put our readers in possession of the circumstances attending its production.

Llewellyn Penrose was born near Caerfilly in Glamorganshire in 1725. His father was a seaman, and was cast away off the Texel in Holland in a ship called the Union frigate, belonging to Bristol. The widow married a schoolmaster. Penrose had always cherished an inclination for the sea; he had a talent for design, and was accustomed to sketch boats and ships sailing in different directions. But this desire was thwarted by his stepfather, who wished to bind him to an attorney; and by his persecuting importunities drove him at last to seek his own fortune. He left his home in the month of September, 1744, and arriving at Bristol crossed over to Ireland in a collier. This very pardonable exertion of the spirit of independence, implanted in man for the most beneficial purposes, he appears to regard with much compunction, and confounding the contiguity of events with cause and effect, ascribes to this act of filial ingratitude, as he terms it, the subsequent visitations of Providence: visitations of bounty and of mercy, which spread for him a table in the wilderness, and brought friends around his cavern hearth, and children about his knees. We believe the general moral reflections of the work, so inconsistent with the simple brevity of a seaman's journal, to have formed no part of the original, and to have been deduced from the several incidents by the editor himself.

After meeting with the usual vicissitudes of seafaring men, Penrose, in the year 1746, embarked on board an old Indiaman, called the Harrington, bound for Jamaica. On the passage homeward the vessel was taken by a Spanish fifty-gun ship, called El Fuerto, and carried into the Havannah. The crew was afterwards sent with a flag of truce to Jamaica; but

on beating through the old Bahama Channel, the ship was found so leaky as to oblige them to steer for the island of New Providence. Penrose is here again seized with a fit of moralizing, on that defect of a prophetical instinct which he feels himself compelled to call his folly, and which is manifested in driving on the business of his vocation by entering on board a schooner privateer in the year 1747. During a cruise, while the ship is lying-to, and the other hands are employed in fishing, he, with two other men, leaps into a boat that is alongside, and pushes off in pursuit of a tortoise: on their return, the boat is veered astern, and he remains in her, and having been overcome with liquor drops asleep: on waking he finds the schooner had by some accident slipped the rope, and sailed without the boat. He sees the ship in the offing, but completely out of reach of hailing or signal; and continuing to drive along the shore in hopeless consternation, puts at length into a small cove or beach: "I now began to look around me, and could see nothing but a wild country of palmetto trees and shrubs; but whether inhabited or not by human beings I was perfectly ignorant."

While he is gazing round him, he observed a man standing on the shore at some distance, naked, with an oar in his hand; and after some hesitation ventured to show himself. The savage "clapped his hands over his eyes, leaning forward; then spread them abroad;" took him by the hand, and exclaimed "Christinos;" making at the same time a cross on the sand. On Penrose answering in Spanish, the savage beckoned him to follow; and led the way, where was a canoe, with a woman and boy: both in a state of nudity. Seeing them much alarmed, Penrose patted the child on the head, which pleased the savage; who gave him a piece of roasted turtle. The female, however, was by no means so complacent or so hospitably inclined as her husband; for on the latter going among the high grass after another boy, she set up incessant screams at the idea of being left with the strange white man, and the savage was obliged to return: and willing to humour the nervous terrors of his wife, he gave Penrose a calabash, and pointing to a distance cried out "aqua, aqua:" Penrose was a dupe to this artifice, and running officiously for water, saw, on his return, the Indians paddling away in their canoe with all possible expedition.

The place on which he had landed was an island, only about half a mile across: but five miles distant he perceives a larger island, as he thinks: or "perhaps," he observes, "the main itself." It is stated that he afterwards ascertains this to be the fact: though on some Dutch mariners conjecturing that the country must be Costa Ricca, he makes no remark in opposition to their opinion;

the savages who make excursions to visit him in his retreat talk often of Carthagena: yet he professes himself totally unable to obtain any certain information as to the particular part of the coast on which he had been thrown.

He puts off for this new shore; and enters a lagoon (laguna) or lake; with mangrove trees hanging over his head, 'laden with oysters, like traces of onions;' and spoonbills and cranes sitting on the branches, unscared by, and not noticing his approach. Walking up the bank he discovers a cave running into a rock, about ten feet in height and eighteen in width, with a gravelly bottom. Here he fixes his abode, subsisting on raw fish, which he catches in the lake; but on this diet he grows weak, and loses his flesh. One day, while walking on the sea-shore, after a thunder-storm, he discovers a smoke; which proceeds from a tree that had been set on fire by the lightning. He immediately gathers a quantity of drift wood and lading his boat with sand, lays on it some of the ignited wood; and covering it over, transports it under the projecting rocks of his cavern. He is thus enabled to dress his fish; and he contrives to supply the fire with poppamack wood; which retains flame till the minutest particle is consumed. He afterwards invents a tinder-box, by means of a spongy increscence on the dead stumps of trees, some white flint pebbles, his pocket knife, and a shell.

As Crusoe had his parrot, Penrose has his hawk; which he procures in a singular manner. The bird had pounced on a bunch of land-crabs, which Penrose had tied together and left on the beach; but on rising with them into the air was brought to the ground by the weight, as well as entangled by the claws of the crabs. This bird, whom he names Yellow-bill, he gradually domesticates, and amuses himself by talking with him.

From the reckoning which he kept of his time by means of shells he found he had been in this desert spot a year and four months; and determined to take a short voyage. The following curious misconception is very natural to a person in his peculiar situation.

"As I turned round a low rocky point, I was suddenly struck with the sight of several human skulls, as I took them to be: they were white as snow. I put to shore and went up to them, and found my conjectures right.* I saw likewise that, in times long past, fires had been made there; as I found remains of ashes and the ends of burnt sticks. This satisfied me that the place had been frequented; and, as I supposed, by a wretched race of cannibals. I took up two or three of the skulls and put them in the canoe, and determined to get out of that place as soon as possible. I therefore put along shore, and spent much time in viewing places till the night came; I then landed. Not

* This is not accurately stated, as will hereafter appear.

long after this, the clouds began to gather thick all around; the rain came on, with thunder and lightning. I landed up my boat high and dry, and endeavoured to get under shelter myself; but the flashes were so frequent, and the thunder so terrible, that I thought one of the claps had separated the portion of the globe where I was stationed. I was so stunned by it that I stood motionless for some time; and as soon as I could well recover myself, I ran down, and threw the skulls upon the beach; through a foolish and idle superstition that they were somehow connected with the storm which had happened. After this I walked about the shore till day began to peep; when the clouds were dispersed, and the sun arose fair and clear. I had not a dry thread about me. My fire, tackling, and food were all afloat in the boat. I began to spread out my clothes and to bale my canoe. This occupied me till the sun was about two hours high. Curiosity prompted me to take up one of the skulls, and as I turned it round in my hand, I observed that it had no marks where the teeth should be. I began to examine another, and found the same defect. I concluded now they could not be human, but that they were the skulls of loggerhead tortoises."

Intending to clear away some of the brushwood which surrounds his cave, he sets fire to a heap of dry bark; the flame however catches the high trees, and blazes with a crackling, as he describes it, like thunder, for the space of seven or eight days; till it is extinguished by a glut of rain. Walking over the desert of ashes, he finds the limbs of the cedar and the cotton tree, as well as the remains of the plantain: the devastation of the latter was a mortifying circumstance, as the fruit is a substitute for bread. He then turns his mind to the making of fishing lines, by a method which he learned from an old negro; this was, to soak the leaves of the corritoo, or the aloe, and then work it into fibres. Having reached the third year of his residence he procures another household companion in a young fawn, which he decoys and fastens to a tree; whither the doe comes to suckle it.

With the superstition common to seamen, he is often frighted by an owl that hoots on moonlight nights. This had been described to him by a negro as a walking vampire of the height of a man; which could only be killed by a silver bullet. He afterwards dreams that the country is inundated, and that, like a second Noah, he wanders in his canoe on the face of the waters. This dream was, it seems, in some degree, verified; the lagoon overflows up to the entrance of his cavern. He hurries away with his moveables to high-water mark, and remains for two days. The doe follows him; but the poor hawk is forgotten, and is found starved in a bush on his return. This accident induced him to build a hurricane-house, made like an awning, and thatched with palmetto leaves.

He contrives a sort of panniers or saddle-bags, which he fastens on his deer; who attends him with familiar docility on his voyages and rambles. She also is so trained as to assist him in hunting the guanos; chasing them like a greyhound, and striking them dead with a stroke of her hoof.

This is the Lacerta Guana of Linnæus; an animal of the lizard kind, that grows to the length of four feet, and lives in holes of rocks. The inhabitants of the Bahama isles make them their chief food, and hunt them with dogs. Penrose describes them as burrowing in the ground like rabbits. A strange mistake occurs in vol. 2. p. 122. where it is said "a large guano was upon the green among the lime-trees; I pointed out the *bird* as a fine mark:" it should be the reptile. The animal is known also in the East Indies.

An adventure now occurred to him, which broke the sameness of his solitude with a gleam of human intercourse, and gave a brighter colouring to the prospect of his secluded existence.

Crossing over to what he calls the Bird island for conchs and welks, a sort of shell-fish, he discovers a canoe, a mile to the westward of his cave, and two persons on shore. He puts back immediately, hauls up his boat, and places himself behind some trees. The two persons went to and fro with extravagant and uneasy gestures, often looked into the canoe, and then went away again; sometimes caressing each other, at other times throwing sand on their heads and uttering cries. On approaching he distinguished an Indian youth and girl; who fled away, inflexible to his call. In the canoe he found an old savage expiring. By degrees the former two were persuaded to return; when they threw themselves on the ground, and placed his feet, one after the other, on their heads. When the old man was dead, Penrose prevailed on them to paddle in their canoe along with his boat: and having landed, he buried the body and invited them within his cave; where they consented to domesticate with him. This certainly strikes us as an improbable part of the story: these young Indians had the means of returning to their tribe with the same ease that they came; and there seems no sufficient reason to account for their voluntary stay. The new inmates, however, lose their melancholy and their shyness, converse by signs, and learn to articulate English words. The youth catches the word "come;" and the girl pronounces suddenly the name of the deer, "Miss Doe," with perfect plainness. He discovers that they are called Ayasharre and Ya-lutta; which names he changes to Harry and Luta. The latter soon cherishes towards her host sentiments of a warmer nature than gratitude. The progress of her affection, and the artless manner in which he is made acquainted with it, are natural and interesting:

"When we were at this sport, (of quoits) on the beach, Luta appeared to be much elated whenever I won the game. This I found never failed to occasion much snickering between her and Harry; but as it always passed in their own language, they thought I paid no attention to it. Some time after this, as they were together with me in the cave, Harry came and stood before me and said, "Where you come?" this I knew was meant to ask me from whence I came. I was at a loss how to give him in language the information he required; so I pointed to the sea, and made signs that I had slept often during my voyage in a canoe, before I arrived at this shore. This I found made them very thoughtful, and the girl wept much. To pass it off as well as I could, I began to instruct them in words. Harry, observing me to be much pleased with his sister's pronunciation, leaped up at once on his feet, and taking Luta's hand, put it into mine: then fell to shouting, hallooing, whooping, dancing, and making his obedience to us after the manner I had learnt (taught) him; and thus he went on like one frantic with joy. All this while the girl stood looking silently on the ground."

The previous description of this Indian maid we have preferred quoting in this place.

"The girl seemed to be about the age of seventeen, and nearly five feet three inches in height; her complexion was nut-brown, or rather a slighter tint; her eyes black, and the whites of them of a china cast, inclining to a blue; her nose and mouth small; her teeth white as snow and even as dice; her neck and bosom of the finest form imaginable, and her arms and legs finely proportioned; her hair black as jet; parted before, and curiously tied behind; hanging down in plaitings, united together by strings of beads of many colours to a great length. Round her neck, arms, and legs she wore three rows of teeth belonging to the tiger or some such animal; and round her loins ran a narrow piece of wove striped cotton."

This is precisely "the beautiful romantic animal" whom Steele with playful elegance describes in his Tattlers as the creature Woman, "at whose feet the lynx should cast his spotted skin; the peacock, the parrot, and the swan their feathers; for whom the sea should be searched for shells, and the rocks for gems; and every part of nature furnish out its share towards the embellishment of a creature, that is the most consummate work of it." On this occasion we should, we confess, have forgiven the solitary Penrose, if he had been surprised into a little warmth and wildness of transport and impatience: but the presence of this Indian Eve, fresh from the hand of nature, seems never to have quickened for a moment the even current of his blood; and on the proposal of Ayasharre, somewhat unceremonious we confess, he soberly observes, "it was impossible to have any objection, as she was a young creature of so charming a disposition."

He discovers a more commodious cavern, and is on the point

of removing thither, when he is surprised by a canoe with three savages standing right in for the shore. They belong to the same tribe as Ayasharre and Yalutta; and one of them, Komaloot, is a kinsman. Their touching on the coast was accidental; as the youth and his sister, after having been sought for on many different shores, had naturally been given up for lost.

Their meeting is described as calling forth expressions and gestures of great ecstasy; and we are again compelled to wonder that this attachment of the two Indians to their tribe and kinsmen should not have induced them, after their father's death, to return in the canoe that brought them. On Penrose appearing, Luta throwing her arm round his shoulder gave them to understand that he was her husband. "They all three saluted me kindly in their way; at the same time, examining my person, remarked that I was larger than they; for they were light small men, but well proportioned."

Penrose remarks it as a peculiarity in this people that they show their teeth much, and rarely close their lips when conversing. Their conversation in the cave affords an instance of a sense of humour more refined than might have been expected from savages. They had been out to sea in search of a ship, or as they called it, a great canoe lately wrecked; and Penrose enquires, through Luta, whether the crew were English or Spaniards. "They replied the latter, by their clothes, and the little wooden crosses about their necks; saying they knew the English threw such things away, unless they were made of gold and silver; as the English did not use wooden gods, thinking them of no value. This made me smile upon Luta; and she said something which made them all laugh. I enquired what it was. She very ingenuously told me that she had informed them I had no God at all that she ever saw."

The savages visit his intended new dwelling, and caution him against the tigers and wood-cats; of which he had seen nothing in his present cave, these animals avoiding the low mangrove grounds near the sea, as they are disturbed by the noise of the waves. They advise him to make a fire on their approach, as the smoke is sufficient to scare them away. On their departure, after a few days, Penrose endeavours to procure from them some necessaries. The habit of barter with Europeans probably renders the savages interested. They offer shoes, but make a difficulty respecting hatchets, kettles, and twine. However, on a reproach from Luta, that they would part with nothing even to her, they laugh good-humouredly, and consent to leave them some more useful articles than shoes; as a hammer, knives, and a saw; some fish-hooks and sail-cloth. While they are going Ayasharre com-

missions them to procure him a wife from among his tribe; a request which again exemplifies their turn for humorous jocularity, by occasioning mirth; but they promise to advise with their people. While they were with him, Penrose tried by all possible means to learn the part of the coast on which he had been cast, but without success; except that he ascertained the land to be a continent.

Four years and six months had elapsed since his residence on this shore, at the time of his removal to the new cavern. They chose the inner part for a bed-chamber, and made fires to drive out the bats; which appear to have been as numerous, though not quite so troublesome, as the harpies in the Æneid. An unlucky incident throws a gloom over their new habitation. One afternoon he is alarmed by the poor doe flying home with a tiger-cat sticking fast between her shoulders; and he is obliged to dispatch her with a hatchet. Of the skin he makes a jacket: he had heretofore gone with his body naked, and found great annoyance from an insect called the doctor-fly; of the size and shape of our common hive-bee, but with a head of a bright Saxon green; whose bite draws blood like a lancet.

In the sixth year they discern canoes at a distance. Eight persons, men and women, land with Komaloot at their head. The greeting is marked by a wild cordiality. "They all run together in a cluster; fall to weeping, laughing, hugging, and even proceed so far as to bite each other. One of the men throws out of the boat some arms, and then falls to dancing." Penrose writes their names on flat stones, and learns their signification; as the savage names are all expressive either of sensible objects or national habits. Thus Ayasharre is *swift runner;* Yalutta, *green grove;* and Komaloot, a *searcher*. Komaloot took a young woman called Cara-wouma, or beloved darling, by the hand, and, according to the savage custom, made a long oration to Penrose; turning round for assent, and being answered by a consentaneous exclamation from all the rest: Ayasharre smiling at his sisters, and they nodding their heads in reply. Penrose, when this was finished, led the girl to Ayasharre, and joined their hands, and a great shout concluded the ceremony. Owagamy, a savage of rank, made him understand that it was usual to drink some fresh water with friends, as a welcoming. He filled a calabash in the stream, and after it had been passed round, they all became more familiar. They dined on fish, and Ayasharre gave a song, attended with variety of action and snapping of the fingers. After this they all rose and danced, holding each other's hands, moving in a sort of trot, and stopping at intervals to give a loud whoop. This agrees with Mr. Long's account in his travels among the savage Canadian tribes, who

have eleven different sorts of dances, which he enumerates; and each dance accompanied by its peculiar whoop. They then lay down and fell asleep at the porch of the cave.

The savages had brought some sweet potatoes, cushoo nuts, and gourd seeds, with other plants: and Owagamy presented him with one of two dogs, whom he admired; of the colour of rusty iron, with erect ears, sharp snout, and a stumped tail; it never barked, but sometimes gave a sort of howl. On their taking leave, he asked when they would repeat their visit? And they replied, "as soon they could walk by their neighbours with good countenances:" by which he judged they were at war. He besought them that they would never reveal his abode to the Spaniards; as they might seize and send him to the mines. They made signs that they would rather be burnt with fires than betray him.

One day, while swimming, he was stung by a species of Zoophyte. "These sea-eggs are of that class of beings which seldom move from their station. They are of many different sorts, shaped like an orange, divided into curious lines of partition; spotted with green, yellow, red, and brown. Some have no thorns at all; but the sort from which I received my injury have darts four or five inches long, and are black."

His Indian wife, habitually skilful in vulnerary cases, applies to his feet some prickly-pear-leaves, split and toasted: the thorns came away with the leaves. The puncture was sufficiently virulent to induce fever.

At the close of his ninth year, he receives another visit from the savages, who bring with them a young Indian, for the purpole of entreating an asylum for him; though they have at first the address to affect that their visit has no particular object besides friendship. He was in the danger of the mines from the holy vengeance of a Spanish priest; inasmuch as he had broken a small cross tied to a rosary. We fear the zeal of this pious father was but lukewarm; as in the good old days of Cortes and Pizarro, of humane and religious memory, the dropping of a monk's breviary from the hands of a simple Inca, was a signal for letting slip the dogs of war, blood-hounds and men, on a whole people. This youth also Penrose receives as one of his family, and gives him the name of Toby.

The next party are more numerous, amounting to twenty-five, males and females. They regale on a large fish cut in pieces for a stew, with roasted yams and plantains. Their table is the ground, but the ladies sit on mats; an arrangement of gallantry, which contradicts the general body of evidence as to the treatment of women in the savage tribes. Dr. Pinckard, speaking particularly of the tribes of South America, describes

the females as sitting apart from the men, with their backs turned to them, sullen and silent.

An instance occurs of virgin shyness, which we should not have looked for in an Indian girl.

"Owagamy told Toby that he might return home again with them, as Padre Bastano was now dead, and he had never been inquired for at all. Toby hearing this gave me a side look. I at once told him his abiding with us was only during his own pleasure; he was free to return whenever he thought proper. Upon this, Toby casting his eye on a young girl in the company, called Matta-linea, or red fruit, asked whether she had a husband or not? This put the whole company in a roar of laughter. The girl looked like a fool, got up, and leaving her seat, went to the fire side."

We believe it is not usual for the savage lover to address his courtship to the mistress. The *arbuta* and *pira lecta*, the bribes of love, are offered, not to the damsel, but to the parents; the bride is bought, not wooed.

The girl is inflexibly coy, and desires first to go home. Toby attends her, but disclaims any wish to leave Penrose, in a speech which is characteristic of the figurative eloquence of the savage nations.

"I protest before all these my people you Penoly, (so they call Penrose) to be my good friend and brother. So long as the sun gets up and goes to sleep, and his sister the moon comes after to give light in the night; when blackness covers the trees and the wide sea; when I am dead in my sleep, sick, or lame; and while I am able to shoot with an arrow; let me remain with you. But if Penoly say, Go, then Sama-lama go with his people."

It is said, "during this harangue, all the women were in tears."

Toby returns without Matta-linea, who had been married to another. To make him amends, a fine girl called Rava is brought to him by the savages. The story is now saddened by the loss of Luta; who dies in giving to Penrose a second son. This affecting incident is spoiled by a long exhortation of Penrose; in which he says to those around him: "The Great One has thought proper to try, and perhaps to purify me by this great affliction. It is my duty to submit; it is your duty to give me every consolation and assistance which my forlorn and helpless situation may require." Of this edifying discourse how much could have been understood by the Indians? We account this among the moral garnishings of the editor; which, however proper in themselves, and laudable in intention, injure the verisimilitude of the history.

In the eighth year of his residence, a large ship is driven to the coast in a gale. The hoisting of the Dutch Jack has a sort

of torpedo effect on the imagination; which has been ranging in palmetto woods, and resting under the Gothic shade of lofty grottoes, with creatures innocent and light of heart, as were the sons and daughters of men in that age when the arts of civilized life began to appear. When Jabul first pitched his tent, and penned his fold, and Jubal handled the harp and the organ. As a work of fancy, the romantic charm of the narrative is from this period broken; and "Godart Somer Engele spraken en der schip," acts like a cabalistic spell on the enthusiasm of our previous sensations. The crew land, and are entertained by Penrose. The ship is bilged during the night, but they save some barrels of beef, and bags of bread, and some brandy and gin. The latter became the cause of a tragic event; and the bloody foot of the murderer leaves its print in this Indian hermitage. Penrose having, in concert with the Captain, prudently concealed the spirits, one Brandt, suspecting the young savage Toby, shoots him with a pistol; and is himself pistoled in retribution for his villany by Somer, the Dutchman already mentioned as speaking English. Somer, apprehensive of being called to account for this at home, stays behind with Penrose on the crew again putting to sea in their boat. The Captain was named Meert, and they took their departure, the 30th August, 1754.

Penrose marries Rava, the widow of Sama-lama; and Somer becoming melancholy and discontented visits the savage tribe in company with Ayasharre, and returns with an Indian wife, Matta-nany; whom he names Eva. In his tenth year, Penrose, searching after a guana which had been shot by Ayasharre, discovers in a thicket a pyramid of stones; which he displaces with the help of Somer; and digging under, finds a plank, which covers a human skeleton. Supposing an Indian to have been buried there, he appeals to Ayasharre; who says, "they don't do that way." On one side of the skull is a deep indentation, as from the blow of an axe. Near the bones is a large bottle stopped with pitch. On breaking off the neck, it is found to contain three rolls of written paper, one within the other. The writing consists of a round robin, the names chiefly English; an oath of horrible imprecations; and a sort of talismanic drawing of a head, hands, and feet, with weapons; superscribed, "Nimrod's portion," and marked under, 19 feet, S. W. with a dart of direction. Penrose, when in the island of New Providence, had been made acquainted with the practices of buccaneers, or pirates; and he gives a fearful explication of these mysterious circumstances.

It had been an old custom among these wretches, when chance threw any large booty in their way, not to trust it in their vessel, but

to hide it on islands, quays, and secret places along the coast; using a most diabolical ceremony at the interment of their ill-gotten riches. Bad men are generally credulous, and superstitious to a degree; and stick at no cruelty in the performance of those infernal rites they fancy necessary to their success and preservation. It was a custom with them after having signed a round robin, and administered the oath of secrecy, to bury their treasure: they would then sacrifice some poor unfortunate Spaniard, negro, or mulatto, and bury him; in order that his spirit might be a kind of guardian, to preserve their treasure inviolate and untouched till they should return. Papers similar to the above were usually buried near the corpse in bottles to preserve them; and they generally contained in a kind of mystical writing the secret of their treasure, and where it was deposited."

Digging at the distance, and in the direction prescribed by the paper, he in fact discovers a vast mass of plate; consisting of dishes and basins of silver, with rich raised work, representing coats of arms; and silver gilt candlesticks, carved with the inscription, Isabel Rubialis, 1605; together with a great quantity of dollars and some gold coin. Some of the latter he gives for ornaments to the women and children; which leads to some sort of elucidation respecting the buried treasure. One of the savages inquiring, some time after, where they got these ornaments, and being answered that the gold had been found on the sea-shore, says that he supposed it to have been some of the money which the countrymen of Penrose had hidden, when they came along the coast to plunder the Spaniards, in his old father's time; and that, when he was a child, there died among them a very old white man, who had been one of those people. "He remembered his name was Yaspe; moreover that his father, when talking with him, had heard him tell: that he had been at the plundering of churches, and getting great riches: that on a time, he with a number of others had buried a very rich treasure on the coast, to the northward of their dwelling, where they belayed a young mulatto fellow to keep watch over it: that his father and some other Indians, among whom was old Coduuno, who died in the canoe with Penrose, proposed to go with him in search of it; but that old Yaspe told them, in case he was to find out the very spot, neither he nor they would be any thing the better for it; as it would, on their digging, continually keep sinking lower in the earth." One of the names in the round robin is Jaspar Cary.

In the twelfth year, a sloop from St. Jago de Cuba, which had been struck by lightning, puts into the bay. The Captain is an Irishman, of the name of Dennis Organ. Penrose purchases with the dollars some books; among which are The Fairy Queen, The Spectator, and Don Quixote; together with Homer, Virgil, Horace, and Ovid's Epistles. It is not said

whether these last were translations; and it does not appear from the early history of Penrose, that he had attained to a knowledge of Greek and Latin. Having supplied himself with a mast, the Irishman sails away; after vainly soliciting Penrose to accompany him.

Some time after, Somer, attended by Ayasharre, pays another visit to the Indians, in the hope of recovering his health. They return with a third person, a Scotchman, named Norman Bell. He had been a pedlar, a puppet-show merry-andrew, and a quack-doctor's mountebank, and latterly a sailor; and had come among the Indians to escape the effects of a holy zeal in one of the righteous and meek brotherhood of Spanish priests; who had paid attentions, not merely spiritual, to a mulatto woman, his wife; and who, conscious of detection, had manifested a particular ardour for his conversion to the pure faith of Rome.

Somer dies of a decline and Eva, weeping over his grave, is comforted by Penrose with a hope that Bell may consent to supply the place of her dead protector. The Scotchman is, however, cautious of a second marriage. The next visit of the savages is made in rather a hostile temper. One of them makes a speech full of forcible metaphors, in which he says:

"Has not the wind of voices gone through the trees, and by the side of the shore, that my brothers and sisters have given their flesh and their blood to mix with yours? Show me more friendship than this, and we shall then own that it is whiter than ours. Now we hear the voice in the wind, saying, Oh! the blackness is coming, with the bird that devours the dead. Must we not all go to sleep? Our sister here, shall she return without the covering of affection, because her love is gone to sleep? Could she keep him awake any longer?"

This is an intimation that Eva's widowhood is a breach of friendship with their tribe; a genuine trait of savage manners. Bell, feeling the impolicy of creating any misunderstanding with this people, consents with a good grace to wed the widow. The Indians appear, however, still suspicious of the treatment of their tribeswoman; and land again armed, and in something of a jealous mood; but on being satisfied of Bell's affectionate conduct, their heartiness and mirthful openness are restored in a moment. Bell entertains them with merry-andrew tricks, and feats of strength and agility. The marriage was, however, inauspicious. Poor Eva, rambling into the woods, in search of certain roots, falls a prey, as they aferwards discover, to a tiger. This must be the jaguar, an animal of the tiger kind, which is indigenous to America: which is not striped like the tiger of the east, but spotted. Bell goes in quest of her to the country of the Indians, who easily persuade him to ano-

ther wife, in the person of another young widow, Aanora, or a thing desired; and she receives the name of Janet.

The party is still further increased by an old Spaniard of the name of Nunnez, and Quammino an aged negro, who is found at some distance, in a cave of his own, whither he had fled from the tender mercies of Jamaica planters. The principal events of the narrative are closed by the death of Bell, who is drowned in a struggle with a large fish which he had harpooned; and by an event still more remarkable, the death of Penrose himself, in the twenty-seventh year of his residence. He loses the use of his limbs by eating of a poisonous fish. The journal is continued by his son Owen, who, it must be owned, has acquired a notable proficiency in his paternal tongue. The dying words of Penrose are faithfully reported 'in good set terms:'

"Respect my memory: lay me in the grave by your mother Luta. Preserve my journal; and with care put it into the hands of the first European, or white man, who shall arrive on this coast. Pay him handsomely, and beg him to deliver it safe to some of my countrymen. Tell my good Indian friends that, in my last moments, I spoke of them with gratitude and tenderness. My sight begins to grow dim, &c."

After burying the body they send intelligence to the Indians, who visit them, and invite them to their country; but they prefer remaining in their old habitation. The journal breaks off abruptly: but a letter is annexed, signed by a Mr. Paul Taylor, and dated New York, 1783; we are told the address is *unfortunately* wanting. This contains an account of the delivery of the MS. into his hands by two Indians, who spoke good English, and gave him fifty pieces of eight as a reward for carrying it to England.

In our progress through the journal, we have occasionally noticed certain alleged facts which appeared to us unwarranted by probability, and others which seemed to militate against general testimony. As we think the internal evidence is that by which the authenticalness of the narrative must be established, if it can be established, it is important to note how far the representations of savage manners coincide with those which have been exhibited by travellers of repute, and reported by judicious historians. We have already hinted at the delicacy and deference shown by the Indians towards their women in Penrose's Journal: now it is asserted by Robertson, vol. i. p. 319, 4to. ed. that "to despise and to degrade the female sex is the characteristic of the savage state in every part of the globe." Gumilla, in his account of the savages on the Orinoko, published at Madrid, records the speech of an Indian woman, to which he was himself an ear-witness, defending the act of female infanticide by the oppressions and insults which,

if her daughter grew up to womanhood, she would have been compelled to bear. The same practice, and on the same account, is affirmed, in the voyages of Mackenzie, to exist among the tribes in the centre of North America. That the tribe which visits Penrose is comparatively civilized cannot be said: the dress is at once a criterion of civilization; and these have neither the doublet and biggins, the cloak nor the plumed cap, which distinguish the Moscos and Arancans: they wear no clothing whatever, except a band or apron. La Perouse asserts, that he found among the savage nations uniform deceit, vice, and barbarity; yet if the descriptions in Penrose of their candour and generosity towards strangers, and their domestic and affectionate temper among each other, be faithfully coloured, we must no longer accuse Rousseau of paradox in his preference of the savage to the civilized state.

We would not, however, be understood to try the manners of every individual clan, in every minute particular, by one common standard. These nations differ in character as in customs; some being as noted for their affability and good faith in their dealings, as others for their lies, their thievery, and ferocity. The tribe in Penrose's account seems most to resemble the Aruacs on the north-eastern coast of South America, whom Stedman describes in his voyage to Surinam; but we are left entirely in the dark as to what clan is meant. He seems to have been placed between the savages of Darien on the one side, and those of Maracaibo on the other; the former remarkable for their ferocious nature, the latter considerably advanced in civilization, wearing a vest, and riding on horses. There might possibly be intermediate tribes, who, while preserving the simplicity of their wild state, offer a contrast in their humane and innocent habits and propensities to the vices and cruelty of more barbarous clans.

Certain characteristics, indeed, have a *naïveté*, which seems to carry a conviction of their genuineness. Such are the notion of the Indians respecting a watch, that there must be a spider within it, charmed into a owyook, or witch, to keep it moving and ticking; their belief that certain deer have ears in their feet, the bed of the auricular nerve being supposed to lie in a groove of the fore-leg bone; and the appellation which they give to ardent spirits, calling them "fool's water;" together with the custom of their surrendering their weapons in charge to some friend, when they sit down to drink rum, "lest they should revenge the death of their old fathers a thousand moons ago." Dr. Pinckard relates of the savages of Brazil, that they drink by alternate reliefs, half the party sitting by sober to watch those that are helpless and senseless.

We see no reason to doubt the several particulars which he

details relating to the natural history of the reptiles, insects, birds, and fishes, in the new world. Many facts of this kind have been classed with the fabling traditions of Aristotle and Ælian, which are yet familiar to practical naturalists. The circumstance of the bird fluttering in helpless fascination over a serpent, into whose mouth it is about to fall, agrees with what is related by Pennant of a squirrel; and by Vaillant, both of a bird and a mouse. These writers seem, however, to ascribe this property of the serpent to some torpifying quality in the eyes, which they describe as fixed glaringly and intently on the paralysed victim. This is likely an error; and of this Penrose says nothing. The stupor of the creature occasioned by the terror of imagination, seems a less probable cause than the influence of some gaseous poison in the breathings of the serpent. It should be observed that Penrose speaks merely of a yellow snake; and that the above writers ascribe this ensnaring power to the rattle-snake.

It is usual, in books of this nature, to find the outworks of external evidence strong. We can participate in the reader's surprise, when he discovers that these are, in the present instance, the least tenable; and that, however he might have been disposed to yield a general credence to the facts assumed by the narrator, as having actually happened within the sphere of his personal observation, the matter is left in complete uncertainty; and, perhaps, there never was an occasion, in the annals of historic literature, on which scepticism was more reasonable. Of the validity of this assertion we shall enable our readers to form their own judgment.

The advertisement informs us that, some years ago,* an old man, who had seen better days, applied for charitable relief to the late Mr. Thomas Eagles, a gentleman who adorned the character of an English merchant by his taste for literature and painting; and who, it is important to remark, was well known in his particular circle, not merely as a critic and a judge, but as a writer; a periodical paper, entitled the Crier, having been contributed by him in weekly essays to a newspaper, called Felix Farley's Bristol Journal. Mr. Eagles placed the old man at a merchant's alms-house in Bristol,† endowed for the reception of decayed mariners; and, finding something superior in his manners and conversation, frequently invited him to his table. The old man, dying in this asylum, bequeathed to Mr. Eagles some books, prints, and, in particular, the MS. of the Journal of Penrose. This MS. appears to have lain many years

* The expression "some years" seems too limited; for the writer states his having often seen the old man at his father's table, when he was himself a boy.

† The advertisement says only "in this city;" and the writer has omitted to subscribe the place of his residence.

in the hands of Mr. Eagles, who prepared it for the press; and it is now published under the auspices of his son, a gentleman, as we understand, of classical attainments, and of rising reputation as an artist. The work is dedicated to Mr. West, who is not unconnected with the circumstances relating to Penrose, as will appear from the following memorandum, found among Mr. Eagles's papers, and dated 10th July, 1805.

"Mr. Annesley brought Mr. West to my lodgings: he dipped into Penrose's Journal, and read several pages in different parts. He seemed very attentive to my history of Williams, and put several questions to me: he said every answer I gave tended to confirm his opinion. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have looked at several parts of this book, and much that I have seen *I know to be true*. I knew the man too; and, what is more extraordinary, had it not been for him, I should never have been a painter. It happened thus: I had a relation at Philadelphia of the name of Pennington, whom I used frequently to visit while there; I saw a person carrying a picture, a landscape, the first I believe I had ever seen. I was very much struck with it, and desired the person to shew it me. He did; and asked me if I was fond of painting; and, if I was, desired me to come to his house, and he would show me other things. I saw there some cattle pieces; admired them; and inquired how he could paint them so accurately. He said he would show me the secret; and took a small box, which proved to be a camera. He shewed me the construction of it. I went home, and was not at rest till I had made one for myself; and my father gave the glass out of an old pair of spectacles to complete it. My delight was then to go into the farm-yards, and, by means of my camera, draw the cattle. I knew that Williams had seen many of the things he describes in his Journal; and he gave me the same account of them. He first lent me the Lives of the Painters, which confirmed my inclination for the art. I take it he adopted the name of Penrose from a ship-builder of that name, who was a great friend of his. Williams afterwards came to England. I was of some service to him in London; but, of a sudden, missed him from town; and, on enquiring of one Smith, an engraver, who knew him well, he told me he was gone to Bristol, as he was very poor, and had almost lost his eye-sight, to claim some provision to which he was entitled from the parish. I was struck with this coincidence with the history of Williams; it induced me to put farther questions concerning him, which confirmed my opinion that it was my old friend's composition which was before me; and what you had shewn me of the Lives of the Painters, I knew to be his hand-writing.—13th. Saw Mr. West again. He said, 'Perhaps I am the only person in existence who could give any account of Williams's life and manners. *He first came to Virginia* from London, in a ship commanded by Captain Hunter. Between this time, and *his appearance at Philadelphia*, where I first met with him, was an interval of more than twenty years, which I consider him to have passed in the adventures related in the Journal."

Further mention of Williams occurs in a letter from Mr. West to Mr. Eagles.

"From the year 1746 to 1760, my attention was directed to every point necessary to accomplish me for the profession of painting. This often brought me to the house of Williams; and, as he was an excellent actor in taking off character, he often, to amuse me, repeated his adventures among the Indians; many of which adventures were strictly the same as related in your MS. of Penrose; as was also his description of the scenery of the coasts; the birds on them; in particular the Flamingo birds, which he described, when seen at a distance, as appearing like companies of soldiers dressed in red uniforms. He spoke the language of the savages, and appeared to me to have lived among them some years. I often asked him how he came to be with them. He replied, he had gone to sea when young; but was never satisfied with that pursuit; *that he had been shipwrecked*, and thrown into great difficulties; but Providence had preserved him through a variety of dangers. He told me he imbibed his love for painting *when at a grammar school at Bristol*."

On this statement we have to make a few observations.

The attestation of Mr. West to the truth of many of the adventures related in the journal is not founded on actual *knowledge*, but on *belief;* it amounts to no more than that Williams had told him much of the same story.

The statement as to Williams's history is directly at variance with the relation of Penrose. Penrose never came to Virginia; never was at Philadelphia; never was at a grammar-school at Bristol, or at Bristol at all, otherwise than taking ship there; and never was shipwrecked. The only coincidence is the name of the commander of the vessel being Hunter.

The Irish captain, Orger, inquires of the journalist if he was ever on board the Namur; as he was acquainted with one David Penrose on board that ship in 1738. Penrose replies, that the date was too old for him, but that he might have been a relation. Penrose, therefore, should by this testimony, be the real name, and Williams the adopted one; yet the reverse is stated. However this be, it is plain, that the object of the statement is to prove that Williams is the identical Penrose; and the consequence follows, that the narrative cannot be true.

Farther, the question naturally suggests itself, whether the work be a faithful copy of the MS., or whether the editor, like Defoe, has practised on the papers for the exercise of his own ingenuity?

Mr. West recognises the hand-writing of Williams; but we are explicitly told, in a note, that the MS. which Mr. West saw, was not in Williams's hand-writing, but in that of Mr. Eagles.

The character which he recognized appears to have been a writing in the margin of a book, (the Lives of the Painters,) which, as far as we can collect, seems to have been the identical book sent to Mr. West in Philadelphia, and conveyed by bequest to Mr. Eagles at Bristol. The recognition of the written character, therefore, has nothing to do with the original MS.

That the language has not merely been corrected, but that reflections have been ingrafted upon the narration, is plainly deducible, both from the cast of style, and from the ambitious and pointed morality built upon the incidents that arise. There is something suspicious in the following passage:

"How often did I wish to have the associate of my youth, Bill Falconer, with me, to explore these beauties, and to record them in his sweet poetry; but, alas! I parted with him in old England, never, perhaps, to meet more in this world. His may be a happier lot. Led by a gentler star, he may pass through this busy scene with more ease and tranquillity than has been the portion of his humble friend Penrose; and though, when time or accident may destroy this mortal body, my bones may be destined to whiten the unfrequented desert, may thine, my gentle friend, rest in peace in the sepulchre of thy fathers."

As we do not give Penrose credit for any portion of prophetical sympathy, we believe this passage to have been written by one well acquainted with the fate of Falconer. The expression of "humble friend" is questionable. Falconer was the son of a barber at Edinburgh. He was born in 1730: entered very young on board a merchantman at Leith; was shipwrecked on the passage from Alexandria to Venice; and came to London, with his poem of the Shipwreck, in 1762, sixteen years after Penrose had sailed for Jamaica. It does not seem very likely that Falconer and Penrose should ever have been thrown together. There is a romantic air, a study of effect, about this acquaintanceship. The style speaks for itself. We doubt whether the papers of the old almshouse pensioner contained any thing of "gentle stars," or of "bones whitening a desert."

In the following extract we trace the pen of the elegant and philosophical essayist:

"How often have I soothed my melancholy thoughts in this solitude, by contemplating the divine works of the Almighty Framer of the world. In these moments I felt myself humbled, but not degraded. I could not explain the mysteries of creation, nor lift up the impenetrable veil which divine wisdom had interposed to restrain human pursuits within proper limitation; but I felt myself a reasoning being, dignified by an intellectual capacity superior to the animals around me. I could trace events up to their causes, and derive consequences from remote relations by a faculty finer than instinct; a faculty which

seemed to unite me to the Divine Author of my being, in whose image I was formed."

If it be apparent that the editor has pointed the incidents with moral reflexions, how are we to draw the line that bounds his interference! True; the journal may be substantially the same journal; but if, like the counsellor's patched bag, it has undergone such repeated piecing, as to be, in all outward appearance, renovated, it becomes a nice question of casuistry to decide on its identity. We presume to ask, where is the manuscript? Of the conclusion, indeed, we acquit the editor, as it would have obviously defeated his own end, should his purpose have been the weaving of a consistent and credible fiction. It had been easy to convey Penrose from America, and not lose sight of him till he died in the charitable asylum at Bristol; or the journal might have ended abruptly, and the reader would have supplied the sequel. The catastrophe must, therefore, be the invention of Williams himself; and we are desired to pin our faith on the veracity of a narration, which is ended by a gross and palpable falsehood. Had Williams, who mentions his being familiar with the practices of pirates, actually belonged to their body? and was he apprehensive of any danger to himself while living, or of any slur upon his name when dead, from the literal record of his adventures, and the identifying of his person? The superintendant of the publication tells us, that the delicacy of his father restrained him from pressing the old man as to any particulars of his private history. To us it is matter, not merely of regret, but of surprise, that a man who had met with such extraordinary adventures should have sate for years at his benefactor's table with a seal upon his lips. It appears, also, that the communicativeness of the old man flowed free to Mr. West; yet the sum of that gentleman's testimony amounts to little more than the Scotchman's recollections of the subjects contained in Macpherson's bloated rhapsody: that "he remembered to have heard it in his childhood; and that he heard Ossian, and Oscar, and every one of them." The advertiser's chain of evidence is a rope of sand:

He shakes the box: he shows all fair:
His fingers spread, and *nothing there.*

He did, however, what he could; and is plainly not wanting in ability, or inclination, to have done more, if more could have been done: but there is no way of enabling people to conceive that a man may eat turtle at Bristol, after having been fairly laid under the sod in America.

Certain facts and observations, which are wrought into the body of this ambiguous composition, bear internal marks of being

genuine memoranda; and were, probably, collected during a residence with some savage tribe. Had they been no less equivocal than the biography, we could not easily have found terms of sufficiently strong reprehension to mark our censure of fictions, calculated to bewilder incipient knowledge, and to mislead the curious and inquiring mind. As it is, provided one or two coarse incidents, before and during the voyage from England, be expunged from a future edition, we can conscientiously recommend the book as adapted for youth; but, for that class of readers, it should be compressed into one volume, and printed in a cheap form. As a true narrative it would have had higher claims; but we can grasp nothing tangible and substantial in the shape of authenticity:

> Ter frustrà comprensa manus effugit imago,
> Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.

Art. VI.—*Thury on the Catacombs of Paris.*

Description des Catacombes de Paris, précédée d'un précis Historique sur les Catacombes de tous les Peuples de l'ancien et du nouveau Continent. Par L. Héricart de Thury, Maître des Requêtes, Ingénieur en Chef au Corps Royal des Mines, Inspecteur-Général des travaux souterrains du Departement de la Seine. 8vo. Paris et Londres, 1815.

The catacombs of Paris are, probably, the largest subterranean sepulchres in the world, far surpassing in extent those of ancient Thebes, of Rome, Naples, and Malta. These excavations were originally quarries, whence stone was dug, for many centuries, for constructing the edifices of Paris, and were at first made as chance, or perhaps the facility of working them, directed. These quarries being, in the course of time, exhausted, and the entrances to them having fallen in, or being filled up, their existence was for a long time totally forgotten, until several fatal accidents happened in the year 1774, when the attention of the French government was directed to them, and the extent of the very imminent danger which menaced Paris became known, together with the necessity of taking the most prompt and effectual measures for averting it. Orders were issued for a general inspection of the excavations, of which plans were also taken, towards the close of 1776: the vague reports, which had been in circulation, were now converted into certainty, and the fact was proved, that the churches, palaces, and most of the public roads belonging to the

southern quarters of the French metropolis, were on the point of being precipitated into immense gulfs. The danger was the more formidable as it presented itself in every point at once, so that all required immediate and simultaneous attention; and unfortunately there were no data by which to regulate the measures necessary to be adopted, in order to remedy so tremendous an evil, or even to arrest its progress. A report having been transmitted to the Council of State relative to the real condition of the excavations, a special committee of inspection was appointed, which has subsisted to the present time. This committee having taken cognizance not only of the ancient exhausted quarries, but also of all the other quarries of limestone, sand, gypsum, and other subterraneous works in the environs of Paris, first directed its attention to the prevention of immediate danger; and, by a series of long continued labours, which it is not necessary here to enumerate, have so admirably disposed the solid works in these excavations, that each subterranean street corresponds with the street above, and the numbers of the houses under ground also correspond with those on the surface of the earth: Hence, if the ground should sink in any part of Paris, a suitable remedy may instantly be applied.

These excavations reach beneath the extensive plain of the Fauxbourg of St. Germain, forming nearly the whole of the southern half of Paris, and under a small part of the department of the Seine in the northern division. From his official situation, as Inspector-General of the Quarries and Subterraneous Works of Paris, M. Héricart de Thury possesses every requisite advantage to qualify him for describing, with correctness, these vast depositories of the dead, which have hitherto been imperfectly known and inaccurately delineated. To the traveller, therefore, who may visit the Catacombs of Paris, he has certainly rendered an important service by publishing the volume, of which we are now to present an account to our readers.

M. de Thury divides his work into four parts, the first of which offers a compendious notice of the catacombs of the ancients: in the second, the physical structure of the catacombs of Paris is investigated, and an account is given of the working of the ancient quarries, together with the circumstances (already adverted to) that led to the appointment of commissioners for the general inspection of quarries and subterraneous works. The third part is appropriated to a description and itinerary of the Catacombs of Paris, and of the monuments and inscriptions which they contain, and also to a narrative of some recent historical particulars connected with them. The last portion of M. de Thury's book, which is somewhat quaintly intitled *Opinion du Siècle*, consists of detached verses, thoughts, and inscriptions, extracted from the

register of the Catacombs, which is usually presented to visitors for the purpose of recording their sentiments, and also of some extracts from the French Journals, together with a cursory review of a few publications, in which the Catacombs are mentioned.

Omitting the account of the ancient catacombs, of which, however interesting in itself, we could give little besides a catalogue of places, we shall briefly trace the history of the subterraneous sepulchres of Paris; and shall proceed to conduct our readers through them in the character or quality of guides.

The cemeteries of Paris were originally without the walls of the city; but, as its boundaries were gradually extended, they became surrounded by buildings. Of these the cemetery belonging to the church of the Innocents was the most capacious as well as most distinguished: for more than seven centuries it had served as a receptacle for the dead, for upwards of twenty parishes: the number of corpses interred in it had been annually increasing, each year averaging about three thousand; and in the course of thirty years previous to its suppression, upwards of ninety thousand persons had been buried there. Most of these were deposited in common pits from five to six metres (about eighteen or twenty feet) in depth, in which it was the practice to suffer the dead to accumulate to the number of twelve or fifteen hundred; the amount of separate interments being annually not more than one hundred and fifty, or two hundred at most. Such a vast assemblage of dead bodies, covered with little more than a foot of earth, could not but prove highly injurious to the health of those who resided in its immediate vicinity. So early as the year 1554, the suppression of this cemetery had been ineffectually demanded: in 1725, 1734, and 1737, the inhabitants of the neighbouring quarters presented strong addresses on the subject to the parliament of Paris, who commissioned MM. Hunault, Lemery, and Geoffroy to attend to it; but these gentlemen in vain suggested measures for remedying the evil complained of. In the years 1746 and 1755, complaints were renewed with as little success as the preceding: at length in 1780, the inhabitants in general, being greatly alarmed by accidents which had happened in the cellars of the Rue de la Lingerie, in consequence of the vicinity of a common pit that had been opened towards the close of 1779, and which was destined for the reception of upwards of two thousand bodies, addressed a Memorial to the Lieutenant-General of the Police; in which they shewed the injury the public health must sustain from the proximity of such a focus of corruption, the number of bodies interred in which, to adopt their own expressions, "exceeded all measure and all calculation, and had raised the soil upwards of eight feet above the neighbouring streets and houses." This application was seconded by an elaborate, histo-

rical, and physical Memoir, by M. Cadet de Vaux, Inspector-General of the Objects of Health, by whom it was read to the Royal Academy of Sciences; and on the 9th of November, 1785, the Council of State issued an Ordinance, directing that the site of the cemetery of the Innocents should be converted into a public square, proper for establishing a market thereon, after the requisite canonical forms were complied with. At the request of the Lieutenant-General of the Police,* the Royal Society of Medicine appointed several gentlemen, eminent for their medical and chemical knowledge, commissioners for carrying this design into execution.

Immediately on the issuing of this Ordinance, M. Guillaumot, Inspector-General of Quarries, was commanded to select and prepare a suitable spot for the reception of the bones of the great charnel-house of the Innocents; who, having recommended the ancient quarries situated beneath the plain of Mount Souris as most eligible, from their vicinity to the city, directed the requisite works to be executed for rendering the quarries secure: and on the 7th of April, 1786, the Catacombs of Paris were solemnly consecrated by the grand vicars and other dignified clergy of that capital. The bones from the cemetery of the Innocents were first deposited here during the months of January, February, and March, 1785. The business of exhumation was continued during the months of September to March, 1787, and was completed during the months of August, 1787, to January, 1788. The utmost order prevailed in carrying on the different works, the arrangements of which frequently presented a truly picturesque appearance. The vast number of flambeaux and of rows of torches which were every where burning, and shed a dim funereal light around the surrounding objects; crosses, tombs, and epitaphs intermingled; the silence of the night; the thick cloud of smoke that concealed the place where the labourers were at work, whose operations could not be distinguished, and who appeared to flit along like shadows; the various ruins caused by the pulling down of edifices; the subversion of the soil in consequence of the exhumations; altogether formed a scene most impressively awful. The solemnity of the spectacle was augmented by religious ceremonies; by the conveyance of coffins; by the splendour which accompanied the removal of the tombs of the most distinguished personages; by the funeral cars and cenotaphs; by the hearses filled with bones, and slowly proceeding at the close of day towards the new catacombs

* M. de Crosne. In this office he succeeded M. Lenoir, to whom the honour is due of having first suggested the idea of converting the ancient quarries of Paris into catacombs, and of having required the suppression of the church of the Innocents, the exhumation of its cemetery, and the conversion of the latter into a public square.

prepared without the walls of the city for their reception; by the appearance of these vast excavations, and the solid arches which seemed to cut off the abode of the living from the dead; by the dismal light of the place; the frightful crashing of dry bones, which, as they were thrown in, rolled along with a terrific noise that was re-echoed through the long series of arches; every thing, in short, concurred to place before the eyes the image of death, and to inspire the most solemn recollections of man's universal doom and final catastrophe.

These different operations were conducted under the superintendence of the ministers of religion; and while every respect was paid to this removal of the ashes of the dead, equal attention was bestowed on those monuments which were worthy of preservation either from their antiquity or their beauty. In the mean time, nothing was neglected that could promote the salubrity of the cemetery of the Innocents, and prepare it for public use: solid masonry work was constructed over each of the open pits; a thick layer of cement was spread, which, while it consolidated the surface of the earth, was admirably adapted to intercept all the exhalations that might arise; every part was laid open to the access of air and wind; precautions were taken to conduct thither a spring which should never dry up; in short, every possible attention that was required by the removal of the bones, and the suppression of the neighbouring houses, was most scrupulously bestowed; and the public welfare was promoted without regard to the interest of individuals.

These undertakings could not fail to produce important results to science: the changes, which animal matter undergoes in its progress towards total decomposition, had hitherto, for many obvious reasons, been but little attended to: the disgusting circumstances by which they are accompanied, the real danger to health, and that decent reverence for the dead which prevails in all countries, had concurred to interpose almost insuperable obstacles to scientific investigations of this very interesting subject. The present opportunity, therefore, was too important to be neglected; and, accordingly, M. Thouret, one of the committee for superintending the exhumations, devoted himself to a series of experiments and researches, the result of which he communicated in a report to the Royal Society of Medicine at Paris.* Of these researches, M. de Thury has given an interesting abstract; and as they disclose some important facts which we do not recollect to have seen noticed in any of our chemical journals or works, we

* Rapport sur les exhumations du cimetière et de l'Eglise des Saints Innocens. par M. Thouret. Journal de Physique, tom. xxxviii. p. 249.

shall present the author's outline of M. Thouret's discoveries to our readers:

"The decomposition of bodies is effected by three different stages. The first is *destruction.* In this stage, with the exception of the bones, which, however, ultimately crumble into dust, the whole tends towards a resolution into gas—into fugacious principles that become volatilised. With these the earth is either overcharged, or transmits them to the atmosphere.

"The second stage is *the changing of bodies into fat mummies (momies grasses,)* in consequence of the disengagement of the gases and their action upon the soft parts. This effect takes place particularly in large common pits, such as those of the Innocents were: the bodies do not appear to have diminished in bulk, nor to have undergone any alteration. On minute examination, however, all the soft parts are found to be converted into a pulpy substance, frequently solid and of different degrees of whiteness, yielding beneath the fingers, unctuous and saponaceous to the touch, and becoming hard in a dry air, but softening when exposed to a moist atmosphere. In this state, which is a new kind of mummification, the bodies are capable of being preserved; the change is not only superficial, it also pervades the whole thickness of the flesh. None of the parts that enter into the composition of the human body can be compared with this new substance, somewhat resembling spermaceti, and to which chemists have given the name of adipocire.*

"The third effect, resulting from the continuance of bodies in the earth, is their conversion into *fibrous mummies,* which are formed by the too rapid absorption of the fluids by the earth that surrounds them, and the dryness occasioned by exposure to the powerful rays of the sun, the non-disengagement of the gas from the animal humours, and the absence of their reaction upon the bodies.

"In each of these three states various modifications may take place, accordingly as the disengagement of gas is opposed or facilitated by circumstances; but, from the minutest inquiries, it appears that bodies are not dissolved in the earth, and that they do not become the food of worms, which only make their appearance when bodies are exposed to the air."†

The complete success which attended the exhumation of the

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* A series of important chemical experiments on *Adipocire*, by M. Fourcroy, is published in the Annales de Chimie, tom. iii. p. 120. v. 154. vii. 146. and viii. 17. Some additional facts were communicated to the Royal Society of London, in the years 1794 and 1795, by Dr. Gibbes. See their Transactions, vol. lxxxiv. p. 164, and lxxxv. p. 239. Editor.

† M. Thouret, in the conclusion of his report, announced a larger work on this subject, to be illustrated with plates, exhibiting the various changes which the human body undergoes. The chemical part of the volume was to have been written by M. Fourcroy. More than twenty years have elapsed, and the expectations of science are now for ever frustrated, as the valuable collection which those gentlemen had formed was totally dispersed during the revolution.

cemetery of the Innocents, the great extent of the catacombs, and the certainty of there being sufficient room to receive the contents of all the vaults and burial grounds annexed to the churches of Paris, determined the government to direct the removal of all the bones taken from those of the suppressed churches. These were afterwards piled, together with those of the victims of the French revolution, into separate heaps, with brief inscriptions indicating the place whence they were removed. The history of these exhumations, which M. de Thury relates at considerable length, it is not necessary for us to detail. We have only room to state, that, during the successive revolutions which distracted France, the catacombs fell into a state of confusion, and in many places, of ruin; the air had become stagnant and unwholesome, and water, oozing from above, had rendered them extremely unsafe. From this state of disorder the Catacombs were restored to their present state of uniformity and admirable arrangement, which originated with Count Frochot, Prefect of the Department of the Seine, and M. de Thury: and by the activity and care of the latter, who arranged the whole under the Count's directions, those improvements and appropriate embellishments have been made, which annually render the Catacombs of Paris more interesting, and at the same time more awfully impressive. Three years only have elapsed since these works were completed; and an inscription records their accomplishment in the year 1812, which at the same time pays an honourable tribute to the memory of M. Thiroux de Crosne, Lieutenant-General of the Police, by whom they were originally established, as well as of Count Frochot, who directed their restoration and enlargement.

Three staircases form the channels of communication between the Catacombs and the surface of the earth. The first is situated in the court of the western pavilion of the Barriere d'Enfer, or of Orleans; the second at the tomb of Isoire:* it was made at the first establishment of the Catacombs, but has been condemned ever since the year 1794, when the estate on which that tomb stood was sold. The third is in the plain of Mount Souris, at a short distance from the subterraneous aqueduct of Arcueil.† The inclosure of the Catacombs is further secured by three gates; 1. the western gate, which (as its name implies) is situated on the west, and at which visitors generally enter; 2. the eastern gate, called the Gate of Port Mahon: it is not open to the public, being appropriated solely for the admission of the officers and servants be-

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* The tomb of Isoire or Isouard is so called, according to tradition, after a celebrated robber, who formerly committed depredations in the environs of Paris.

† Erected by order of Mary de Medicis for the purpose of conveying the waters of Rungis to Paris.

longing to the Catacombs; and, 3. the Southern Gate, beneath the tomb of Isoire, whence it has derived its name.

The staircase of the Barriere d'Orleans is that by which visitors generally descend, having previously been amply supplied with wax-candles and tinder-boxes by the guides (*sous-conducteurs*) to whom a small gratuity is usually given. From this point it is that we now purpose to make a tour of the Catacombs with our readers, and to point out to them the most remarkable objects that may present themselves by the way.

Our tapers, then, being lighted, we descend this winding staircase, consisting of ninety steps, to a depth of nearly seventy feet below the surface of the ground: hence we proceed, for about a quarter of an hour, along a winding gallery or passage, varying both in breadth and in height, but considerably larger than those in the catacombs at Rome; guided by a black line, which is traced along the roof of the passage, and serves the visitors as a clue through this awful and prodigious labyrinth. Its roof is supported partly by the rock itself, in which the quarries have been worked, and partly also by massive stone pillars, on which are inscribed the date of the year when they were executed, and the initial letters of the inspector's name who superintended the work. At different distances, to the right and left, we perceive vast excavations or quarries, which would communicate with innumerable others, that extend to a considerable distance beneath the plains of Mont Rouge, and under the Fauxbourg of St. Jacques, had it not been found necessary to intercept these communications, on account of smugglers, who had contrived to carry on their illicit traffic by means of these subterraneous passages.

Having traversed these galleries for a considerable distance in a line with the subterraneous aqueduct of Arcueil, the way takes a south-western direction through an irregular gallery about two hundred metres (something more than six hundred and fifty feet) in length, and conducts us to a staircase leading to a lower and ancient quarry, which, from the circumstance we are about to mention, has received the appellation of the Quarry of Port Mahon. A soldier, who had accompanied Marshal Richelieu to Minorca, and had suffered a long imprisonment at Port Mahon, was, on his discharge, obliged to work in the quarries. In the course of his labour, he was led to the discovery of this quarry in 1777, in consequence of the falling in of the strata of stone that separated it from the upper quarry. The extent of this spot, and its natural situation, induced Décure (such was the veteran's name) to form it into a little private apartment, where he took his meals while the other labourers ascended to the surface of the earth. Shortly after he had settled himself in this double quarry, Décure, recollecting his long captivity in the above-mentioned fortress, beguiled

his leisure hours by cutting in relief a plan of its fortifications on the soft rock: his work was commenced in 1777, and finished in 1782. As however Décure had laboured in silence and solitude, the entrance to his little apartment was extremely difficult. To complete his labours, therefore, he undertook the construction of a convenient staircase, when, unfortunately, while he was raising the last pillar that was to support it, and the dimensions of which he had not accurately taken, the rock fell upon him, and so wounded him as to occasion his death in a short time after the accident. An inscription, cut in the rock by order of M. Guillaumot, the then Inspector-General, commemorates the industry of this ingenious man.* During the revolution, the relief of Port Mahon was wantonly mutilated: sufficient, however, still remains to show the patience, memory, and natural talent of this poor fellow, who, M. de Thury remarks, had he been properly instructed when young, most certainly would have attained a high proficiency in the arts. Independently of the attraction presented by this curiosity, for such it ought to be considered, this part of the quarries has high claims to the notice of geologists, who may here see a very interesting precipitation of the stone banks or strata which separate the upper and lower quarries. The rocks are broken, confusedly heaped together, and apparently on the point of falling down: a single weak stone, arrested in its fall by two blocks, prevented the general moving of the mass, and, like the key-stone of an arch, keeps the whole of this chaos together. The view of these ruins is very striking, and has furnished the author, in common with many other artists, with a fine subject for the pencil: a pretty engraving of it illustrates his detailed description of this subterraneous wonder.

Various fossil remains and other interesting objects present themselves, in these quarries, to the lovers of geology and mineralogy, which we have not room to describe. We shall therefore transport our readers at once to the vestibule of the Catacombs themselves. It is of an octagonal form; the principal gate is of a black colour, and ornamented with two columns of the Tuscan order, on which are inscribed the following sentence, which was originally composed for the cemetery of St. Sulpice:

HAS ULTRA METAS REQUIESCUNT BEATAM SPEM EXPECTANTES.

On the lintel of this gate the following verse of Delille is cut in the rock:

ARRETE ! C'EST ICI L'EMPIRE DE LA MORT.

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* His stone table and seats are still preserved in an ancient excavation or apartment which Décure used to call his *saloon*. Here the Count d'Artois, accompanied by several Ladies of the court, in 1787, partook of a repast on this table, when they visited the quarry of Port Mahon.

On entering the Catacombs the mind is awfully impressed with the long galleries and numerous apartments, all furnished, or (if we may be allowed the expression) ornamented with bones. The largest sculls and thigh-bones are symmetrically disposed in compartments, and form as it were the facing of these mournful walls, behind which are placed the smaller bones. The remains of not less than two millions of mortals slumber here, the aggregate of at least ten generations, with all their gigantic projects and all their insect cares; and this subterraneous population is computed to be three times as numerous as that which is still moving on the surface of the Catacombs. In some of the apartments are altars, similar to those occurring in the modern French churches; others are made in imitation of the antique, and are sometimes composed of bones cemented with plaster. Every where inscriptions present themselves, written in black letters on a white ground, containing sentences according with every kind of system, some religious and others philosophical.

The principal objects of attention in the Catacombs are, 1. The Mineralogical Collection; 2. The Pathological Collection; 3. The Crypt of St. Laurence; 4. The Altar of the Obelisks; 5. The Sarcophagus of the Lacrymatory; 6. The Pedestal of the Sepulchral Lamp; 7. The Fountain of the Samaritan Woman; 8. The Tombs of the Revolution; 9. The Tombs of the Victims of the Massacres on the 2d and 3d of September, 1792; 10. The Staircase of the lower Catacombs; and 11. The Pillar of the Clementine Nights.

1. *The Mineralogical Collection* was formed by M. Gambier Lapierre, keeper of the Catacombs, under the direction of M. de Thury, in less than fifteen days: it is deposited in a cabinet appropriated to its reception, and presents a complete series of specimens of all the strata of earth and stone which constitute the soil of the Catacombs. Each specimen is placed upon a separate ledge, indicating the respective thickness of the stratum whence it was taken; the whole together forms the thickness of the mass of soil. These specimens are classed according to the natural superposition of the different formations, beginning with the lowest strata, or those which were first deposited. M. de Thury has given a very interesting and minute account* of the various articles that enter into this valuable collection, which we regret that our contracted limits forbid us to specify; and he has further illustrated his description with an ingeniously constructed oryctognostic table, or section, tinted so as to represent the colours of the different strata, the constituent parts and respective thicknesses of which are also indicated. Further, around this mineralogical cabinet there are tables and shelves arranged, on which

* Description des Catacombes, pp. 82—136.

M. de Thury has disposed the various kinds of fossil shells belonging to particular strata, together with specimens of fossil wood and phyllolites or impressions of leaves: to these are likewise added specimens of various earthy or mineral substances collected from the quarries under the tomb of Isoire.

Lastly, that nothing might be wanting to complete the history of the soil of the plain of Mount Souris, he has placed in a corner of this mineralogical cabinet fragments of an antique aqueduct, erected by the Romans below the present Catacombs, for the purpose of conveying water from Rungis and Arcueil to the palace of Thermæ * built by the emperor Julian. Hence it will appear that the mineralogical cabinet of the Catacombs is highly deserving of attention from the antiquary, the architect, and especially from the geologist, who will find, in the fossilised vegetable and animal remains of a former world which are here preserved, additional proofs of the truth and exactness of the Mosaic history.

2. *The Pathological Collection* comprises an assemblage of diseased bones, originally made by M. Thouret, of whose theory of mummification we have given an outline in a former page †; and who promised to give an account of the most remarkable changes presented by this rich collection of diseased bones. Unfortunately, however, for the interests of science, he died without performing his promise; and, as no materials for such a work have been found since his decease, M. de Thury has collected and arranged them under the following classes:

Diseases of the bones are divided into two orders: I. Diseases of the bones themselves, that is, of their substance and their continuity; and, II. Diseases which attack their articulations or their contiguity.

The first order is divided into three sections, viz. 1. Diseases of the bones belonging to the head; 2. Those of the trunk or body; and, 3. Those of the members: it comprises fractures, wounds, exostoses, or osseous tumours on the surface of the bone, necrosis or mortification, caries, bones softened by the rickets, bones brittle, and osteo-sarcomatous bones, or such as are affected with tumours partaking of the nature of flesh and bone.

The second order is, in a similar manner, divided into three sections, viz. 1. Diseases affecting the sutures of different parts of the head; 2. Those of the trunk or body; and, 3. Those of its different members: it includes anchylosis or stiffness of the joints, callosities, exostoses, &c.

There are several specimens of each disease, exhibiting it in

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* So called from the tepid baths which this palace contained.

† See p. 130, supra.

its different stages; and a particular table is appropriated to the display of such sculls as are most remarkable for their conformation, dimensions, protuberances, &c.

3. *The Crypt of St. Laurence* is an ancient and very spacious excavation, the great depth of which recommended it as a repository of the bodies removed from the cemetery of St. Laurence, at the time of its suppression in November, 1804, and when the street of the same name was opened. All the dry bones taken out of that cemetery have been collected and arranged so as to form a separate crypt, the entrance to which is supported by two columns of the Doric order of Pœstum. At its extremity is a pedestal constructed of bones, the mouldings of which are formed of tibiæ, or leg-bones of the largest size; and the dado or square trunk of the pedestal is surmounted with a head in a fine state of preservation.

4. *The Altar of the Obelisks.*—The northern part of the Catacombs having sunk down in several places, there was reason to apprehend a general falling in of the superincumbent earth. To prevent this disaster, M. Guillaumot, the inspector-general in 1810, directed pillars, walls, and counter-walls to be built wherever there was any appearance of danger. The high altar and obelisks which decorate this crypt are therefore nothing but works of consolidation concealed under the ornamental form of these monuments. The altar is copied from a magnificent ancient marble tomb, discovered a few years since between Vienne and Valency, on the banks of the Rhone; the obelisks are reductions of ancient obelisks; and the two pedestals on the right and left of the altar, are constructed of bones in a similar manner to that in the crypt of St. Laurence. This chapel or crypt of the obelisks contains several appropriate inscriptions, chiefly taken from the Scriptures.

5. *The Sarcophagus of the Lacrymatory* is likewise one of the great works of consolidation to which a sepulchral form has been given: it is also known under the name of the *tomb of Gilbert,* from the following verses inscribed on a rock behind this Sarcophagus; they are extracted from his ode on Death and the Last Judgment.*

* Nicholas-Joseph-Laurens Gilbert, who was born in the year 1751 at Fontenay-le-Chateau, in the vicinity of Nancy, was a young poet, the ardour and fire of whose imagination were so great as to render him insane for several months before his death, which prematurely happened in the year 1780, when he was only 29 years old. His last hours, however, were cheered and enlightened by the consolations of religion. He left a variety of odes, satires, and other poetical productions, which have been published in two volumes 8vo.

Silence, êtres mortels! vaines grandeurs silence!

Au banquet de la vie, infortuné convive,
J'apparus un jour, et je meurs:
Je meurs, et sur ma tombe, où lentement j'arrive,
Nul ne viendra verser des pleurs.

Soyez bèni, mon Dieu, vous qui daignez me rendre
L'innocence et son noble orgueil!
Vous qui, pour protéger le repos de ma cendre,
Veillerez près de mon cercueil!

M. de Thury has given (in Plate V) an interesting view of this sarcophagus.

6. *The Pedestal of the Sepulchral Lamp.*—The necessity of obtaining a more free circulation of air in the Catacombs induced the workmen to place a large vessel of fire on a block of stone; and the appearance of this suggested the idea of substituting a sepulchral lamp in its place. The lamp is in the form of an antique cup, and was the first monument erected in the Catacombs. Opposite to it is the *Pillar of the Memento*, a large and massive cruciform column or triangular cross, which has received its name from the following striking sentences, extracted from the Mass for Ash-Wednesday:

MEMENTO, HOMO, QUIA PULVIS ES,
ET IN PULVEREM REVERTERIS.

And behind the latter column is the *Pillar of the Imitation*, so called because the four inscriptions that ornament it have been taken from the celebrated work of Thomas à Kempis *De Imitatione Jesu Christi.*

7. *The Fountain of the Samaritan Woman.*—This appellation has been given to a spring that was discovered in the soil of the Catacombs by the workmen, who established a reservoir here to collect the water for their use. As the waters gushed out of this bason into the works, it became necessary to take their level; and advantage was taken of the difference of levels to construct over this spring a staircase, a bason, and a subterraneous aqueduct: and, the roof or top being intersected in different directions by fissures, and cracks, the workmen were obliged to erect pillars and contreforts, the monumental forms of which have greatly contributed to the embellishment of this fountain. It was originally termed the *Spring of Lethe*, or of *Oblivion*, and the following inscription was affixed:

———"Animæ, quibus altera fato
Corpora debentur, Lethæi ad fluminis undam
Securos latices et longa oblivia potant." *

This, however, has been removed, and the sublime address of Jesus Christ to the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well has been substituted for it (John iv. 13, 14), whence its present name is derived.

On the 25th of November, 1813, four gold fish were thrown into the basin of this fountain, where they have become perfectly domesticated. They answer to the signs and call of the keeper, but have not hitherto propagated their species: three of them retain their colour in all its primitive lustre; but the fourth is distinguished from the others by some dark spots. The workmen belonging to the inspection are of opinion that these gold fish indicate the approaching changes of the weather, and that they continue on the surface, or sink to the bottom of the water, accordingly as the weather is wet or dry, cold or hot.

M. Gambier-Lapierre, who is keeper of this part of the Catacombs, and is charged to keep a journal relative to these fish, has made an important observation, which will probably account for the opinion entertained by the workmen respecting the effects of approaching changes of the weather upon the fish. In those changes which are clearly indicated, for instance, in stormy weather, the great equinoctial winds, and rapid transitions from one temperature to another, M. Gambier has remarked, 1. That the waters of the fountain became more or less turbid; 2. That this state apparently preceded rather than followed the changes; 3. That its duration corresponded with that of the crisis of the atmosphere; 4. That it was frequently perceptible only by very small degrees; and, 5. Sometimes, particularly during the great crises, the water became so suddenly turbid, that the phenomenon was at first attributed to its being disturbed by the workmen.

These observations, which perfectly agree with those which have so often been made on springs and fountains on the surface of the earth, may serve to explain those made by the workmen, and to account for their opinion above mentioned, as the more or less disturbed state of the water did not allow them to distinguish the fish with equal facility.

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* Æneid. lib. 6. v. 713—715. Thus translated by Pitt:

To all those souls, who round the river wait,
New mortal bodies are decreed by fate.
To yon dark streams the gliding ghosts repair,
And quaff deep draughts of long oblivion there.

8. *The Tombs of the Revolution.*—This appellation has been given to the spacious crypt which contains the tombs of those who were the earliest victims of the French Revolution. The place of interment, and the period when the remains of these unhappy persons were committed to the Catacombs, are respectively marked by the following inscriptions.

I. COMBATS DE LA PLACE DE GREVE, DE L'HOTEL DE BRIENNE, ET DE LA RUE MESLEE CHEZ LE COMMANDANT DU GUET, LE 28 ET 29 AOUT, 1788.

On the 25th of August, 1788, M. Loménię-Brienne, archbishop of Thoulouse, and minister of finances, gave in his resignation. No sooner was this circumstance made public, than a commotion was raised among the artisans, workmen, and the populace of Paris generally, who were instigated by the disguised agents of a powerful faction. They assembled on the Place Dauphine, and afterwards on the Pont-Neuf, where they burnt the ex-minister's effigy at the foot of the statue of Henry IV. Having been driven back by the guards, they rushed on the latter, disarmed them, burnt the guard-house, and rushed in crowds to the Hôtel de Ville, on the Place de Grève. A commanding force was waiting there for them, and received them with repeated discharges of musketry, which, however, did not disperse them until a considerable number was left dead on the spot.

In consequence of the resignation of M. de Lamoignon, keeper of the seals, the populace rushed in still greater numbers to the Hôtel de Brienne, Rue S. Dominique, with the design of setting it on fire; but the troops, entering at the same time by the two extremities of the street, charged the seditious, who were dispersed with considerable loss. At the same time a still more numerous and furious mob attempted to burn the house of the Chevalier Dubois, commandant of the guard. The troops were under arms, and for a long time confined themselves to repelling and dispersing them; but their obstinate resistance, and a shower of stones, having compelled the guards to come to close quarters, the mob was put to flight, leaving the most mutinous dead on the spot.

II. COMBAT DE LA MANUFACTURE DE PAPIERS PEINTS (PAPER-HANGING MANUFACTORY) DE M. REVEILLON, FAUBOURG ST. ANTOINE, LE 28 AVRIL, 1789.

In the following year, on the 28th of April, a considerable number of the inhabitants of the Fauxbourgs Saint Antoine and Saint Marceau (the basest of the populace of Paris), proceeded to the paper-hanging manufactory of M. Reveillon, a gentleman of acknowledged probity, who employed a great number of

workmen, to whom he was a father and benefactor. Having burnt him in effigy, the seditious, maddened with wine and rage, plundered and burnt his manufactory. The military arrived with orders to disperse the mob, whose assaults with a shower of stones, bricks, and tiles, the French and Swiss guards bore for a long time, though many of them were dangerously wounded. Their impatience increased with the audacity of the assailants; orders were at length given to repel force by force. Their vengeance now became terrible; whoever was found on the roofs of the houses was shot; and every one that was either in the rooms or cellars was put to the bayonet.

Five days did the bodies of those who perished on this occasion remain exposed, that the people might recognise their relations; after which, the archbishop of Paris ordered the clergy of St. Hypolite to perform a solemn service for them, in these Catacombs, in the presence of their families and the public, where their remains were interred.

III. COMBAT DU CHATEAU DES TUILERIES, LE 10 AOUT, 1792.

A relation of all the circumstances connected with the massacres committed on this and the following days would lead us into too wide a field of discussion; in order, however, that our readers may have some idea of the melancholy catastrophe, commemorated by this inscription, we shall avail ourselves, as M. de Thury has also done, of the brief description given in the "History of the French Revolution, by a Society of Latin Authors."*

"All those who had distinguished themselves by their infamy and their turbulent audacity; all those who had shamefully dissipated their patrimony; all those, in fine, whose crimes or whose disorderly conduct had driven them from their country, rushed into Rome as into a common centre.†

"They excited a tumult; and suddenly all of them, without any leader, rushed to the palace. ‡

"He (the sovereign) was deaf to all energetic counsel. An obstinate resistance might render the conqueror inexorable to his wife and children; and that consideration overpowered him with grief and ten-

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* *Essai sur l'Histoire de la Revolution Francaise, par une Société d' Auteurs Latins.* 8vo. Paris. Vendemiaire, an 9, (1801). This truly unique work is one of the most curious of those which record the annals of the Revolution; it contains a series of extracts from the Roman classics, most ingeniously selected and arranged, so as to form a history of that melancholy period. Though published anonymously, its real authors are M. Heron de Villefosse, and his friend the late M. Durozoir.

† Sallust in Bell. Cat. c. 37. *Omnium, qui ubique probro, atque petulantiâ maximè præstabant; item alii, per dedecora patrimoniis amissis; postremo omnes, quos flagitium aut facinus domo expulerat; hi Romam, sicuti in sentinam, confluxerunt.*

‡ Sueton. in Othon. c. 8. *Tumultum excitaverunt, ac repentè omnes nullo certo duce in palatium concurrerunt.*

derness. He went forth from his palace in mourning apparel, surrounded by his family, in deep affliction. His infant son was carried in a small litter, with all the appearance of a funeral ceremony.*

"A constant din of arms was heard, and warlike preparations were seen in every quarter.† The insurgents opened themselves a passage; they stormed the gates of the palace, and slew the foremost soldiers.‡ But those who defended the royal residence, inspired with courage, were desirous of assisting the vanquished, and of repelling the enemy: in the interior of the palace, however, nothing was heard but groans, disorder, and confusion." §

The cannon thundered on every side; the walls and roofs of the houses were pierced with shot; and discharges of musketry were continued incessantly. The Chateau was on fire in several places; the troops fled; the mob rushed on them, put them to death, and mutilated their remains; their bleeding limbs were carried about as trophies; the carnage was at its height; and blood streamed on every side.

9. *The Tombs of the Victims of the Massacres on the 2d and 3d of September*, 1792.

The transactions of these tremendous days we shall describe from the same source whence we have borrowed for the preceding page.

"Irritated at the slowness of the executions, the tyrant at one blow ordered all who were detained in prison to be put to instant death. A dreadful carnage followed: neither age nor sex was spared; the noble and the ignoble perished without distinction. Neither friend nor relation dared to approach: none were permitted to sooth the pangs of death, to weep over the deceased, or to bid the last farewell. Guards were stationed to watch the looks of friends, and to catch intelligence from their tears, until at length the bodies were carried away. All were struck with terror, and the last office of humanity

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* Tacit. Hist. lib. iii. c. 67. *Surdæ ad fortia consilia Vitellio aures. Obruebatur animus miseratione curâque, ne pertinacibus armis, minus placabilem victorem relinqueret conjugi ac liberis.——Pullo amictu palatio degreditur, mæstâ circum familiâ. Simul ferebatur in lectibula parvulus filius, velut in funebrem pompam.*

† Tacit. Hist. lib. i. c. 83. *Undique arma et minæ.*

‡ Virgil. Æneid. lib. ii. v. 494.

Fit via vi; rumpunt aditus, primosque trucidant.

Ibid. lib. ii. v. 451, 452.

Instaurati animi Regis succurrere tectis,
Auxilioque levare viros, vimque addere victis.

§ Ibid. lib. ii. v. 486, 487.

At domus interior gemitu miseroque tumultu
Miscetur.

was suppressed. Cruelty went on, increasing; and every sentiment of the heart was smothered in silence.*

The capital was never at any period so distracted with anxiety and terror: society was at a pause; relations, friends, and strangers, stood at gaze; no public meeting, no private confidence; things inanimate had ears, and roofs and walls were deemed informers. †

On the following days, and for a long time after, the city was given up to assassins, each of whom had the privilege of choosing his own victims."‡

Under the direction of M. Guillaumot, Inspector General of Quarries, M. Laplace keeper of the Tomb of Isoire, protected by the silence of the night, caused the remains of those who had perished on these different days, to be interred in the Catacombs, with as much decency as circumstances would permit. Their bones are concealed from view behind a wall painted black, which for a long time presented only the following brief notice:

D. M.
II. et III.
SEP$^{mbr.}$
MDCCXCII.

During those days of terror, no expiatory altar could be raised; and M. de Thury assures us that he incurred censure for having afterwards erected a temporary one to their memory. Two marble tablets will in future commemorate the names of the most illustrious of these victims; on another tablet above the tomb is the following inscription, from the pen of M. Hezette, vicar of the church of St. Jacques du Haut-Pas.

D. O. M.
PIIS MANIBUS CIVIUM
DIEBUS II^{a}. AC III^{a}. SEPTEMBRIS, MDCCXCII.
LUTETIÆ TRUCIDATORUM.

Hic palmam expectant cives virtutis amore
Conspicui; Cives Patriæ, Legumque Deique

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* Tacit. Annal. lib. vi. c. 19. *Irritatusque suppliciis. . .cunctos, qui carcere attinebantur, accusati societatis......necari jubet......Jacuit immensa strages, omnis sexus, omnis ætas. Illustres, ignobiles, dispersi aut aggerati, neque propinquis aut amicis adsistere, illacrymare nec visere quidem diutius dabatur; sed circumjecti custodes et in mærorem cujusque intenti, corpora putrefacta adsectabantur, dum in Tiberim traherentur.... Interciderit sortis humanæ commercium vi metûs: quantumque sævitia glisceret, miseratio arcebatur.*

† Tacit. Annal. lib. iv. c. 69. *Non alias magis anxia et pavens civitas, egens adversum proximos; congressus, colloquia, notæ ignotæque aures vitari: etiam muta atque inanima, tectum et parietes circumspectebantur.*

‡ Tit. Liv. in Suppl. lib. 88. art 18, 19. *Proximis deinde multis diebus passim per urbem cædes factæ, tanta gladiorum licentiâ ut quem quis vellet occideret.*

Cultores, diris heu! tempestatibus acti,
Immoti tamen ut scopuli, rectique tenaces,
Infrenæ plebis deliramenta perosi.
Hos, dum crudelis discordia sceptra tenebat,
Hortatrix scelerum, contemptaque jura jacebant,
Sævâ cæde cohors furiis incensa peremit.
Siste gradum, inque pios fletus erumpe, viator,
Castas funde preces, et candida lilia sparge.

Det illis Dominus invenire misericordiam a Domino in illâ die.
Paul. II. ad Timoth. I. 18.

The other side of the tomb presents two inscriptions, in verse, from the works of John Baptist Rousseau. A solemn service is in future to be celebrated in the Catacombs, on the anniversary of the 2d and 3d of September.

10. *The Staircase of the Lower Catacombs.* The lower Catacombs having been formed one story below the ancient quarries, a communication was established between them and the upper Catacombs by means of an open flight of steps formed in the strata of stone which separated the two quarries. The infiltrations, however, of water from an adjoining spring rendering the passage both steep, slippery, and dangerous, M. de Thury directed a commodious staircase to be constructed on the same spot, the low and roomy steps of which should facilitate the descent to, and ascent from, the lower Catacombs. Beneath this staircase, an aqueduct has also been built, in order to draw off the waters of the spring, and direct them towards the well of the tomb of Isoire; and on each side of the staircase are two Doric pilasters, wrought into the mass of bones.

11. *The Pillar of the Clementine Nights* derives its name from four beautiful stanzas extracted from the *Clementine Nights** (a poem composed on occasion of the death of Ganganelli, Pope Clement XIV.), and which serve as its inscription.

This very massive column is situated beneath the tomb of Isoire, and was constructed for the purpose of supporting the roof or top of the quarry, which was rendered extremely insecure by very numerous cracks and fissures. The inscriptions of this column particularly fixed the attention of the Emperor of Austria, who descended into the Catacombs on the 16th of May, 1814, and several times repeated the two concluding verses of the following stanza, one of the four just mentioned, to which he frequently called the attention of the officers and other persons belonging to his suite:

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* *Notti Clementine, poema in quattro canti, in morte della Santa Memoria di Clemente XIV. Pontifice ottimo massimo, di Gorgi Bertola.* Arezzo, 1775.

Parlate, orridi avanzi; or che rimane
Dei vantati d'onor gradi, e contrasti?
Non son follie disuguaglianze umane?
Ove son tanti nomi, e tanti fasti?
E poiché andar del mortal fango scarchi
Che distingue i pastor dai gran monarchi?
Nott. Clem. Cant. i. st. 8.

Ye horrid ruins! say, what now remains
Of those proud ranks and honours, in which erst
So much ye gloried? Say, where are now
Those transient distinctions? Where, those names
So great, with all their splendid pageantry?
Who henceforth can discern between the ashes
Of the poor shepherd and of that proud king,
To whose behest submissive nations bend?

The staircase which leads out of the Catacombs is between two and three hundred toises from the barrier, on the east of the road to Orleans, which is crossed under ground; a black line, traced along the low roof, marks the path which the visitor of these dreary regions has to follow. Such are the Catacombs of Paris; an establishment, not only convenient, but also absolutely necessary in so populous a city; where, however capacious its cemeteries may be, the graves are liable to be re-opened after the lapse of a few years, and long before the bones can possibly be consumed.

We have not room to notice all the particulars, relative to the plans for the *future* improvement of the Catacombs: the inscriptions are not the least interesting to the contemplative visitor, from the variety of religious and philosophical sentiments they exhibit. Such of them as were put up during the reign of terror, convey the gloomy principles of fatalism and annihilation, which the then ruling tyrants decreed to be the national doctrines; while others enforce all those bright hopes of a resurrection, and that immortality, which it is the peculiar glory of the Christian revelation to "have brought to light."

Before we conclude our account of M. de Thury's interesting work, we must call the attention of our readers to the simple, but effective manner, in which the circulation of atmospheric air in the Catacombs is regulated. No expedient, he justly observes, can be more simple, or more active, than this, or attended with so little expense; and which at the same time is capable of being daily employed with the utmost ease, under a variety of circumstances. The contrivance, of which M. de Thury has the honour to be the author, is as follows:

As the wells, which furnish water to the houses situated over the excavations, descend to a considerable depth below the quar-

ries, forming in these so many detached towers, M. de Thury ordered holes to be pierced through the solid masonry of these wells, in such a manner, as to open a communication between their interior and the quarries. In this aperture a glass tube is placed, and strongly luted all round with clay; the opposite extremity is closed with a cork. When, in his progress through the Catacombs, the keeper perceives the air to be stagnant, dense, or impregnated with azotic or hydrogen gas; and, in short, that it does not possess that degree of purity and elasticity which is necessary for the respiration of the workmen and the burning of the lights; he opens in succession one, two, three, and even all these tubes: an immediate circulation of fresh air takes place, which is more or less active, according to the number of tubes opened, and diffuses freshness and salubrity through the subterraneous works. Should the current of air cause the candles to burn too rapidly, and the expense of lighting, in consequence, become too great, the superintendant of the works (*chef d'atelier*) closes part of the tubes. To such a degree of exactness, indeed, is the regulation of the air brought in the Catacombs, that each of the principal guides (*chef-conducteurs*) has, from a series of observations, learnt the most proper hours for opening or closing the tubes; he is acquainted with the course he must pursue; and, according to the height of the sun, or the quarter whence the wind blows, as well as its force, he knows that he must open the tube of any particular well, whose mouth is in a garden, a court, a shed, or even in a place sheltered and inclosed on every side. It is difficult, M. de Thury remarks, to form any idea of all the irregularities occurring in the circulation of the air of these subterraneous works, unless a person have actually followed its course; and, also, to conceive how a particular tube, which, on being opened, supplies a current of active air, shall, in the course of a few hours, draw the air upwards, in a direction contrary to that of the Catacombs. However extraordinary these irregularities may appear to the majority of visitors, they are readily understood by the natural philosopher, who can account for them by the situation of the wells' mouths, and by the dilatation of their columns of air, according to the direction of the wind, and their exposure to the sun or shade, at certain hours of the day.

We have been the more particular in noticing this simple but admirable contrivance for regulating the air of the Catacombs, because it offers an important suggestion to those who are interested in mines; and, should it, in any single instance, prove efficient in the prevention of fatal accidents, or in rendering the air more pure in those excavations, we shall justly consider our notice of it as by far the most valuable portion of the present article.

ART. VII. *A Letter on the Game Laws.* By a Country Gentleman, a Proprietor of Game, 8vo. 1815. pp. 44. Baldwin and Co.

WE remember being highly amused with a passage in the Letters of a Hindoo Rajah, relating to pooja (or worship) of partridges; in which the Rajah's fellow-traveller in England, having unwittingly killed *seven partridges at one shot*, was seized by some gamekeepers and carried before the Magistrate. "It was then, writes the Rajah, I was informed that to preserve these sacred birds from being injured by the unhallowed hands of any of the lower caste, the severest laws were promulgated: and as the zemindars in the office of the magistracy, before whom these offences were tried, were all of them worshippers of the *Rural Dewtah*, they never suffered the stern sentence of justice to be softened at the suggestion of mercy. This species of idolatry, continues the Rajah, has clearly and indisputably been borrowed from the practice of their Eastern progenitors. The worship of certain birds and quadrupeds is held so sacred by their pundits, that the preservation of the lives of these animals occupies, I am well assured, many volumes of their laws, and has employed the chief study of their sapient legislators. I should have wished to obtain much information upon so curious a subject, but all that I could learn was, that the provincial Rajahs, devoted to the worship of these animals, are mostly sprung from the *first class*: (a certain proof of their Brahminical origin.) They despise the vain pursuits of literature; and conscious of their native and inherent superiority, they pique themselves upon their ignorance of all the sciences that are in esteem among the lower orders of men.

"No sooner did the witnesses of my friend's guilty deed present the unhappy culprit before the magistrates, producing at the same time the murdered birds, and the fatal engine of their destruction, than the murmur of indignation arose: the cause, in which they were then hearing evidence, was instantly dismissed: it was indeed only concerning a man who was said to have beaten his wife almost to death; a trifling crime in the eyes of these magistrates, when compared to the murder of seven partridges."

This is very good irony, and will call up a sneer or blush into the countenances of the parties against whom it is directed, in proportion as they are more or less infected with the *superstition* which excited so much surprize in the mind of his highness the Rajah.

It is not, however, from the author before us, himself "a country gentleman and proprietor of game," that we are to

expect to find the subject treated in the same manner: but we presume to think that he has handled it in a manner equally original, and much more useful; and are not entirely without expectation, that he may succeed in persuading even the class to which he belongs, that their own interests call for some amelioration of the antiquated and absurd code known under the appellation of the Game Laws;—statutes of which Judge Blackstone observes, that they are "not a little obscure and intricate; it being remarked that in one statute only, there is false grammar in no fewer than six places, besides other mistakes; the occasion of which, or what denomination of persons were probably the penners of these statutes, I shall not at present inquire." Bl. C. b. IV. c. 13.

We are, however, free to confess, that it is not the injustice, nor the absurdity of these laws, nor any such opinions as those held by Judge Blackstone, or by the author of the Hindoo Rajah's Letters, that has induced us to notice the pamphlet before us. Lords of manors and qualified persons might have contended, as they have hitherto done, till the end of time, with the respectable but non-privileged part of the community, for a monopoly in the sports of the field, for any interruption which we should have been disposed to give them. Such contests are altogether foreign to our jurisdiction. We might indeed have sought for some opportunity of insinuating, that the pontifical or canon law interdicts, "*venationes et sylvaticas vagationes cum canibus et accipitribus*," to all *clergymen* without distinction, grounded on a saying of St. Jerome, that it never is recorded that these diversions were used by the saints, or primitive fathers; although spiritual persons are allowed by the common law to hunt for their recreation *in order to render them fitter for the performance of their duty*: as a confirmation of which, we may observe, that it is to this day a branch of the king's prerogative, at the death of every bishop, to have his kennel of hounds, or a composition in lieu thereof.

But it is the unanswerable exposition made by the author before us, of the dreadful moral tendency of the Game Laws, as they operate upon the present improved condition of society in this island, that has drawn our notice to his work; especially as we do not recollect to have hitherto seen the evil in any degree, and certainly not so clearly, traced to it's cause in the total inaptitude of the laws to the progressive improvement of the British community. They are indeed, as he well expresses it, "a set of prohibitions enacted for one state of society, but by lapse of time, and change of circumstances, rendered perfectly inapplicable to it's actual condition;" and it is equally true,—"that the wonder is, not that so many are corrupted, but that

so many escape the temptations *necessarily consequent* upon the Jesuitical character of the laws themselves."

We approve of this view of the subject, because we feel disposed to agree in the position that the principle and objects of the Game Laws, when duly applied to the existing state of society, at the time of their enactment, were fair and reasonable enough: and we proceed to follow out this idea in the words of our author.

"The *principle* of the Game laws is abstractedly a very fair one;—namely, to secure to those, at whose expense the animals are reared and supported, the enjoyments accruing from the possession of them. To accomplish this end, the specific *objects* of the Laws seem to have been, 1st. To preserve to the Proprietors of Land the amusement of sporting:—2dly. To afford to the higher ranks of society, *to whom alone it is of any value*, the luxury of game at their tables. Now these are certainly reasonable objects. It is of the highest importance to the welfare of the people and to the good of the state, that landed gentlemen should reside upon their properties. It is therefore matter of sound policy to secure to them the enjoyments which will make such residence agreeable, as far as it can be done without injustice to others. And surely it can never be called unjust to preclude a stranger from destroying animals for his own profit, which have been reared and preserved at the expense of the landed proprietor. Again, the possession of game, as a luxury for the table, is absolutely of no value to persons of the lower sort: they annex no idea to a dead hare or partridge, but its value in money. Since, therefore, there is neither game enough in any country either to afford the amusement of sporting to the whole population, or to afford articles of food to all ranks of society, it seems perfectly fair that those, who by natural justice have no right to the article, and to whom it is in fact of little or no value, should be the party debarred from taking it. By the principles of equity it is evident that a stranger has no more right to the wild animals, bred and fed on my property, at my expence, than he has to the tame animals in my poultry yard. In either case he could only entitle himself to the possession of them by agreement or purchase."

Now of these two objects, the first involves the question of *qualified* and *unqualified* persons, with which we have previously expressed our determination to have nothing whatsoever to do. Whether it be more just and lawful that according to the Saxon and Scandinavian constitution, every man should have free liberty of sporting upon his own lands, provided he abstain from the King's Forests;—or whether, according to the Norman principles of feudality, all the game in the country is the property of the King, and of those to whom he grants the privelege of taking it;—we do not profess to know, nor indeed do we very much care. As critical writers, resident in a great metropolis, (notwithstanding our general claim of omniscience) we really

are not in the secret of this important matter, and therefore shall make no presumptuous attempt to penetrate behind the veil.

This, however, we do know; that although we are not conscious to ourselves of that jealousy of privileges of another kind, which those who affect to be dictators in criticism may be suspected of indulging; yet we certainly have been shocked, on our occasional visits in the country, to observe how much the recreation of sporting is legally monopolized by the *aristocracy of birth and property*. And we have been somewhat mortified to feel that a man in whose lot Providence has been pleased to substitute a moderate portion of mind for a solid provision of matter in the shape of dirty acres, is reduced entirely to abandon the acknowledged superiority which has always been conceded in other systems of philosophy to mind over matter.

But these are transient, and, to say the truth, rather trifling feelings. Very different however are those with which we contemplate the second object of the Game Laws, involving the moral part of the question, which constitutes the main subject of the pamphlet before us. This is indeed, to use the words of the author, "no object of petty legislation, or insignificant detail. The moral habits of the universal population are deeply implicated in it. The safety of every description of rural property is as much concerned. The peace of society, and the security of individuals, are no less endangered." But as this is the most original and important part of the work, we think it fair to give the argument in the author's own words. Our readers will recollect that it refers to the means of affording to the higher ranks the luxury of game at their tables.

"In the agricultural state of society, in which England was found when the Game Laws assumed their present shape, enactments prohibiting the sale of Game, and confining the privilege of taking it to the landed proprietors, might fairly enough be said to have fulfilled this second object. The gentry of England, those who exercised hospitality, and who kept a table, were almost exclusively such proprietors, or their connexions;—so that there was no man who from his station in life felt it proper, or entertained a wish, to have game at his table, who was precluded from lawful means of placing it there.

"But how stands the case since the changes introduced into society by commerce and manufactures, by the increase of great and opulent towns filled with merchants and other citizens, who are bound by their stations and occupations to exercise a liberal hospitality, and especially to support a well-appointed table, at which the appearance of game is but a reasonable indulgence? Why, it cannot be denied that three fourths of the legitimate consumers of game in the present day can only procure it by tempting others to a positive breach of the

laws: for they can get it by no means except by purchase from those who employ the country poacher in almost every rural village in the kingdom, or corrupt the land-owner's gamekeeper, on half the extensive properties of England, to take it for them. And what is, if possible, still more absurd, unjust, and insane than the other parts of this notable arrangement, while the poulterer, the poacher, and the gamekeeper, are exposed to heavy and ruinous penalties for selling this game, the ultimate purchaser or consumer, who is certainly the prime mover of the whole transaction, offends against no law whatsoever (at least against no human law) in placing the almost irresistible temptation in their way.

"I say '*the almost irresistible temptation,*' because no honest man can disguise from himself that when three fourths of a community are debarred by law from any privilege to which they have an equitable claim, which it is also within their power to establish, even under the protection of those very prohibitory laws;—that in such a case the laws will be overlooked, and a custom established in opposition to them too powerful to be resisted."

It is easy to foresee that such a state of legislation operating upon such a condition of society must necessarily be attended by the most pernicious effects; and we by no means believe that the author himself, a country gentleman and a magistrate, has overstated them in the following passage:

"Discontent against their superiors is one of the first effects produced by the Game Laws among the lower orders. Finding himself employed as the agent to transfer the property of one rich man to another, who is obnoxious to no punishment for receiving it, the poacher, when discovered and convicted, perceiving himself to be the only victim, is tempted to think that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor; an observation which a poacher made in my presence the other day. This feeling is carefully fostered by his employers, who studiously represent game to be *every man's property*, tyrannically preserved for the benefit of a few, and therefore that it is at least *fair* if not *meritorious* to attack it; whereas certainly no man can have the slightest equitable claim to it except by purchase, who has had no share in the expense of rearing and preserving it. Frequent breaches of the peace, murders, and homicides, are the natural result of the continual contests which are kept alive in a parish, between different portions of its armed population. The regular army, as it may be called, of gamekeepers and their assistants are assailed in their nightly bivouac by the irregular tirailleurs of the bands of poachers; and the savage spirit and consequences of a war of posts are perpetuated in every village. All moral ideas of right and wrong are confounded; all love of the spirit of peace and humanity are banished from the breasts of the contending parties; and even the shedding of a neighbour's blood is considered matter of triumph among their several advocates.—As the poet states of a profligate alehouse-keeper:

'He praised the poacher, precious child of fun,
Who shot the keeper with his own spring gun.' CRABBE.

That this condition of things should ultimately prepare the minds of the lower classes for every crime to which the circumstances of their station can tempt them is not surprising—nor that the calendar which records the most atrocious enormities should be filled with the names of those, who, upon the first starting in the career of poaching, would have shrunk with horror from a contemplation of the crimes which they were afterwards the most forward to commit.

The habit of nightly plunder,

—'When steals the vagrant from his warm retreat,
To rove a prowler, and be deemed a cheat,'—

by depriving the poor man of the concious integrity of his conduct, deprives him of more than half his motives to abstain from crime. He acquires the feelings, the fears, the suspicions of the thief:—he considers himself as in a state of warfare with all the honest part of the community, and as justified by his new system of opinions and associations to attack them and their property. Failing his success in the wood, the field, and the forest, he resorts to the hen-roost or the sheep-fold. He becomes a felon confessed or convicted: and with feelings and habits corrupted and perverted by the process just described, what principle of restraint can any longer operate to prevent him from the most desperate undertakings—from the extremes of burglary and murder? The whole process is as simple and natural as it is in most cases inevitable; and the proprietor of game may tremble to think from what a little cloud, apparently no bigger than a man's hand, all this storm of vice, misery, and corruption, to the poor themselves, and to their innocent wives and children, has evolved."

The newspapers during autumn and the winter months afford almost daily proofs of the truths contained in this passage. In Berkshire not long ago, a timid keeper, apparently without sufficient cause, shot dead upon the spot a poacher, who left behind him a wretched wife and five small children. This event has produced a great ferment in men's minds, and no small portion of political discontent among the lower orders in the neighbourhood where it happened.

In Bedfordshire, on the other hand, a set of desperate poachers shot dead upon the spot an old and faithful servant of the late Mr. Whitbread, employed in defence of his master's property.

In Glocestershire very lately, a noble lord remarkable for the mildness and humanity of his disposition, was applied to by his game-keeper for permission to set spring-guns in the woods. His lordship authorized him to put up a cautionary board, but positively forbade him on any account to set spring-guns, or other implements of offence. The keeper disobeyed: and the first night the gun was set, a man, who was presumed to be

innocent of any dishonest intention, was shot dead upon the spot; for which the keeper is now lying, as we understand, in Glocester jail for trial at the next assizes.

"If the object of a good and fair law is to *prevent* the commission of an offence, it is difficult to speak in terms of measured indignation concerning statutes, which at one and the same time both *promote* and *punish* the same crime. To be both *unjust* and *ineffectual* is the deepest reproach with which any law can be stained, but it is by no means the foulest to which the present Game Laws are obnoxious: for I think it quite indisputable that they are not only unjust as *they tempt to the commission of the offence* which they severely punish; not only ineffectual, as they have *no tendency* to *prevent the commission of the offence itself;* not only absurd as tending to *raise* the *price of game* in the market by the additions made to its cost on account of risk and penalties;—but that they are above all, grossly wicked, as their chief positive consequence is *the general destruction of the morals of the rural population*, which like the 'stout peasantry' itself,

'When once destroyed, can never be supplied.'

We trust that we have now written and extracted enough to call the serious attention of our readers, and of every man who loves his country, to the extent of the evil denounced in the work before us. With respect to the remedies proposed, we shall, for the reasons before stated, concerning our own incapacity of judging, venture to advance scarcely any decided opinion. The principal remedy appears so obviously to follow from the premises, and to have the argument of experience in a neighbouring country so much in it's favour, that we shall insert a sketch of it in the author's words:

"It appears from the preceding parts of this letter, that the demand for Game in the market made by such of the higher ranks of society as can only procure it by purchase, is the main cause, both of the inefficiency and of the bad moral tendency of the Game Laws. The demand holds out a temptation too great to be resisted, and in fact will rise till the resistance be overcome; and at the same time it can only be supplied by a breach of the laws, and the attendant consequences, as I have just described them.

It should seem then that the evil would at once be stopped, if measures could be taken to ensure a *legitimate supply* for this demand in the market, especially if such supply could be brought there at so cheap a rate as to undersell the dishonest dealer. I have before stated, that the risk and penalties now impose a much higher price upon game than the fair cost of rearing, preserving, and bringing it to market. Allow it then to be brought thither at the *fair cost*, and the poacher would be immediately undersold.

This passage of course introduces a proposition for legalizing the sale of Game under certain restrictions, which, in the au-

thor's opinion, would serve rather to increase than diminish the breed of it, and consequently the pleasures of the sportsman. It must be admitted that he is strongly supported in this opinion by the example of France, where, though game is allowed to be sold, all persons in respectable stations of life have the privilege of sporting, game is exceedingly abundant, and amply supplied both to their own tables and to the markets of all the great towns in the kingdom. There seems to be no solid reason whatsoever in England, any more than in France, why a partridge should be dearer than a rabbit, and a hare or pheasant than a duck or goose.

Not being, as we before observed, *in the secret*, we cannot presume to anticipate the objections which may be made to this plan. Objections enough, however, we make no doubt will appear in their due course. For ourselves individually, we should heartily rejoice at the alteration: for when our lucubrations have occasionally been successful enough to allow us to give a dinner to our acquaintances, we have really thought it hard to be *conscientiously* as well as *economically* precluded from placing a dish of game at the top and bottom of our second course; more especially as their absence is sure to be called into observation by the remarks of some gentleman who has been to Paris in the Diligence; who never fails to expatiate upon the extreme *cheapness* and facility with which game can be placed upon the table of all ranks of the gentry in France. Now really this is a mortifying predicament, and we should be truly thankful to be at once well rid of it.

We shall conclude our extracts with a statement of the reception to which our author thinks that his propositions are entitled. It appears, all things considered, to be sufficiently modest and unassuming; though, perhaps, it is more than he can reasonably expect from the *Zemindars* of our Island.

"I trust they will be candidly and impartially considered. I have, undoubtedly, exhibited a moral evil of great magnitude, which every good man must wish to see remedied; and of which the legislature of a free and enlightened country ought to be deeply ashamed. I have taken some pains to show that the proposed remedies would go far to extenuate at least, if not entirely to remove the complaint. If the argument be at all supported by fair reasoning, all I persume to ask is, that it shall be met in the same manner, and that the just conclusion, whatever it be, may be honestly acted upon. Above all, I deprecate the evasion of it by the hacknied pretence of a dread of innovation; an argument which, when applied to *a moral evil, proved or admitted*, appears the most degrading and disgraceful by which a great and wise nation can be influenced. For to what does it, in fact, amount, but to a fear of *improvement*; to a dereliction of moral duty; to an ad-

mission of apathy and idleness, where zeal and exertion are imperatively requisite; to a confession of incapacity for those very purposes for which systems of polity were instituted, and governments invested with power? And to what does it inevitably lead, but to the production of the very mischief it pretends to dread? The ultimate, and not distant, result of all permission of moral evil is the destruction of civil society: whereas it is to the last degree idle to assert that it cannot be checked by renovating laws, without leading an enlightened and considerate people to destroy the acknowledged foundations of their own happiness and tranquillity. The conclusion of the French revolution, among its other benefits, has, I trust, brought to a close the abuse of this contemptible argument."

This is sound sense and fair reasoning. And if those qualities, together with the best intentions towards the moral and political welfare of the country, constitute any ground of claim to public approbation and attention, we think that the work before us may fairly be said to be entitled to them.

It appears that the author's intention is to promote petitions to the House of Commons in favor of such an alteration in the *Game Laws*, as "that the youth of our villages may be no longer reared for the gallows by the temptations arising out of their enactments." The sketch of a petition and of an act of parliament are appended to the pamphlet.

Upon questions purely political, we are not very ardent friends to the system of harassing the legislature with petitions from persons who must necessarily possess fewer means of forming a right judgment than the legislature itself. Political measures are usually matters of option between a greater and a less evil; and much inquiry and information are necessary to form a correct jndgment.

But on questions where morals are at least as much concerned as politics, such as the Slave Trade, the Game Laws, the corruption of Electors, Rotten Boroughs, &c. we think it is one of the most creditable features in the character of the British Nation, and a system much to be commended, that the respectable part of the community hold themselves in some degree responsible for the continuance of the evil. They know the strength of their own individual opinions when collectively expressed; they have had experience that their own moral discernment is as delicate as that of their governors; and they are deeply impressed with this high political truth,—that no pretence of expediency can avail to justify the endurance of *moral evil proved or admitted.*

ART. VIII.—*De la Litterature du Midi de l'Europe.* Par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi. 4 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1813.

THE name of Sismondi has already obtained and deserved distinction in the literary world. His history of the Italian Republics, which was published in 1809, procured him, as far as his work extended, the reputation due to deep political penetration, laborious research, vigorous powers of arrangement, and uncommon beauty of style. We are told by him in his preface, that he was occupied for five years prior to its publication in surveying the scenes of the events he meant to describe, and in examining the records which might substantiate or correct his narrative. As soon as he had completed that undertaking, he seems to have commenced the present, which, in some of its aspects, is nearly allied to his former themes of discussion, and will require for its execution more than his former research. The four volumes which are now before us contain only the literature of the south, including under that term the Provençal, the Italian, the Spanish, and the Portuguese; and the plan which he has sketched out for himself comprises that of France, England, and Germany; together with some notices on the literary history of the other northern nations of Europe.

This is an enterprise, the magnitude of which would appal even adventurous authors, and the variety of which is not a little alarming to most critics. Many of us could travel with him over the classic ground of Spain, Italy, or France, who would shrink from a literary visit to the Volga; and many could listen to the amorous ditties and chivalrous adventures of the Troubadours, who would tremble at the sight of a Dutch muse or a rhyming Scald. Nothing less, however, will satisfy our author than something like the *curate's scrutiny* of all the libraries of Europe, from Cape Passaro to Iceland, from Portugal to Siberia; and if this proposed task were executed with a skill, penetration, and impartiality, proportioned to its boldness, it could not fail to be extremely useful and instructive. It would compose a general inventory of the literary treasures of modern times, of treasures highly precious and greatly accumulated; it would afford an estimate of their relative value, and constitute a guide to the study and knowledge of their most important excellencies. It would operate in communicating liberal ideas of foreign authors, with an effect similar to that of travelling, in enabling us to form an impartial opinion of foreign society and manners. From the confession of his own deficiencies, however, on the subject of northern language and learning, our author is plainly unfit for the whole of this task, although his general acquaintance with German and English literature will enable him to communicate

much information to his countrymen, who, till lately, were convinced that good taste and good books were as exclusively French as Burgundy wine or court dresses. In this first part he has been assisted by the previous labours of two very learned men, Andres, the Spanish Jesuit, author of the work *Dell' Origine e de' Progressi d'Ogni Literatura*; and Boutterwek's Modern Literature. Besides these, he acknowleges his obligations to Tiraboschi and Guingené for Italian literature; to Nicolas Antonio, Velasquez, and Diego Barboso, for information on the Spanish and Portuguese; and to William Schlegel for his assistance in executing that portion of his work which refers to the drama in general: but we owe it to our author to say that, though he borrows liberally, he has much that is his own; that he states boldly his own opinions and his own views, follows his own arrangement, and frequently collects important gleanings in a field which his predecessors had reaped with care. Indeed, we know few works which display such extensive information on particular details, with such a generalizing spirit of philosophy; which, in so short a space, explain so much, and yet discuss so profoundly; which have so many beautiful samples of criticism, amid rapid narration and general views; in short, which combine so many of the qualities of accuracy and diffusive research, necessary in a book of reference, with such a mixture of remark, example, and narrative, as are promised in a book of amusement. The student may take Sismondi as an enlightened guide through the whole of the period that he reviews. He may accompany him with the certainty of information or entertainment among the Arabian poets and literary institutions, although he is there obliged to employ an interpreter. He may attend him in his expeditions among the Troubadours and Trouveres; and trust him when he connects the efforts of their genius with those Italian and Spanish productions that instructed or enchanted the succeeding centuries, for the elucidation of whose literary history the research was undertaken. Sometimes, indeed, we have to regret that he is too fond of politics; that he steps aside from the company of authors to discuss the characters of princes; and that revolutions in states are too frequently given as causes of revolutions in poetry; but we are generally ready to pardon the digression for the views which it discloses.

Of a work so extensive, and embracing such a variety of topics, it cannot be expected that we should give any full or detailed account. We mean to confine ourselves chiefly to that part of it which refers to the literature of Spain; not because our author is more at home in Spain than in Italy, but because Spanish authors are less known in this country; and Sismondi's account of them has been less noticed. Almost every person among us, who devotes any portion of his time to the amusement of reading, has

perused Tasso and Ariosto in the original or in Hoole; but, excepting Cervantes, no Spanish writer has, in this country, attained any extensive popularity; and though our intercourse with the Peninsula has lately forced many Englishmen to learn the language of Spain, it has not been much employed as a key to unlock the treasures of its literature. Few books have, in consequence, been imported, and little curiosity excited.

In Germany, on the other hand, where the taste, habits of thinking, and opinions of the people, are as different from those that prevail south of the Pyrenees, as our own, Spanish writers are read and commented upon with such avidity and diligence, that the literati of that country are frequently better acquainted with the standard productions of the reign of Charles V. and the three Philips who succeeded him, than the ecclesiastics or professors of their own nation. Sismondi has frequently to depend upon Boutterwek for the specimens he gives us, and complains of the difficulty of procuring Spanish authors in France or Italy, which would appear to be as great as here.

This scarcity of Spanish books, and inattention to Spanish literature, does not proceed from the paucity of writers, or the intrinsic insignificance of their productions, but from indifference about the kind of writings in which Spain most abounds; from the false and fantastic taste which is believed to distinguish its poetry; and from the neglect which the degradation of the people, in latter times, was naturally calculated to throw upon the efforts of their happier days. The mine is rich, and the ore precious; but the entrance to it has been almost shut up, and the quantity extracted has not received the stamp of general currency. The appearance of such a work as Don Quixote, which has obtained so unbounded a reputation, could not be supposed to be unaccompanied with other performances of merit; for genius in a nation never displays itself in a solitary manner, like the comet, but usually in a cluster of glories, like a constellation. That gallant and chivalrous people, who carried on a crusade of seven centuries against the invaders of their country, and at last expelled them; who, in this epoch of their glory, discovered, conquered, and peopled the new world, and threatened Europe with universal subjugation, displayed their energy in their literary, as well as in their military and political enterprises. Long exercised in combats, where life being perpetually exposed to hazard became of little value, where fame and honour were attached to the display of the higher faculties, and pointed out as the only desirable possessions; they acquired a loftiness of behaviour, of language, and of sentiment, corresponding with the exploits they performed, their sense of independence, and their consciousness of personal merit. Their early romances breathe the spirit of the heroes they

celebrate, and equal with their force and pomp of diction the deeds they describe. Their language was next to the Italian in the progress of refinement, and transcends it in stateliness, strength, and sonorous dignity. The heroes and statesmen of the reign of Charles V. polished, harmonized, and ennobled it; and the era of Spanish military glory became that likewise of its classic poetry. There was no division of labour in the splendid operations of genius at that time; the poet and the warrior, the author and public functionary, were the same; and the literature which they cultivated bore the very impress of gallant enterprise or honourable relaxation. Boscan, Garcilasso de la Vega, Mendoza, Monte-mayor, and several other great men, who employed their hours of retirement from the bustle of society, and of leisure from the conduct of public affairs, in soothing their minds with the harmonies of poetry and of nature, introduced or perfected every kind of verse which the Spanish muse has since employed; and left specimens of lyrical and pastoral excellence which have never since been equalled. Their frequent intercourse with Italy, the similarity of their language, genius, and religion, admitted of a ready transmission of improvement, and an easy excitement of kindred emulation. The productions of that country, when imported into Spain, scarcely seemed exotics. The images presented to the poet's fancy and the artist's imitation were extremely similar. The same class of traditions, and the same recollections of Provençal song, had blended stories of love and chivalry with the fervid dreams and romantic spirit of both. The Divina Comedia had long before found translators and imitators in the Castilian dialect; and other Lauras received in Spain the homage of other Petrarchs. After this harvest of lyrical and pastoral poetry, which distinguished what has been called the classic school, the drama, history, and other kinds of literature, were cultivated with amazing success. Cervantes, and Lope de Vega, adorned the latter part of this century, which had been so brilliantly introduced, and gave the Spaniards the most varied and captivating theatrical pieces, in unison with their national manners, taste, and traditions. The great prose work of the former is, perhaps, more universally known and quoted than any modern production; and the marvellous fecundity of the latter, which makes his other excellencies less observed, fed his own countrymen with perpetual novelty, either on the stage or from the press; and supplied with abundance of new pieces the theatres of Milan, of Naples, of Vienna, and Brussels. His mind has been said, by one of his friends, to be a volcano in perpetual activity; and, during the latter moiety of his life, he composed more verses than are to be found in the whole body of tolerable English poetry, from the days of Elizabeth to the present time, from the

publication of the Fairy Queen to Mr. Southey's last epic. The appetite for theatrical amusements, which had been so incessantly stimulated, and so profusely gratified by Lope de Vega, was afterwards fed with more refined and interesting productions of the same fantastic kind by Calderon and his successors. This last mentioned eminent man, whose life commenced and almost concluded the seventeenth century, and whose fame is likely to endure as long as the language in which he wrote, was not the only great author of the period he adorned. It is sufficient to mention Quevedo, the Voltaire of Spain, Villegas, Moreto, with the historians Mariana and Solis, in addition to those alluded to, to show the richness and the variety of the Spanish literature, without at all taking into the account any of the writers who have flourished under the Bourbon dynasty.

But before we follow our author into any of his notices or criticisms on Spanish literary works, it may be proper shortly to point out some of the circumstances which have concurred to produce that peculiar taste and character of imagination which distinguish them from those of the ancients, or of contemporary nations.

In the interval between the irruption of the northern barbarians, and the appearance of the first standard productions of Italy and Spain, will be found the operation of those events and causes which are necessary to account for the difference between modern and ancient authors, between Homer and Ariosto, Sophocles and Calderon, in the selection of their materials and style of composition. Within that period, on which scholars have lavished all their terms of vituperation or pity, lies the origin of modern versification, of romance, of our most interesting poetical fictions, of our most exalted poetical machinery, and of some of the best institutions of our theatre; in short, of that compass and variety which contrast so strikingly with the simple aim and narrow resources of ancient literature.

One of the chief causes which contributed to form the character of Spanish literature, was the long intercourse of that people with the Arabians, who, for several ages, ruled over the greatest part of the Peninsula. The influence of the oriental taste is visible in almost every production of a certain class of the Spanish poets. It is seen in the redundance of their figures, the exaggeration of their sentiments, the swell of their language, the warmth and voluptuousness of their descriptions, the boldness of their metaphors, and the enthusiasm with which they handle themes of love and glory, leading them sometimes to true poetic force or grandeur, but as often, in order to produce effect by what is new or extraordinary, into artificial subtleties and remote conceits. It would not be going too far to say that the faith and the bombast of the Moors are not more legible in the inscriptions which decorate

the walls of the Alhambra, at Grenada, than their style of thought and expression in the works of Spanish fancy; and that that magnificent edifice itself is not a more striking monument of their power and influence, than the impression they have left on the genius and manners of the people by whom they were expelled.

Our author thus describes the state of Spain under the Moors:

"Spain, above all, was the seat of the Arabian sciences; there they shone with the brightest lustre, and there they made the most rapid progress. Cordova, Grenada, Seville, and all the cities of the peninsula, emulated each other in the magnificence of their schools, their colleges, their academies, and their libraries. The academy of Grenada had for its head Schamseddin of Murcia, so celebrated among the Arabians. Metuahel-al-Allah, who reigned at Grenada in the twelfth century, possessed a most magnificent library; and a great number of the manuscripts transcribed for his use are preserved still at the Escurial. Alhaken, the founder of the Academy of Cordova, bequeathed six hundred volumes to the library of that city. In the different cities of Spain seventy libraries were open for the use of the public, at the very time that the rest of Europe was plunged in the most shameful ignorance, without books, without science, and without cultivation. The number of Arabian authors which Spain produced was so prodigious, that several Arabian scholars wrote learned treatises on the authors born in a single city, as in Seville, Valencia, or Cordova, or upon those among the Spaniards who had devoted themselves to one particular science as to philosophy, medicine, mathematics, and, above all, to poetry."

Poetry, and the exercise of an ardent and impetuous imagination, have always been the favourite amusement of the Arabians. Under the Ommiades of Spain this passion was carried to its height; and through the medium of the Spaniards, who at this time almost universally spoke the language of the Moors, extended to the rest of Europe. Innumerable were the votaries of the Arabian muse during this period in the persons of princes, chivalrous lovers, and high-born dames, some of whom have been called the Anacreons and Sapphos of their own language. In general, if we can trust the accuracy of the translations which are given of the specimens we have perused, they evince great impetuosity of passion and great richness of fancy, with a happy mixture of refined thought and noble sentiment; but their expressions and style are frequently unnatural, turgid, and exaggerated. They start the boldest metaphors, and pursue them till they hunt them down; they heap image upon image in illustration of a thought, till they crush it beneath the load. Sometimes they exercise their wit in mere verbal subtleties and conceits, which they employ their imagination to deck with a colouring cold and misplaced. Always attempting to excite astonishment by what is

new or recondite, they seldom find the way to the heart by what is simple and natural. Their ornaments are generally gorgeous, and often redundant; and their muse, to use a phrase of Milton's, appears always anxious to "shower upon us barbaric pearl and gold." The great body of their poetry, indeed, is amatory and lyrical, when it is of any value or has any interest; for the didactic works in verse, in which they abound, and which are often composed on the most abstruse and unpromising subjects (such as grammar and arithmetic), cannot admit of so many of the requisites of poetry as to deserve the name. The catalogue of the Arabic poems in the library of the Escurial, we are told, extended to the amazing length of twenty-four volumes; but in the whole collection there is not one epic or dramatic piece. To supply this deficiency in the kinds of their poetry, the Arabians have been the inventors of that species of tale so full of rich fancy and captivating interest, which delights all ages and conditions in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

When we consider the liberal toleration which the Arabs granted to the Gothic Christians, even in the zenith of their power; when we consider the continual intercourse which the two races maintained together for so many centuries, both in peace and in war, in business and exercises of amusement; when we attend to the superior improvement of the Moors, and reflect that Christian bishops, and even popes,* were educated at Moorish colleges; when we consider that fugitives from the kingdom of a Moorish or a Christian prince could take refuge in the states that professed a different religion, without being supposed to labour under any difficulty with respect to language, and that Alvaro of Cordova complains with bitterness of the adoption of the Arabic by his countrymen as a misfortune and a disgrace, it will not appear surprising that the orientals should have infused their taste into a people who must then have regarded them as so far their superiors in all the arts and elegancies of life.

The earliest existing literary productions, in which the oriental character is visible, are the poems of the Provençals. This first-born literature of modern Europe, though it flourished in the south of France, was properly of Spanish origin, and displayed many marks of an Arabian extraction. Among the Spaniards too its sacred flame was long maintained in almost all its original splendour, after it had been extinguished in blood in the land which it first adorned, and by the predilections which the Marquis of Villena and several other distinguished individuals entertained for it, almost extended its light to the classic age of Charles V.

There is not, perhaps, in the literary history of the world, a

* Sylvester II.

more curious and remarkable phenomenon than the sudden appearance and rapid decline of the Provençal literature. The causes of that refinement and polish acquired almost instantaneously by one of the barbarous dialects of the time, so as to make it fit for being the vehicle of a gay and impassioned poetry; the diffusion of poetic taste so generally among a people who had as yet no other kind of intellectual enjoyment; the influence which the troubadours, the professors of this poetry, exerted over the spirit of the age, and received from it, making chivalry poetical, and poetry chivalrous; the effects of this literature, and the institutions with which it was associated on the manners, ideas, and sentiments of the European nations who were beginning to start in the race of improvement when it declined, constitute so many topics of inquiry, interesting not only to the literary historian and the antiquary, but to the philosopher. The Provençal language is now lost, or spoken only in some districts as a corrupted *patois*; the greatest portion of the songs of the troubadours remain in manuscript in national libraries, unexamined and unarranged; and the specimens of them which are published, though modern productions, cannot now be understood by the descendants of those who a few centuries ago listened to them with rapture, and praised them as prodigies of genius. Our author discusses this literary wonder of the middle ages with equal research and ingenuity. He seems fully aware of the importance of the inquiry to modern literature in general, and has given us a dissertation which is not only one of the most valuable portions of his book, but, perhaps, the best treatise which has yet been published on the subject. We make no apology for quoting the following passage with which he introduces the history of the troubadours and their language:

"At the renovation of language in Italy, every province, every petty district, had it particular dialect. This multiplicity of different *patois* originated in two causes; the great number of barbarous tribes with whom the Romans were successively intermixed by the frequent invasions of their country, and the great number of independent sovereignties which had been enabled to maintain their existence. Neither of those causes operated upon the Gauls in the formation of the Romanesque. Three tribes established themselves among them nearly at the same time, the Visigoths, the Burgundians, and the Franks; and after the conquest of the last no northern barbarians could obtain a fixed settlement, except the Normans in a single province. No mixture of Germans, far less of Sclavonians and Scythians, arrived afterwards to produce a change in language or manners. The Gauls had thus been employed for four centuries in consolidating themselves into one nation and fixing a common language, while Italy had been successively the prey of the Lombards, the Francs, the Hungarians, the Saracens, and the Germans. From this cause the birth of the Roman-

esque language in Gaul preceded the formation of the Italian. It was divided into two principal dialects; the Provençal Romanesque, spoken in all the provinces so th of the Loire, which had been originally conquered by the Visigoths and the Burgundians; and the Walloon Romanesque, used in all the provinces north of the Loire, over which the power of the Francs extended. Political divisions remained conformable to this primitive division of nations and languages. In spite of the independence of the great feudatories, northern France formed always one political body; the inhabitants of the different provinces met in the same national assemblies and in the same armies. Southern France, on its side, after having been the inheritance of some of the successors of Charlemagne, had been raised in 879 to the rank of an independent kingdom by Bozon, who had himself crowned at Mantes, under the title of king of Arles, or of Provence, and who subjected to his sway Provence, Dauphiny, Savoy, the Lionese, and some counties of Burgundy. For the title of kingdom was substituted that of earldom in 943, under Bozon the Second, without, however, the dismemberment of Provence, or its separation from the house of Burgundy, of which Bozon the First was the founder. This dynasty became extinct in 1092 in the person of Gillibert, who left only two daughters, between whom he divided his states. The one Faydide married Alphonso, Count of Toulouse, and the other, Douce, married Raymond Berrenger, Count of Barcelona. The union of Provence during two hundred and thirteen years, under a succession of princes who played no very brilliant part beyond their own states, and who are almost forgotten by history, but who suffered no invasion, who by a paternal administration increased the population and wealth of the state, and favoured commerce, to which their maritime situation invited them, sufficed to consolidate the laws, the manners, and the language of the Provençals. It was during this period, but in a deep obscurity, that in the kingdom of Arles the Provençal Romanesque replaced completely the Latin. The latter was still employed in public acts; but the former, which was spoken universally, began also to be employed in literature.

"The succession of Raymond Berrenger, Count of Barcelona, in consequence of his marriage, to the sovereignty of Provence, communicated a new movement to the national spirit by the mixture of the Catalans with the Provençals. Of the three Romanesque languages spoken at that time by the Christian population of Spain, the Catalan, the Castilian, and the Gallician or Portuguese, the first almost completely resembled the Provençal; and though it has since been much removed from it, especially in the kingdom of Valencia, it has always been called after the name of a French province. The people of the country call it Llemosi or Limousin. The Catalans, therefore, perfectly understood the Provençals, and their intercourse at the same court served mutually to refine each other. The former had already made progress in civilization, either by their wars and their intercourse with the Moors of Spain, or by the great activity of the commerce of Barcelona. That city enjoyed the most ample privileges; the people were sensible of their liberty, and caused their princes to respect it, at the same time that the wealth they had acquired rendered the taxes more

productive, and enabled the court to display a magnificence unknown to other princes. Raymond Berrenger and his successors carried into Provence at once the spirit of liberty and that of chivalry, the taste for elegance, and the arts and sciences of the Arabs. From this union of noble sentiments arose the poetry which shed a lustre over all Provence and all the south of Europe, as if an electric spark had in the midst of the thickest darkness kindled in all quarters at once its brilliant radiance.

"Chivalry arose with Provençal poetry—it was in some sort the soul of literature; and this character so different from all that antiquity had known—this invention so rich in poetical effect, is the first subject for observation with which modern literary history presents us. We must not however confound *feudalism* with *chivalry*.—Feudalism is the real world at this epoch, with its advantages and inconveniences, its virtues and its vices—chivalry is this world idealized, such as it has existed only in the invention of the romancers. Its essential character consists in devotion to women and devotion to honour; but the ideas which the poets disclosed upon what constituted the perfection of a knight or a lady were not altogether of their own invention. They existed among the people without however being followed by them; and when they had acquired greater consistence in their heroic song, they re-acted in their turn upon the people among whom they originated, and approximated the real existing feudality to the ideal conception of chivalry."

Such was the origin of that state in the south of France from which the legislation of chivalry first emanated, where its observances were first consecrated by poetry and confirmed by the implicit submission of all that was gallant or heroic in Europe. Such was the source from which the Spaniards derived the romantic character that formerly distinguished all their literature, and which without interruption has kept possession of their stage. The multiplication of petty states, or the limitation of the sovereign authority in extensive ones under the early times of the feudal system, encouraged frequent wars or insurrections, nursed perpetually the martial spirit, and created a burning thirst for adventures, while the bold independence of every feudal baron in his castle, inscribed with the motto *Dieu et mon droit*, inspired a haughty security in his own power, which inclined him to disdain duplicity or breach of obligation as the resource of weakness. Thus a higher degree of regard came to be paid to courage, than it would have obtained in a scale of virtues graduated for a more peaceful age; and thus that honour which was in a certain sense its offspring, and which was placed under its guardianship, rose into greater importance in the estimate of character.

To that mysterious respect for the female sex, which the German barbarians carried with them from their native woods, was added about this time that enthusiasm and warmth of love which

was inspired by the increasing luxuries of their new settlements, and which the Arabs taught them so passionately to express. From the union of these two sentiments was formed that ardent but submissive passion which breathes in the songs of the troubadours. To them is owing the more public and independent character, which women were afterwards permitted to assume, and the greater refinement and delicacy in modern manners, which are the consequence of their more universal admission to society.

The Provençal literature, in which the sentiments and the manners of chivalry were first embodied, continued to flourish in the south of France from the end of the eleventh century till the middle of the thirteenth, when its natural protectors, the sovereign families of Toulouse and Provence, were extinguished in the persons of Raymond VII. and Raymond Berrenger IV. who died within a few years of each other. The earldom of Toulouse was then (in 1249) united to the crown of France, and that of Provence (in 1245) to the dominions of Naples, under Charles of Anjou; and after this period the sovereigns of the one naturally came to encourage the Walloon Romanesque, and of the other the Italian dialect, in preference to a language spoken only by a small portion of their subjects. Thus the period of the glory, and almost of the existence of Provençal poetry was limited to the short space of 150 years; but during that time it enjoyed extraordinary celebrity, and produced wonderful effects. The dialect of the Romanesque which it used became the fashionable language of Europe; foreign princes aspired to no higher science than being able to speak it—to no higher distinction than to be ranked among its troubadours. Frederic Barberoussa, Emperor of Germany, Richard I. King of England, several kings of Arragon, and Frederick III. King of Sicily, with many other great personages, sacrificed to the Provençal muse, and entered the lists with chevaliers of less exalted rank for the prize of poetic renown. The hardy, uninstructed race of that time seemed to have discovered in themselves a new faculty, a new source of enjoyment; and to have surrendered themselves to it with all the ardour of youthful enthusiasm. It borrowed nothing from learning, it owed little to study, it embraced no great compass of ideas, it made no distant allusions—it seemed to be as natural to the taste of the age as a tilt or a tournament; it may be considered, if we may so express ourselves, an *improvisation* from the scene before them. This kind of poetry, as we have before remarked, was introduced into Provence by the Moors, and, during the short period of its successful cultivation, never went beyond its models. It is altogether lyrical, and employed upon subjects of love and war, gallantry and glory—the poems of love being called *chanzos*, those of war or politics *sirventes*.

Both kinds have the same form, both are in rhyme like the poetry of the Arabians, and may be considered as the first specimens of that character of versification which has long been established in all the languages of Europe. There is a third species of composition called *tenson*, which is a contest in versified dialogue, or a kind of poetical tournament between two speakers in extemporaneous measure upon a subject previously fixed.

The following account of the *tenson* we cannot withold from our readers, although we are afraid we have already incurred the charge of prolixity, as it includes a description of one of the most romantic institutions of that very romantic period.

"When the great baron had invited to his high court the lords of the neighbourhood and the knights his vassals, three days were allotted för justs and tournaments, the images of war. The young noblemen who under the name of pages were apprenticed to the profession of arms, combated the first day, the second was allotted to knights newly invested, the third to old warriors; and the lady of the castle, encircled with young beauties, distributed the crowns to those who were pointed out as victors by the judges of the combats. Then she in her turn opened her tribunal, formed in imitation of the seignorial courts of justice; and as the baron was accompanied with his peers in administering the laws, she likewise formed her court, the *court of love*, by calling round her her young companions, the most distinguished for their beauty and spirit. A new career was now opened for those who dared to combat, not any longer with arms but with verses; and the name of *tenson*, given to these dramatic contests, signifies literally a wrestling. Often, indeed, the warriors who had carried off the palm of valour entered the lists to contend likewise for that of poetry. One of them with a harp in his hand, after having played a prelude, proposed the subject of dispute, another advanced in his turn, and singing after the same air, answered by a stanza of the same measure, and often upon the same rhymes. They thus poured forth alternately their extemporaneous effusions, and the dispute was generally concluded within five couplets. The court of love then deliberated, and after discussing not only the merits of the poets, but the merits of the question, pronounced a decree of love (*un arrêt d'amour*) most frequently in verse, by which it pretended to settle the points in debate. Several ladies who sat on these courts of love were able to answer themselves in verse to the verses they inspired."

These courts of love were held in the palace of every petty sovereign, and in the castle of almost every baron throughout Provence, Languedoc, Auvergne, Poitou, and in short, in all the territories south of the Loire. The pomp and splendour with which they were invested, the crowds of strangers which they attracted, the tournaments and chivalrous exercises with which they were preceded and followed, the numerous specimens of the *gay science* as they called their poetry, which were made and re-

cited by the collected warriors, converted this district for upwards of a century into a land of gallantry and pleasure, enjoying apparently a perpetual festival.

The monuments of their existence have disappeared like the arrangements of a carnival. The troubadours were all warriors, who employed their poetry merely as a vehicle for communicating their habitual sentiments, or the accidental passion kindled by the circumstances of the moment, and who never called upon their mind for any exertion that had a reference to posterity. If they satisfied the ardour of their own temper by the impetuosity of their *sirventes;* if they soothed the fair despot of their affections by the devotion and tenderness of their *chanzo*, or overcame a rival in a *tenson*, they attained the summit of their literary ambition. Every warlike exploit was animated or celebrated in appropriate verse by some chevalier, and "not a beauty reared her head unsung" by some troubadour lover. But though their poetry is voluminous, and the language of their pieces polished with care, there is no appearance that any of them wrote with a view to posthumous fame. They had no models before them, and the time was not come for leaving models: Their literature was checked, first by the horrible religious persecutions which deluged in blood that same district where the effects of fanatical atrocity were lately witnessed, and secondly by the political changes which encouraged the cultivation and refinement of the rival dialects, of Italy and Spain, at the expense of the Provençal. The names of the most celebrated among them belong rather to political than literary history, and will be remembered for what they did rather than for what they wrote. In the collection of their poetry are found pieces written by several sovereigns, as by Richard Cœur de Lion, Alphonso II. King of Arragon, Raymond Berrenger V.; but those who derived most reputation from their verses were Arnold de Marveil, Rambaud de Vaqueiras, Pierre Vidal, Arnold Daniel, and Pierre Cardinal.

Our author, under the title of the literature of the *Trouveres*, discusses at great length, and with his usual ingenuity and information, the origin and history of those romances of chivalry, which exerted such an inflence over every modern literature, but particularly over that of Spain. He divides them into three classes, according to the ingredients of which they were composed, the period in which they originated, or the different degrees of refinement they displayed. The invention of the first kind, which refers to Arthur King of Britain, and the heroes of the round table, and which embraces pieces of a ruder construction, a more confined range of knowledge, and more gloomy mythology, M. Sismondi, with much probability, ascribes to the Normans. The second

class contains Amadis de Gaul, and all the imitations of it, which were multiplied with such perverse fecundity in Spanish literature before the purification of Don Quixote's library. In this class of romances the events introduced are connected with no historical epoch. The kings and princes mentioned are entirely fabulous, and chronology and geography are, if possible, more confused; but the supernatural world is of a more cheerful cast, love is more ardent and refined, the knights are more disinterested and devoted to honour, and the descriptions of scenery, of palaces, of personal ornaments, and royal state, seem to be coloured by an Arabian imagination. Of this, though undoubtedly of Portuguese origin, our author betrays a wish of obtaining the credit for his countrymen.

The third species has for its subjects Charlemagne and the Paladins of France, so universally known by the poetry of Ariosto. The father of this last family of romances is allowed on all hands to have been a Frenchman; and it is a singular circumstance that the people whose ancestors communicated to Europe the earliest specimens of the romantic literature of all kinds, should be the only one that has entirely renounced it in their later practice;—that they should have ranged themselves under the standard of the classics, in opposition to a system which they contributed so powerfully to establish, and which seems to have been the natural developement of taste and genius among modern nations. The Spaniards, to whose literature the foregoing observations appear almost a necessary introduction, have, by the total exclusion of the ancients, followed an opposite extreme, and we shall presently see how far, in the opinion of a liberal Frenchman, they have succeeded.

We have already mentioned that the Provençal poetry was long cultivated in Spain after it was extinguished in the south of France. The dialects of Arragon and Catalonia were almost the same as the Provençal; and the muse of the troubadours seems to have elected these provinces for her last favourite residence. Don Henry of Arragon, Marquis of Villena, who died so late as 1434, and Ausias March of Valencia, called the Petrarch of the Provençal, who died in 1450, brought more valuable contributions to her than ever she had before received. The Marquis in his alternate administration of the two kingdoms of Castile and Valencia, during the minorities of their respective sovereigns, exerted all his influence to promote a taste for letters, and wrote himself in the languages of the two states which he governed. He composed the only dramatic piece of which the Provençal literature had any example; he established *a court of love* at Barcelona on the model of the Floral Games of Toulouse, and compiled for its use a treatise on Provençal poetry under the title of *La Gaya*

Ciencia, or the Gay Science. His reputation for learning was so great that he incurred the charge of magic; and though he himself was allowed to die of the gout, his library was doomed by the inquisition to expiate the crime by fire. Villena had a squire called Macias, whose name is omitted by our author, but whose poetry, and more than poetical misfortunes, entitled him to some notice. When in the service of the marquis he became enamoured of one of the maids of honour about the palace, whose hand was afterwards in opposition to their mutual prayers disposed of to another. The marriage of his mistress, however, did not extinguish the flame of our hero; and the husband, who had reason to complain that it kindled a corresponding fire in a heart that ought to belong to him, prevailed upon the marquis to try the effect of imprisonment in cooling it. The *enamoured Macias*, as he has been called, was accordingly shut up in a low cell of the castle of Arjonilla at a distance from his mistress; but love still burned in the gloom of his misfortune, and his only consolation was to send her letters expressive of its ardour and constancy, or to compose ditties in her praise. The jealous husband received the discovery of their *persevering* correspondence with unbridled fury; and instantaneously resolved to interrupt it by the most signal vengeance—he seized his lance, mounted his horse, and rode off with speed to the castle where Macias was imprisoned. He arrived at the grated window of his cell at the time when the love-stricken poet, inattentive to every thing around him, was musing only on the charms of his mistress, and repeating to the cold walls the last couplet in which he had introduced her name. The unwelcome sound kindled anew the rage of the husband, and introducing unperceived his lance through the grate he pierced Macias to the heart, and then fled for refuge to the Moors of Grenada. This unfortunate poet has left many pieces which are very much admired, and which are to be found in the *Cancioneros de Poetas antiguas*, or collections of ancient poetry. We subjoin two verses of a *cancion* of his quoted in a small French publication on Spanish literature, which for purity of diction, regularity of measure, and gaiety of sentiments, is equal to any thing of the kind that has since appeared:

Y el gentel nino Narcisso,
En una fuente gayado
De si mismo enamordo
Muy esquiva muerte priso.
Señora de alegre riso,
E gracioso lindo brio,
A mirar fuente nin rio
No se atreve vuestro viso.
Deseando vuestra vida,

Aun vos do otro consejo,
Que non se mire en espejo
Vuestra faz clara garrida.
Que sabed que la partida
Seria dende tan fuerte,
Que non vos fuese la muerte
De Narciso repetida.

Into the character of Ausias, and of John Martorell, the author of the romance of *Tirante the White*, Sismondi enters at considerable length. These were the last and the best writers who composed in the language of the eastern provinces of the peninsula.

By the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the consequent union of the crowns of Arragon and Castile, the Castilian Romanesque, which was the dialect of the most powerful kingdom, and which became that of the court, rose into popularity, and has ever since been the written language of the whole of Spain. Before this epoch the Castilian dialect had been long cultivated with care, and made the vehicle of some valuable and striking poetry. It was spoken in all the middle provinces of Spain, between the Bay of Biscay and the Moorish kingdom of Grenada. It had extended along with the conquests of the people who used it, and obtained popularity from those same causes that consolidated the power and generated the proverbial pride of the Castilians. The most celebrated hero of Spain as well as of Europe is the Cid, and the first Castilian poetry is occupied with his history. He was born about the year 1026, and died in 1099, about the time of the first crusade, and the poem or chronicle of his life, called *El Cid Compeador* appeared only half a century afterwards. This remarkable personage, whose real name was Don Rodrigo Laynez, the son of Diego, (contracted by the Spaniards into Ruy Diaz) and who retained the title of *Cid* or *Sayd*, (meaning *my Lord*) given him by the Moors, for the same reason that the Duke of Wellington retains in the Peninsula at this day the title of *El Lorde*, was a native of Castile, being born at the castle of Bivar, about two leagues from Burgos, long the capital of that kingdom. Of great bodily strength and of the most daring intrepidity, he alternately drew his sword on the side of the Moors and of the Christians; he was alternately an exile and a sovereign; but always victorious in the field with whatever disadvantage he contended, always generous after victory, strictly honourable in all his engagements, and as resolute in exacting what was due to honour, he fixed a deep impression on the Spanish character, and is the centre of whatever is noble or heroic in their early recollections. They have romances on every portion of his history, which unfold the most chivalrous sentiments amid the splendour of deeds that dazzle the imagination. As these romances attached

themselves to their national annals and embellished events that flattered national pride, they became dear to the people, not only as a consequence of their natural propensity to the marvellous, but from their glowing patriotism; and nursed that chivalrous spirit which allied itself with every species of romantic literature. Hence their fondness for that numerous progeny of fictions that turned the brain of Don Quixote; hence those perpetual exhibitions of love adventures and battles which delighted them on their stage.

The long life of the Cid, the state of society in which he appeared, and his enterprising character, admitted of every variety of poetical situation, while his wonderful success in war, and particularly his conquest of almost a fourth part of Spain from the Moors, throw the lustre of popularity about every mention of his name. The chronicle of his life is supposed to have been written in Arabic a short time after his death by two of his Moorish pages, and about the beginning of the thirteenth century to have been translated into Castilian as we now have it. It certainly bears marks of the greatest antiquity both in its language, its versification, its sentiments, and style of narrating facts.

There are poems in the Castilian, written unquestionably before the middle of the thirteenth century, which have a much more modern character than the history of the *Cid Compeador*. Gonsalez de Berceo, who was born in 1198 and died in 1268, has left upwards of thirteen thousand verses, which must, from their style, their phraseology, and the regularity of their rhymes, have been composed long posterior to this more interesting production.

Romances like those of the Cid, but more regular in their versification, were multiplied to a prodigious extent before the more classical literature of Spain commenced in the sixteenth century. These tales are principally occupied with subjects of chivalry: they record all the brilliant deeds or remarkable reverses of the national heroes: they are full of fancy and sensibility; they breathe the noblest sentiments of heroism, of unblemished honour, and of ardent love; and being sung or rehearsed every where and among all classes, they kept before the imagination of the people pictures above real life, and enveloped them in a kind of romantic atmosphere, through which every thing was exaggerated, and enlarged beyond the proportions of practicable virtue. More than a thousand of them have been collected, and though they are mostly anonymous, they constitute the true glory of the early Castilian poetry. A considerable number of authors, whose works have reached posterity, adorned the 15th century, particularly the reign of John II. (between 1407 and 1454,) whose court was compared by his contemporaries to that of Apollo, from the number of poets that his liberal patronage assembled

round him. Among the chief of these may be mentioned Perez de Guzman, who, besides poetry, wrote in prose the history of the great men of his own times; the Marquis of Santillana, who compiled a collection of proverbs in verse that has been often reprinted, and several other works; and John de Mena, of Cordova, who gave his countrymen an allegorical poem, intitled *El Laberinto*, in imitation of Dante, though at a great distance from the merit of that immortal production. The following judgment of our author, in reviewing the period that preceded the reign of Charles V. we think rather severe, and not warranted fully by the evidence which he himself has furnished.

"In the course of four centuries Castilian poetry had made no sensible progress. If the language had been polished—if versification had received greater flexibility—if composition had been enriched from a wider circle of foreign knowledge, these advantages were counterbalanced by the introduction of pedantry and false wit."

It is well known that the arms of the Spaniards, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, threatened the liberties of Europe, and were fatal to their own. Hitherto divided into a number of small and hostile states, who made their own soil the arena of contest and the prize of victory, their existence was almost forgotten beyond the Pyrenees, while by their institutions and modes of life they were acquiring, unobserved, those military habits, and that pride and force of character, which, shortly after their union under one chief, produced such important effects in Italy, in Germany, and in the new world. Till this time they were contented with their own literature as well as with their own territory; but, by the conquests of Charles the Fifth in Italy, being admitted to see among the vanquished a state of arts and literature far superior to their own, they were not slow in taking advantage of it. While Titian and the great artists of Italy improved their school of painting, Petrarch and Ariosto became their masters in the refinement of language and harmony of versification. By three or four soldiers and counsellors of the emperor, who had opportunities of being in Italy and of studying Italian literature, an entire revolution was effected as if by magic in the taste of their countrymen, in their mode of rhyming, in the measure of their verses, and the music of their language. For the trochaic or quick measure of the *redondillo* and the *arte-mayor* going always from long to short, was substituted the iambic measure of the Italians, the forms of the sonnet and of the heroic verse, and the perfect use of consonant instead of assonant rhymes. The names of the poets who effected this singular change, and beyond whose æra the Spaniards never proceed in searching for their classic writers, are John Boscan Almogaver, Garcilasso de la Vega, Mendoza, and Monte-mayor. They were all born about the begin-

ning of the sixteenth century, and all served with reputation in the army or in civil office. Garcilasso was a native of Toledo, of a noble family; he was in the army that repulsed the Turks in Austria in 1529; he accompanied Charles in the expedition to Tunis in 1535; and being mortally wounded in attempting to scale a tower at the siege of Marseilles, he died at Nice in the year following, in the thirty-third year of his age. Mendoza was one of the greatest generals and statesmen of his time. He was successively appointed ambassador to the republic of Venice, envoy to the council of Trent, ambassador to the Pope, and captain-general and governor of Sienna. His whole life was occupied with war, politics, or literature; he was, perhaps, the most zealous agent in searching for ancient manuscripts since the days of Petrarch; and he gave his countrymen two standard prose works: the first the Life of Lazarillo de Tormes, so often since imitated, and latterly with such success in Gil Blas; and the other a History of the Revolt of the Moors in Alpujara.

The character and situation of these and the other *classics* were elevated and splendid, and their poetry is regarded at this day by their countrymen with a kind of literary idolatry; but when we inquire for the pieces that produced such effects, and were received with such reverence, we are referred to a few small collections of sonnets, eclogues, and elegies, which seem to have nothing in them original or extraordinary, and which have seldom been thought worthy of being translated by foreigners. They owe their popularity indeed to the harmony of their versification, to the beauty of their diction, to the purity and precision of their expression; qualities which could not be transfused into another language. They have nothing new or very striking in their imagery, sentiments, spirit, or in the other excellencies which are placed at the disposal of the translator. We have from them almost nothing but lyrics and pastorals, and there reigns throughout all their works such a uniformity, that we are led to judge of them more by the class to which they belong than by the individual differences which they display. Sonnets of love, in which the poet must confine himself to the charms and the cruelty of his mistress, and describe his ecstasies and his despair within the unreasonably short compass of fourteen lines; and eclogues, in which the interlocutors, whatever quarter of the globe they inhabit, must talk of crooks, innocence, and Arcadia, cannot admit of much variety or interest however successfully they may be executed. The real life of a shepherd is so uniform, and the poetical one so artificial, the objects with which he can consistently be made conversant are so few, and the feelings which he can consistently display so conventional, that the poet, who resolves to confine the range of his ideas and his genius within the limits of a pastoral, must be

contented to sacrifice much of his originality. Even if he should be inclined to transcend a little the pastoral state, and to use the shepherd's character only as a mask for expressing his own fortunes or feelings, still he will find that this mask is so far from giving them effect, that while it deprives them of all pretensions to sincerity and nature, it incalculably diminishes their force. The pastoral poetry of this period is extremely harmonious and beautiful, particularly that of Garcilasso, who wrote his first eclogue near the tomb of Virgil, and seems to have caught his inspiration; but we never, in reading it, can divest ourselves of the impression that what is said by the Spanish Salicio and Nemoroso has been said by the Tityrus and Melibœus of former times. There is scarcely an image, a description, or a thought, that may not be traced to the Bucolics, though Garcilasso had great merit in clothing them with soft and elegant expression, and giving them popularity among his countrymen.

The Spanish Muse, which had formerly been employed, for the most part, on heroic themes and in "tented fields," came now, under the auspices of a warrior, to inhabit the woods (*nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia)* and to inspire harmony into the reeds of the shepherds; and it is surprising with what welcome this new species of poetry was hailed among a people who were accustomed to sing the romances of the Cid. Pastorals of all kinds from this time became a *staple* article of Spanish literature, and contended for popularity with romances of chivalry. We find several of them in Don Quixote's library; and a fear was expressed by the housekeeper, if we remember right, that though her master should be cured of knight errantry, if these wicked books were not destroyed, there was some danger of his becoming a shepherd. The sonnet introduced by Garcilasso and his coadjutors of the Italian school, became subsequently not less popular than the pastoral, and has continued to be cultivated almost as zealously in Spain as in its native soil. The sonnets of Boscan and Garcilasso have more passion than those of their master Petrarch, with as much delicacy of expression and harmony of numbers.

A singular inconsistency cannot fail to be observed between the personal history and poetical taste of the Spanish *classics*. They were all engaged in the active scenes of war and politics, indulged the dreams of ambition in camps or courts, and contributed their utmost efforts to spread wider the desolating influence of a dominion which threatened the liberties of Europe; but we find no trace of their agitated life or warlike spirit in their works. Their poetry is occupied solely with themes of love, with images of quietness, with descriptions of rural retirement, and breathes only desires of untroubled repose, or voluptuous indolence. Our author, who finds an explanation of every peculiarity of taste in the

political condition of its possessor, attributes this departure of theirs from their own character and from the world around them in their literary productions into a world of pastoral simplicity, to a disgust which they must have felt at the career in which their country was engaged, and an endeavour to free their fancy at least from the yoke they saw imposing upon their understanding and their opinions. We do not think that it is necessary to go so deep for the cause of an appearance, which, in individual cases, is by no means uncommon, and are disposed to ascribe this incongruity between the profession and taste of the writers in question to the models, which, from their beauty and novelty, they were recommended to follow. They were all men of education, and partook of the general reverence which was paid to ancient authors. When they became acquainted with Italian literature, they found Petrarch the most polished and popular of all the Italian poets; and he likewise was an admirer of the ancients. The correctness, harmony, and elegance for which he is distinguished were peculiarly striking to those who were acquainted in their own language only with romances, proverbs, or allegories, without art or regularity; and appeared the most necessary as well as the most novel style which they could introduce to their countrymen. War songs and tales of chivalry, which would seem to befit better their modes of life, were already composed in abundance, and could admit of little improvement from the knowledge of the ancients, or of the Italians. Pastorals were at this time extremely popular in Italy, and continued to be so for a century afterwards, as we see by the number of pastoral comedies, tragedies, tragi-comedies, and eclogues, that were published or acted; while in Spain they were a novelty, from the introduction of which fame might be acquired.

In the brilliant reign of Charles V. there were other writers, such as Herrera and Ponce de Leon, whose works continue to maintain a great reputation among their countrymen without being known abroad; but the period composed of the latter part of the sixteenth century and the earlier half of the seventeenth was illustrated by names which are not confined to their own nation. The illustrious author of Don Quixote, and the founders and ornaments of the Spanish stage, are celebrated over Europe, and have not yet "gathered all their fame." Our author justly dedicates a great portion of his work to the examination of their merits, and to the display of their peculiar character. His decision is drawn up from an extensive survey; he expresses the greatest anxiety to balance the evidence with scrupulous justice; he endeavours as much as possible to forget that he is a Frenchman under the legislation of Corneille and Aristotle; but still he is obliged to give judgment, to a certain extent, against the Spanish romantic dramas, and their German ad-

mirers. In the remainder of this article we shall briefly state the grounds, and, perhaps, the justification of his dissent. With regard to the genius of Cervantes and the character of his great prose work, there prevails a more general unanimity of admiration perhaps than on any other subject of modern literature. He stands out from his age and nation; he is to be seen from distances where every thing around him is concealed; and we, perhaps, may not be going too far to say, that, when most of the other events of the political and literary history of Spain shall be forgotten, it will still be remembered that she gave encouragement to the discoverer of a new world, and birth to the author of Don Quixote. Of the life of this celebrated man little is with certainty known; and the notices which our author has collected are extremely scanty and unsatisfactory. He was born at Alcala de Henares in 1549, amid poverty and obscurity; and though he afterwards took the title of *Hidalgo*, his claim to it cannot be established by any references to his family, nor its usual advantages traced in the fortunes of his youth. He was educated for some time in a school at Madrid: he is known to have begun early to study poetry and romances, and to have composed after the models he perused. Disliking the service of the Cardinal Aquaviva, into which his poverty threw him, he entered the army and lost his left hand at the battle of Lepanto. On his way home, when unable any longer to serve, he was taken by the Barbary corsairs and sold for a slave in Algiers, in which condition he remained for five years and a half, and acquired, by experience, that knowledge of the hardships of captivity which he employs with such effect in his novels, and in the drama of *Trato de Argel*. When he returned to his country he returned as a ransomed slave without fortune, without friends, or hopes of protection; and commenced his dramatic career for subsistence, in which he continued till driven from the course by the superior popularity of Lope de Vega. In 1684 he published his Galatea, which the reader will see mentioned in Don Quixote's library. This last great work did not appear till 1605; but so great was its success, that in the author's life-time 30,000 copies were sold in a nation not very much addicted to reading. It was written in a prison, and though it was so much admired by Philip III. that, when he saw from the window of his palace a young man on the banks of the Mançanares with a book in his hand, sometimes interrupting the perusal of it with loud bursts of laughter, he said to his courtiers, "that man must either be mad or reading Don Quixote;" it procured for its author no marks of royal favour—no relief from poverty. In 1613, he published his twelve novels; in 1614, his Voyage to Parnassus; in 1615, eight comedies and as many *Entremeses*, and he had just prepared for publication his romance of *Persiles and Sigismunda*, when

he died on the 23d of April, 1616. His dedication of this last work to the Count de Lemos, four days before his death, may appear interesting to our readers, as displaying the calmness and self-possession, and even gaiety, which were retained in the trying moments of approaching dissolution, by an author from whom they have received so much entertainment, and with whose name they associate every thing humorous and laughable. "I should wish not to be obliged to make an exact application of the old couplets which begin with these words: 'With foot already in the stirrup;' for I may say with a slight alteration, that with my foot in the stirrup, experiencing already the pains of death, I write you, my Lord, this letter. Yesterday I received extreme unction, to-day I resume the pen—the time is short—my sufferings increase—my hopes diminish, but I should nevertheless wish that there just remained for me so much of life as would last till I saw your return to Spain." The Count, who was then on his way from Naples, was hourly expected home.

Our author, very properly taking it for granted that all the world is acquainted with Don Quixote, does not undertake the superfluous labour of attempting to introduce him. In fact the Knight of La Mancha is more known than any hero of ancient or modern times—his opinions and adventures are oftener the subject of comparison, of reference, or allusion—his person, his armour, and his manners, are more familiar; and every thing connected with him, even to his housekeeper and his horse, is more curious and interesting. Though the character he wears be highly artificial and professedly formed upon books of chivalry, yet he is so completely equipped with all the properties peculiar to it, even in the smallest circumstance; he is carried through so many situations, in which he displays with perfectly unconstrained grace all the predilections and sentiments which his high calling would generate; the spirit of the worthies he imitates comports so well with those amiable dispositions and gallant virtues which he would have possessed, although his library had been differently stocked; that we come to think him the most natural and consistent being in the universe.

We do not observe his historian labouring to modify his actions so as to reconcile his particular madness with his general good sense and sound principles, or exhibiting him only in situations cautiously selected for him, as if afraid to let him down to a familiar level, lest the mask should drop off or be seen through; nor do we see in the hero any of the characteristics of a person dressed up to act a part. On the contrary, the author in giving him existence has endowed him so completely with the principle of independent vitality, that he has merely afterwards to study

his habits and to register his deeds. The worthy knight's library, which was plentifully supplied with all the books of chivalry that were in vogue in the sixteenth century, had thrown a world of romance into his head, which accorded very awkwardly with the world of reality without it; but this fundamental change being admitted, his most extravagant enterprises, and unattainable purposes, become afterwards as natural as the unpoetical sensuality and vulgar prudence of his Squire. His new modes of thinking and motives of action diffused themselves universally through the whole frame of his mind, amalgamated with or altered all his previous opinions, and penetrated the minutest expansions of his moral and intellectual system, like those tinctures which are given to animals before death to colour the microscopic parts, to which artificial injections could not afterwards extend. This personage, exclusively possessed by the genius of romance, whose fancy became too strong for his perceptions, and on whose mind external objects made no other impression than to awaken a train of thought which immediately led him astray from sense and reason, when he sallies forth to act in the world of reality, commits at every step som delightful absurdity described with a marvellous richness and gaiety of imagination. The odd contrast between the information of his senses and the visions of his brain, which he jumbles together,—between his fanciful profession and the sober every day state of the world around him, between his intentions and the result of his actions, presents an inexhaustible fund of entertainment; and with the finest management and the profoundest art and sagacity the author never allows that contrast to strike the hero himself. The most ridiculous mistake never leads him to suspect his system, or to relax his gravity—no shock is so severe as to dispel for a moment his dream—he is a somnambulist that never awakes. When baffled by the windmills he had encountered in opposition to the remonstrances of Sancho, whose natural optics foresaw the consequences, an author of less spirit would have allowed his hero for a moment to open his eyes, and when left sprawling on the ground, to have admitted the rashness and error of his conduct; but Cervantes knew better how his hero should feel; and, instead of making him doubt his judgment, had an enchantment ready to account for the illusion on his senses.

The pleasure we derive from this contrast between the poetical and real world when brought together is nearly allied to that which springs from witnessing cross purposes on the stage. No device, when well conducted, so powerfully excites laughter. The spectator being privy to the condition and sentiments of each of the parties, and aware of the source of their mutual mistakes, enjoys a superiority over both when he sees them misled by appear-

ances which he could easily explain, or entering into disputes which he could instantly reconcile. The whole intercourse of our hero with the world is a continued cross purpose. We see him preparing to advance against giants, which we know to be fulling-mills—mistaking paupers for princes and princesses—addressing innkeepers as the lords of castles—attacking a flock of sheep for an army; seizing a barber's bason for a helmet, and going through all his other adventures with a perfection of serio-comic humour that has left all imitation at a hopeless distance.

The occupation in which a knight-errant was supposed to engage was obviously inconsistent with a bad character; but Cervantes, well knowing how to interest us in the adventures of this hero, and how more completely to throw discredit on those works which it was his object to satirize, has given him a character eminently amiable and noble. He is a kind master, a persevering lover, a humane adventurer, an intrepid warrior, a man of disinterested principles and unspotted honour. The very ground of his character, the canvass on which all its whimsical and grotesque colours are spread, is composed of benevolence, fidelity, bravery, and the love of glory. To perform the duties of his high vocation he is fearless of giants, enchanters, demons, or discourteous knights; to fulfil his promises or to satisfy the demands of honour, he is ready to submit to all privations. His heart is manly and gentle, and never admits a thought at variance with the dictates of chivalry and truth. He is a perfect *preux chevalier*—an accomplished gentleman.

The character of the Squire, composed of cowardice, ignorance, selfishness, gluttony, and proverbs, forms a well-contrived foil to that of his master, while at the same time it possessed sufficient claims to our indulgence on the score of good-nature, fidelity, and domestic attachments, to exempt it from our disgust and entitle it to our good-humour. There cannot indeed be imagined a finer contrast than that which the Knight and the Squire present throughout the whole history in every thought, word, and action. The one is highly poetical and romantic, the other flat and vulgar; the one dignified in his manners and stately in his expressions, the other gross in both; the master disinterested even to madness, the servant always dreaming of his island; the Knight gallant, self-denied, and devoted to glory; the Squire timid, sensual, and covetous; the former so loyal to the service of a mistress whom he never saw, that he spends whole days and nights in offering her the mental homage of his profound submission and ardent vows; the latter so little spiritualized in his affections, that, at a distance from his Juana Guteriez, the contents of his wallet, and his leathern bottle, entirely possess his thoughts. San-

cho has a strange mixture of natural shrewdness and ignorance, which figures oddly beside the high-toned philosophy of his master; and enables him to see through his extravagance, while at the same time it does not exempt him from being the dupe of promises which could only be realized by that very extravagance. He has too little imagination to lead him from instinct, or to modify present impressions; but at the same time he has too little intellect to exempt him from credulity. We may here remark a circumstance which is attended with some humour in the original, but which cannot be made observable in our translation. The Knight, in promising his Squire the government of an island, always uses the lofty poetical word *insula*, instead of the common Spanish word *isla*; and the Squire repeats it as a dignified sonorous expression amid his flat jargon, plainly without attaching to it any distinct meaning.

The other productions of this celebrated man show the vigour of his inventive faculties, the descriptive richness of his imagination, his minute and extensive acquaintance with human nature, and his great mastery over the resources and the harmonies of language; but it is a remarkable circumstance that an author, who had acquired such deserved and universal reputation by a work like Don Quixote, should have formed his hopes of posthumous fame on one that is now almost forgotten, or at least little read beyond Spain: such, however, is the fact: the romance of Pericles and Sigismunda, the dedication of which to Count Lemos he wrote after receiving extreme unction, was regarded by him as his chief title-deed to the admiration of posterity. The judgment of the Spaniards is said, by our author, nearly to correspond with that of Cervantes himself upon this subject; and as the romance is entitled a *northern history*, their decision may proceed from the same ignorance of the manners of northern nations. Sismondi, from an analysis of this romance, does not hesitate to say, that Don Belianis and Felix Mars of Hircania, which are so pleasantly ridiculed in Don Quixote, could not contain more extravagances than Pericles and Sigismunda.

We cannot omit here to mention a contemporary of Cervantes, Ercilla, the author of Araucana, whose fame Cervantes contributed powerfully to extend. This poem is one of the three epics preserved by the curate in the scrutiny of Don Quixote's library. Two others were rescued at the same time from fire only to fall into oblivion, notwithstanding those merits which were pleaded to stay the hands of the merciless housekeeper. When the Araucana has a place assigned it in the Temple of Fame, on a level with the immortal works of Ariosto, Tasso, or Camoens,

we see in the flattering judgment either the indulgence of patriotic prejudice, or the pardonable wish of atoning by an excess of praise to Ercilla for sufferings inflicted by unjustifiable neglect.

The most fertile field of the literature of Spain is the theatre: the talents of her greatest men have been devoted to the poetry of the stage. The dramatic pieces which she possesses exceed the amazing number of twelve thousand; and many of them have not only been popular at home, but have furnished plots, hints, intrigues, or incidents, to theatres under a different legislation. The dramatic wealth of the Spaniards, like the gold and silver of their mines, was at one time diffused over Europe; though, like these precious metals, it was melted down, altered, and recoined before it obtained currency among foreigners. Their stage was at first romantic, and has never yet changed its character. None of the rules or the examples of antiquity had any effect on its first formation; nor were they studied or known by the people till their native taste had acquired such a decided bias as to resist their influence. The Italians, from whom they borrowed much of their literature, had followed classic models in their dramatic representations; but the soldiers of Charles V. who imported the sonnet and the pastoral from that nation, were less capable themselves of appreciating or making their countrymen admire, those stiff and artificial imitations of antiquity which they saw acted at the learned courts of the Italian princes. They imbibed that predilection for dramatic poetry which was spreading so fast throughout Europe; but it was not for that kind of it which it required deep erudition fully to comprehend, which scholars only could write and pedants admire. The rules of the unities, and the adoption of Greek and Roman subjects, connected their amusements with a mythology, with manners, opinions, revolutions, events, and characters, in which they could feel little interest. If the stage is to be a reflection of what passes in the world, that reflection, like others, will always be more vivid the nearer the object; if our sympathies are to be engaged, they will always be most powerfully attracted by those into whose hearts common feelings or views allow us most completely to enter. The Spaniards accordingly, having no prejudices in favour of learning, demanded the exhibition of their national manners, personages, faith;—of their native feelings and principles of action. Their appetite for theatrical amusement became craving—the delight they felt in gratifying it was extreme; but the rapture was only enjoyed in perfection when the chivalrous manners and modes of thinking which distinguished their nation were faithfully exposed; when love and glory constituted the guiding principles of conduct; and when a sufficiently extensive succession of intrigues, adventures, battles, and mi-

racles, established the credit of their lovers, heroes, and saints. They required that their own romances and poetry should be brought on the stage, should be subjected to their eyes; but they would not consent to see them through the eyes or the rules of strangers. The drama of Spain, therefore, is entirely and radically romantic, acknowledging no subjection to Aristotle, deriving no canons or aids from the practice of the ancients; following none of the rules of modern foreigners; but exhibiting a developement and organization peculiarly its own.

Since French criticism and the authority of the ancients, to which the French and Italians submit in dramatic management, were generally diffused, this taste of the Spaniards has been regarded as an indication of barbarism, or as an unnatural rebellion against the common sense and judgment of civilized nations. Voltaire calls it *une demence barbare, enfance grossiere du theatre, irregularité monstreuse;* and, after telling us that Calderon or Lope de Vega had *at least* as much genius as Shakspeare, he proceeds to say, that we may discover in the pieces of the Spanish and English stage *la meme ignorance, la meme grandeur, des traits d'imagination pareils, la meme enflure, des grossieretes toutes semblables, des inconsequences aussi frappantes, et la meme melange du beguin de Gilles et du cothurne de Sophocle;* and concludes by congratulating the French that it is necessary to have a *cultivated intellect* and a refined taste, *pour exiger qu' une piece de theatre soit digne de la cour des Medicis ou de celle de Louis XIV.* Most travellers who have published accounts of Spain devote a chapter to the monstrosities of the stage, and wonder how the people of that country could allow themselves to be burnt by their Inquisition, or amused with their theatre.

The Spanish people continued, however, to enjoy their national dramatic representations as they did their bull-fights, without inquiring after the dramatic unities, or the other rules by which their feelings could legitimately be moved. Even from the beginning their own authors had abjured any defence of a system which they continued to follow; and Lope de Vega, when accused of departing from the maxims of the learned, makes the same apology for his plays that Solon did for his laws, that they were not the best that might be given, but the best that could be received. *Me dexo llevar de la vulgar corriente,* "I allow myself," says he, "to be carried away by the vulgar current, because, as the people pay for amusement, it is but just that their taste should be consulted."

The life of Lope de Vega, the great founder of the Spanish stage, is thus given by our author:

"He was born at Madrid in 1562, fifteen years after Cervantes:

his parents, noble but poor, gave him a good education; but they died before he could enter the university. He was sent to it, however, by the inquisitor-general, the Bishop of Avila; and he finished his studies at Alcala. Even in his early youth prodigies of imagination and knowledge are related of him. The Duke of Alba took him as his secretary; he soon afterwards married. An affair of honour involved him in a duel; he wounded in a dangerous manner his adversary, and was under the necessity of flying. He passed some years in exile from Madrid, and at his return lost his wife. Grief concurring with his religious and patriotic zeal, induced him to enter the army, and he joined in the expedition of the *Invincible Armada* destined for the conquest of England, the destruction of which consolidated the reign of Elizabeth. On his return to Madrid he married anew, and lived for some time happy in the bosom of his family; but the death of his second wife determined him to renounce the world, and to enter into orders. He continued, however, to the end of his life to cultivate poetry with such an inconceivable facility, that a play of more than two thousand verses, intermixed with sonnets, tercits, and octaves, and abounding in intrigues, unexpected events, or interesting situations, often cost him no more than one day's labour. He himself tells us that more than a hundred of his pieces were given to the stage in twenty-four hours after their first conception. In the time of Lope de Vega there were several Castilian *improvisatori*, who spoke as easily in verse as in prose. He was the most remarkable of these—the labour of versification seemed not to have caused with him a moment's delay. His friend and biographer, Montallan, has remarked that he composed quicker than his amanuensis could transcribe. The directors of the theatre never allowed time to revise or correct the piece which he had written. In this manner, with inconceivable fertility, he produced more than eighteen hundred comedies, and four hundred *autos sacramentales*, in all two thousand two hundred pieces, of which only about three hundred have been published in twenty-five quarto volumes. His other poetical works have been published in twenty-one quarto volumes. These prodigious literary labours procured for Lope de Vega almost as much money as glory. He was at one time worth a hundred thousand ducats; but money did not long remain in his hands. The poor always found his coffers open: and his taste for show, and his Castilian pride, coupled with the disorder of his affairs, soon dissipated what he had gained. After living in a splendid manner he left very little property at his death. No poet during his life-time ever enjoyed so much glory. Whenever he appeared in the street the people assembled round him in crowds, and hailed him by the title of the *Prodigy of Nature*. Even the children followed him with shouts of joy, and all eyes were fixed upon him. The religious college of Madrid, of which he was a member, chose him for their president. Pope Urban VIII. sent him the cross of Malta, the title of doctor in theology, and the diploma of fiscal of the apostolic chamber: distinctions which he owed as much to his fanatical zeal as to his poetry. The Inquisition chose him likewise for one of its members. In the midst of this

homage lavished on his talents he attained his seventy-third year, and died in 1635. His obsequies were celebrated with a royal magnificence. Three bishops in pontifical habits officiated during three days at the funeral of the *Phœnix of Spain,* as he is called in the title-page of his Comedies. It has been calculated that he wrote in his life-time twenty-one million three hundred thousand verses upon a hundred and thirty-three thousand two hundred and twenty-two sheets of paper."

Of this prodigious number of theatrical pieces by which Lope de Vega enriched the Spanish stage and decided its character, Sismondi has only read thirty; several of these he has judiciously analysed and commented upon in his present work. We cannot, however, find room for any of his particular analyses.

The reputation of the "Phœnix of Spain" seems to have been greatest during his own life-time, and in so far at least the following beautiful description of that fabulous bird will not apply to his fame:

——Quo solvimur omnes
Hoc tibi suppeditat vires; præbetur origo
Per cinerem; moritur, te non pereunte, senectus.

Like other prodigies his talents were rather calculated to strike with immediate astonishment than to fix lasting admiration; to attract wonder by doing something extraordinary, than to command respect by durable monuments of excellence. Accordingly the praises of his contemporaries were lavished more on the rapidity of his execution than on the intrinsic merits of his works; they admired him more because he wrote a play in a night, than because he wrote one that promised to be immortal. Sismondi has given a just idea of him by calling him the great Spanish *Improvisatorè.* Few of his theatrical pieces are now acted, and none of his epics are read.

Calderon, who succeeded him in the sovereignty of the stage, and continued with many improvements the system which he began, is now regarded as its unrivalled chief. His monument is not composed of so great a mass of works, but it is raised on firmer foundations and built of better materials. The events in his life are few and uninteresting. He was born in 1600, of a noble family, and began to write for the theatre at the age of fourteen. After a university education he entered the army, and served some campaigns in Italy and Flanders. Philip IV. who himself composed for the theatre, having seen and admired several of his pieces, invited him, in 1639, to court, where he ever afterwards remained. His plays were from this time performed with a pomp and magnificence that became the royal patronage. In 1652, like his great predecessor, he entered into orders, and after this period composed principally religious pieces and *Autos*

Sacramentales, in conformity with his new profession. Honoured and caressed by all classes of his countrymen he lived to the advanced age of 87, giving, two years before his death, the sanction of authenticity to all the works which he wished to be considered as his by posterity. These being written in the course of a very long life, during a great portion of which his muse lay under court contribution, are very numerous, though they bear no proportion to Lope's fecundity. They amount, according to his biographer, to one hundred and twenty tragedies and comedies, more than a hundred *Autos Sacramentales*, and about as many farces.

The praises bestowed upon Calderon of late by the German critics, and particularly by the eminent author of the "Dramatic Literature," are more unqualified and enthusiastic, if possible, than those he received during his own time from the courtiers of a monarch by whom he was so liberally patronized, or those in which his own countrymen at this day demand our concurrence. If the genius and imagination of this celebrated dramatist were alone in question, no encomiums would be thought too high; if the comparative merits of the romantic and classic theatre were to be tried in his person, we believe there would, in this country at least, be a prompt decision in his favour; if a judgment were only to be pronounced in favour of that devoted and respectful love exhibited in his chivalrous compositions over the selfish sensuality of antiquity, or the heartless gallantry of the modern French school, we could see no cause to demur; if, in fine, we were required only to decide whether Spanish honour and Spanish faith were more fitted to the Spanish stage than heathen manners and heathen mythology, we should instantly declare for the affirmative; but these concessions will not satisfy the critics above alluded to. They eulogize his taste, his morality, his religion, as displayed in pieces where all are outraged. Where every requisite of natural dialogue is sacrificed to the desire of saying something lofty, spirited, or brilliant, they drown their disapprobation of his defective judgment in the praises of his original and creative fancy. When religion is represented on the stage for our amusement; when the most sacred mysteries of our holy faith are made the subjects of a theatrical show; when all that we reverence is introduced into a farce, and the lives of saints are made the vehicles of persecution, intolerance, and gross immorality, we still hear from them encomiums on that ardour of piety, and those confident references to supernatural influences which romance inculcates; while that pugnacious irritability which is always watching on the confines of dubious honour for opportunities of revenge, and that spiritualized love which owns no ac-

quaintance with prudence or with nature, are extolled as the perfection of chivalrous purity and refinement.

But we think we cannot do better, while on the subject, than quote some general observations of our author, in opposition to the unqualified admirers of Calderon, and with them we shall conclude the extracts from his valuable publication.

"Calderon, in truth, although endued by nature with a fine genius and a brilliant imagination, appears to me the man of his age; the man of the miserable epoch of Philip IV. When a nation is corrupted, when it loses every thing that rendered it estimable, it has no longer before its eyes models of true virtue, of true grandeur; and, trying to represent them, it falls into exaggeration. Such, in my view, is Calderon: he exceeds the proper limit in all branches of the art. Truth is to him unknown, and the *ideal* that he forms hurts us always with its want of justness. There was in the ancient Spanish cavaliers a noble pride which belonged to the feeling of a glorious country, in which they were considered as something; but the swaggering arrogance of the heroes of Calderon is blown up with the disgraces of their nation and their own servitude. There was in the manners of the knights a just esteem for themselves, which prevented offences, and assured to every one the respect of his equals; but from the time that public and individual honour was sacrificed by a court shamefully corrupt, the theatre gave to the point of honour a punctilious sensitiveness which, being perpetually hurt, demands perpetually terrible redress, and which could not exist in real life without overturning society. Duelling and assassination became, in some sort, the profession of a gentleman; and if the manners of the nation became ferocious, those of the stage became much more so. In like manner the conduct of women had become corrupt; intrigue had penetrated behind the *jalousies* of the houses, and the grates of the convents, where young females were imprisoned: gallantry was introduced into families; it had separated husbands from their wives, and poisoned the domestic union. But Calderon gives to the women he represents a theatrical severity as strict as public morality was relaxed: he paints love as entirely existing in the mind; he invests passion with a character which it cannot support; he loses sight of nature, and, while he thinks he is attaining the *ideal*, he is acquainted only with exaggeration.

"If the manners of the theatre are constantly false, the language is more affected still. The Spaniards owe to their communication with the Arabs a taste for hyperboles and bold imagery; but the style of Calderon is not borrowed from the oriental; it belongs entirely to himself, for he exceeds every example exhibited by his predecessors. If his imagination supplies him with a brilliant figure, he pursues it for a whole page, and does not leave it till he has fatigued us with it. He strings comparison to comparison, and, in charging every thing with the most gaudy colours, he conceals from us its natural form under the ornaments which he lavishes upon it. He gives to grief a

language so poetical, he sends it in search of figures so unexpected, and makes it justify with so much solicitude those far-fetched figures which it finds, that we cease to commiserate the person who can release himself so completely from suffering as to exercise so much wit. The point and antithesis, which under the name of *concetti* have been so much the subject of reproach to the Italians, are even in Marini, even in writers the most affected, surprisingly simple when compared with the everlasting contortions of Calderon. We see him infected with that malady of wit which has had its epoch in every literature after the end of a period distinguished for good taste; which began at Rome with Lucan, which signalized the *Seicentisti* of Italy, the *Rambouillet coterie* in France, the reign of Charles II. in England, and which all ages have concurred in condemning as bad taste. The declared purpose of Calderon, to overlay with the colours of poetry the language of all his speakers, deprives it always of the expression of the heart. I have found in him several situations of admirable effect, but never a word either affecting or sublime by its truth and simplicity. The religious sentiments of Calderon constitute a part of his character on which I shall not insist precisely, because I feel too warmly on the subject. He is, in fact, the true poet of the Inquisition. Animated by a religious feeling which he exhibits too much in all his pieces, he only inspires me with horror for the system he professes. Never were such liberties taken to disfigure Christianity, never was it associated with passions so ferocious, with a morality so corrupt."

Our author enters minutely into the discussion of Calderon's merits, and by an attentive analysis of several of his best, and several of his most extraordinary pieces, enables his readers to pronounce for themselves upon his excellences and defects. His own decision, as will be seen from the passage we have just extracted, is in many points unfavourable; but it proceeds, according to our former statement of Sismondi's bias, rather too much upon political and other extrajudicial grounds. We think too we can discover in the whole of his strictures on the Spanish stage something like a Frenchman's desire to retaliate, upon the indigested specimens of the romantic drama exhibited by that people, for those severe and rigorous criticisms to which the classic dramatists of France have lately been subjected by the admirers of Shakspeare, of Schiller, and of Calderon.

Every thing that is either valuable or celebrated in Spanish literature occurs before the death of Calderon. His plays constituted, according to an illustration of M. Schlegel, the last brilliant and fantastic display of the artificial fireworks of Spanish imagination. The Austrian dynasty, which became extinct about a dozen years afterwards, saw its rise, its glories, and decline. The first examples of good taste were scarcely given by the classic writers, when the political intolerance and religious bigotry of the Philips checked every thing manly, liberal, or bold, in

the efforts of genius. Opinion, taste, and talent, were subjected to the dominion of the most degrading tyranny, and the grossest superstition. Thought was enchained, improvement arrested, and genius repressed. No free line could be written, no liberal notion inculcated by the side of the fires of the Inquisition. The danger of becoming the victim of an *auto da fe* was sufficient to curb the most daring zeal for truth and nature. The circle within which human intellect was allowed to move became daily more and more contracted. Spanish literature was shut out as it were by a partition-wall from that of the rest of Europe, while it was fed with no funds of increasing science or information at home. The Inquisition sealed their country against all importation of foreign books, and although terror rendered their own authors cautious, the catalogue of prohibited books by this tribunal is as great as that of those which are permitted to be read by the faithful. The mass of the people, which in other countries encourages the production of literary works by offering an extensive market for their sale, was in Spain systematically kept in ignorance, and those that were inclined to read, read only upon the recommendation of their priest or confessor. Most of those, who distinguished themselves as authors, either expiated the alleged freedom of their opinions by imprisonment during the pleasure of bigots and inquisitors, or displayed the burning nature of their zeal by becoming themselves monks or churchmen. Thus superstition showed its power by the inquisitous persecution of such men as Ponce de Leon and Quevedo; but still more so, we think, by bringing within the sacerdotal pale such men as Lope de Vega, Calderon, Moretto, Solis, Gongora, and many others, the early part of whose lives had been spent in arms, in dissipation, or in civil employments.

Every branch of mental cultivation and liberal knowledge began to wither about the same time under the blasts of intolerance and despotism. False taste, childish credulity, and defective discrimination, went hand in hand with them. While Lope, by satisfying the incessant craving of his countrymen for what was new and extraordinary, and by supplying the theatre with hasty, ill-digested pieces of intrigue and bustling incident, was laying the foundation of a dramatic literature which is distinguished by its almost total exclusion of works displaying character or observation of life, Gongora and his school were hastening from nature in the other walks of poetry. This writer and his friends, who called themselves the *cultos*, or the *polished* authors of Spain, digressed into conceits and affectation much beyond our *metaphysical* poets, or the followers of Marini in Italy. Gongora, who was called the *astonishing* and the *admirable*, and who was undoubtedly a man of

great talents, succeeded completely in the establishment of the *estilo culto*, and from that time scarcely a spark of taste, of genius, or of nature, is to be found beneath the dark and cold embers of the subtleties and exaggerations that compose the poetry of his school. In addressing the nightingale he tells it, that it must certainly have a hundred other birds in its breast to emit so much melody; and the stream of Mançanares is honoured in his poetical heraldry with the title of *Duke of Rivulets* and *Viscount of Rivers*.

> Estois *duque* de arroyos
> Y *visconde* de les rios.

A very passionate madrigal of this school contains a request made by a jealous lover to his mistress, that "she would lend him her eyes for a moment, that he might go and kill his rival with them:" and we leave our readers to appreciate the ingenious gallantry exhibited in the following verses descriptive of a pastoral beauty:

> Una tarde, que es mañana
> Pues el alva se rio,
> Y entre carmin encendido
> Candidas perlas mostró.
> Divertiose en abrasar
> A los mismos que alumbró,
> Y de cielo de si mismo
> El angel bello cayo.

Such senseless, mystical, and mean puerilities, were not only admired during the latter part of the reigns of the Austrian family, but even seriously and zealously explained and commented upon in learned treatises and dissertations that issued from colleges and convents.

During the earlier part of the last century (after the accession of the Bourbon dynasty) the cultivation of French literature became fashionable among the literati of Spain; but they seem to have made no advances in classical taste by the assistance of their classical neighbours; and after stocking their libraries with translations, which, from the radical difference between the ideas and manners of the two nations, never became popular, they recurred about fifty years ago to their own ancient models. The most celebrated work published after the middle of last century is the Life of Friar Gerundio, in imitation of Don Quixote, in which the quackery and affectation of a certain class of preachers are exposed with as much gaiety and satirical force by Father Isla, a Jesuit, as the romances of knight-errantry were by Cervantes.

Spanish literature, according to a remark of our author's, is properly only of one epoch, and of one kind. It is raised upon

romantic ideas with oriental taste, and has, in the course of ages, neither been improved nor changed. Despotism and superstition, a corrupt court and a fanatical clergy, operating upon opinion and sentiment by the most infernal instrument of power that was ever constructed against the liberties or the conscience of mankind, arrested the progress of Spanish genius at a time when it was prepared even to out-run the other nations of Europe in the career of improvement. These monsters, that kept the proud Spaniard at the starting post, while his neighbours were running the race, are not yet subdued;—they have proved too strong for the spirit of freedom which lately went forth against them. No encouragement of genius, no mental cultivation, can be expected while they triumph. The monk may toil in his cell at making indexes to the lives of fabulous saints, or composing tales about fabulous relics—the grandee may continue to point a compliment of gallantry to his mistress, or of submission to his sovereign; the king himself may embroider robes for the Virgin, and the people may enjoy their bull-fights and religious processions; but literature and science *can* make no advances, or rather *must* be retrograde: as well might we expect a human habitation and a happy family beneath the poisonous tree of Java, as poetry, philosophy, and taste, in the kingdom of Ferdinand and the Inquisition.

Art. IX.—DISPLAY, MATERNAL SOLICITUDE, &c.

1. *Display. A Tale.* By Jane Taylor. fcap. 8vo. pp. 216. Third Edit. Taylor and Hessey.
2. *Maternal Solicitude for a Daughter's best Interests.* By Mrs. Taylor, of Ongar. fcap. 8vo. pp. 160. Fourth Edition.
3. *Practical Hints to young Females, on the Duties of a Wife, a Mother, and a Mistress of a Family.* By the same. pp. 168. Third Edition.
4. *Twelve Addresses to a School; with an original Hymn to each.* By the Rev. Isaac Taylor.
5. *Child's Birth-day; aiming to state the Nature and Importance of that Season.* By the Rev. Isaac Taylor.
6. *Hymns for Infant Minds.* By Ann and Jane Taylor.
7. *Original Poems for Infant Minds.* By the same.
8. *Rhymes for the Nursery.* By the same.

9. *Original Hymns for Sunday Schools.* By Jane and Ann Taylor.

10. *Lime Twigs to catch young Birds.* By the same.

We were about to apologize for some of the titles contained in this list, but are inclined to doubt, on second thoughts, whether any of our readers will require an apology. Men have learned the importance of nursing the seedling, of giving the right bent to the earliest shoots, in order to secure the beauty and usefulness of the plant at its full growth. The day is gone by, when it mattered little with what materials a child went to work, so that he could go through the drill of spelling and reading decently at a certain age. Not that in times past, minds of the highest order thought it beneath them to pay attention to the earliest stages of education. Such an insinuation would be very unfair towards our ancestors, and several great names, besides that of Locke, might be quoted in contradiction to it. But this age has certainly been remarkable for carrying the dissemination of knowlege much beyond its former limits; and peculiar circumstances have contributed to draw the attention of the public more particularly to the subject of education. The infant's library is now a matter of careful selection. And this, it is to be hoped, is not merely the fashion of a day, but will become more and more general in proportion as sound views of practical wisdom, and practical piety, which lies at the bottom of it, are more universally diffused. If we are too sanguine in speaking of this diffusion with such confident anticipation, it is so pleasing an error, that we should scarcely thank the friend who should break the spell. We have been advancing by strides under circumstances which might have appeared unfavourable to internal improvement; and as our vegetation has flourished even in a long winter, it would be strange if its progress were checked under the influence of returning spring.

But even did these little works possess less intrinsic importance than we really think attaches to them, they might fairly nestle in with the family party, which our readers will view probably with some interest, and to which, as being something new in the labours of criticisim, we sit down with some danger of being biassed a little by the pleasure which variety excites. Besides, though we may be too much hardened by habit to feel any thing from bringing a single bird down, there is a great difference between that and firing in upon a covey. To speak seriously, we do think that the joint literary efforts of a family, and efforts so well directed, possess no common claim to the patronage and attention of the public.

It may seem irregular in such a case to begin with the production of one of the junior numbers of the family; but we must take leave to break the common law of precedence in favour of the little volume entitled "Display," as being the one which arrested our attention, and induced us to undertake this article. The object of this "Tale for Young People" may be easily conjectured from its title; and be it known, that this is a merit which does not belong to every title page in the present day. It contains the partial history of two young ladies, the one, to use the author's own distinction, "a Nominalist," the other "a Realist;" the one an artificial, the other a simple character. We shall perhaps introduce them most effectually to our readers by giving an extract from the early part of the volume.

"Of all the young people who had been introduced to the Leddenhursts, there was not one whose appearance pleased them so much as Emily's. They observed that in some important respects her education had been defective; but she seemed amiable, modest, and unaffected; and possessed of good sense, and a strong desire of improvement, which greatly encouraged them in their wishes to serve her.

"They perceived that Elizabeth was a less hopeful subject than her companion; but this did not make them less willing to attempt her improvement; for they were not accustomed to shrink from a duty because it was unpleasant; nor to despair of one that was difficult. They were both invited to join the family circle at Stokely as often as they felt disposed. They were not backward to accept this invitation, and an early evening was fixed upon to pay their first friendly visit.

"Elizabeth and Emily set off on this occasion with high expectations of gratification and enjoyment. Hitherto they had only seen them with other company; 'but now,' thought Emily, 'we shall be alone, and be able to enjoy their conversation:'—'now,' thought Elizabeth, 'we shall be alone, and they must take notice of *me*.'

"On their way, they met one of the servants from Stokely, with a basket of grapes.

"'There goes a present for somebody: who can it be for, I wonder?' said Elizabeth:—'the Tomkins's—or the Davisons', perhaps.'

"'No, no,' said Emily, 'I can easily guess who it is for—poor Eleanor Jones, who is so ill: I know they send her fruit or jellies every day.'

"'Well, very likely,' replied Elizabeth, 'for I heard—but really I can scarcely believe it, Mr. Leddenhurst looks such a pleasant, different kind of man—they say, however, that he and Mrs. Leddenhurst were there the other day, and had such a strange conversation! Oh, I cannot remember half the extraordinary things, I heard they said to her.'

"'I know they have been to see her,' said Emily, 'and that she was very much pleased with their conversation; I do not think *she* thought it strange.'

"'Well, I sincerely hope we shall have no such gloomy, stupid doings to night!' exclaimed Elizabeth.

"'Elizabeth,' said Emily, 'I have heard and thought more about re-

ligion since I conversed with Miss Weston than I ever did before; and I really think nothing is so likely to prevent one from being gloomy and stupid; besides, do not the Leddenhursts appear remarkably pleasant and cheerful?'

"'Yes, in company; people, you know, must be agreeable in company: but I have heard those over-religious kind of folks are miserably dull when they are alone.'

"'Well, we shall see,' said Emily.

"When they reached Stokely, and entered the room, they found Miss Weston playing a lively tune, to which the children were dancing by the light of the fire.—They were cordially welcomed; and Emily felt very happy as the circle formed, and she took her seat by the side of Miss Weston. She looked round, and saw none but cheerful faces; it did not appear to be that kind of cheerfulness which is made at a moment's warning by the rap at the door; they looked as though they had been cheerful and happy all day long.

"Elizabeth appeared this evening dressed with taste, but rather over dressed for the occasion: and this did not pass unobserved; for in the simple action of walking from the door to her chair there was a *manner* that asked for observation—that is, it was *not* a simple action.

"Mr. Leddenhurst was looking over a review. 'Poetry! poetry in abundance for you, ladies,' said he, 'if you like it.'

"'Oh, indeed, I am passionately fond of poetry,' said Elizabeth.

"'Passionately fond, are you? Here is an article then, that perhaps, you will do us the favor to read.'

"Elizabeth readily complied, for she was fond of reading aloud.

"'We select the following passage,' said the injudicious critic, 'for the sake of three lines, which we are persuaded no reader of sensibility will peruse without tears.'

"'No reader of sensibility!' thought Elizabeth; but how should she discover for certain which they were in that long quotation? To cry at the wrong place, she justly calculated, would be a worse mistake than not crying at the right; but, fortunately, as she approached the conclusion, the lines in question caught her eye, considerately printed in italics. She read them with great pathos; and as she read, tears—two undeniable tears—rolled deliberately down her cheeks. Having succeeded in this nice hydraulic experiment, she looked at Emily, and observed with some satisfaction that there was no trace of tears on *her* cheeks; but glancing round at the rest of the company, she felt rather disconcerted to see how perfectly composed every body was looking.—'Are they not extremely affecting?' said she, appealing to Mrs. Leddenhurst.

"'Really I can scarcely tell,' said Mrs. Leddenhurst; 'I always find, that nothing more effectually drives away my tears than having them bespoke: pathetic touches, to produce their effect, should take the reader by surprise, I think.'

"'I question if those lines could have *surprised* me into tears,' said Mr. Leddenhurst.

"'O not *you*, papa!' said Richard, laughing; 'men should never cry, should they, if they can help it?'

" 'Neither men nor women should cry, if they can help it,' answered his father.

" 'I can remember seeing papa cry, though,' whispered little Lucy, 'when he was telling mamma how glad the shabby looking gentleman looked at the sight of the guinea; I saw a tear in the corner of his eye, just for a moment.'

" Elizabeth was so much absorbed by the little vexation she had just experienced, and by endeavouring to ascertain the precise construction that had been put upon her sensibility, that the conversation had taken a different turn before she was aware, and she found Mr. Leddenhurst in the middle of a long story. He had travelled; and was giving an account of a night he once spent in a Laplander's hut; which the children thought so very entertaining that they often begged their father to tell it them over again; and they now came from the further end of the room, where they were quietly at play, saying,

" 'Oh, papa is telling about the little Laplanders!'

"Elizabeth suddenly roused herself to the appearance of lively attention. They who feel interest have no need to feign it: but it rarely happened that Elizabeth was really interested by conversation to which she was only a *listener*. The vain and selfish deprive themselves of most *genuine* pleasures. There was nothing now, for her, but to wait till the recital was finished: to wait for *her* turn, with that sort of impatience which good breeding itself can sometimes scarcely conceal, in those whose sole object in society is, *to make an impression*. But Mr. and Mrs. Leddenhurst had seen the little artifices of vanity practised by greater proficients than Elizabeth. She was not the first person in whom they had observed a greedy impatience to squeeze into conversation every scrap of information that can be collected upon the point in hand. Little do they imagine, who angle for admiration by this and similar methods, how completely their end is defeated, at least with respect to acute observers. They who are intent upon being *heard* and *seen*, are not often *observers;* nor can they believe how easily they are *detected* by those who know how to *hear* and *see*. The involuntary admiration which is inspired by wit or beauty, and especially the respect for talents and acquirements, are, to say the least, *neutralized*, if but a suspicion be excited that they are used as articles of *display*.

" Elizabeth would have been really agreeable, if she could but have forgotten to be charming. Her form was delicate, her face handsome; and it might have been interesting, if the constant effort to make it so, had not given a restlessness to her features which was far from pleasing: her eye first shot its spark, and then looked about for the damage. In her sensibility, especially, there was an appearance of *artificialness*, which rendered it difficult to feel real sympathy with her."

This may be taken as a fair specimen of the general style of the volume, in which the remarks of one, who seems to have made good use of rather scanty opportunities, as we should suppose, of studying life, are pleasingly blended with this sort of dramatic narative. The diction is easy and unaffected, and has the merit of

never appearing to aim at any thing beyond what it reaches. The drawing is after nature, and strictly so, there being nothing of caricature about it; at least we fear not, though we should be very glad to think that there was in the character of Miss Pryke. But we have arrived at this lady's name by an unjustifiable prolepsis, and must return to the heroines of the tale. They will scarcely be thought to deserve that title by those who esteem grated windows and castle-walls, hair-breadth 'scapes, and post-chaises and four, *sine quâ nons* in the composition of a heroine proper; but we hope they will be suffered to take rank as heroines by courtesy, or else our pages will run a risk of an utter deficiency in that tempting title, for we positively cannot admit them with the above incumbrances. Indeed we hope that tales of the cast of that which we are now considering, tales in which probable incidents are made the vehicles of rational instruction, are likely to supersede with a numerous class of readers the flimsy, unprofitable, and worse than unprofitable compositions, which issue in such abundance from the press, to feed the vitiated taste which the rapid increase of circulating libraries has engendered. Not that we can venture to recommend all the rational tales of the present day, on the score of the principles they inculcate, with as safe a conscience as we can the one now under our consideration. Its principal recommendation with us is, that without any of the polite circumlocution which fastidiously fritters away the truth which it seems half-ashamed to utter, and at the same time without any obtrusive coarseness, it not only refers to right principles, but gives them their right names. This will appear as we proceed in a slight sketch of its contents.

Emily and Elizabeth quit Mr. Leddenhurst's house, after this their first visit, with very different sensations. Those of the latter give rise to the following observations from the author:

"Happy are they who do not go into company to *perform;* who can think an evening pleasantly spent that has been unproductive of compliment; and afforded no particular opportunity of displaying the favourite quality, or talent, or acquirement.

"There are some unfortunate persons who seem to make little other use of conversation than as a means of petty, personal aggrandizement; and who, in consequence of this wretched propensity, little as they suspect it, subject themselves to the contempt or pity of those whose opinions are most valuable.

"There is a class of *speechmakers*, who contrive by ingenious allusions, and hints casually dropped, to *let you know* what they feared you might not otherwise find out: they are letting off fireworks; and when it seems all over, and there are only a few pitiful sparks dropping about —off goes another!—*but it never succeeds.* For whether it be—'my uncle's carriage,'—or, 'my friend the colonel,' or 'the general,' or, 'when I was on the continent,'—or, 'only a *jeu desprit* of mine, a

foolish thing,'—or, 'Latin? Oh, scarcely a word I assure you,'—or, 'a cousin of mine knows him intimately,'—or, 'when I write to lady so and so;'—or all these one after another—such hints afford a kind of information which is not intended to be conveyed: they prove, not only that her uncle keeps his carriage—that she knows a colonel and a general—that she has been on the continent—that she writes poetry (and foolish things)—that she learns Latin—that her cousin knows a learned man—that she corresponds with lady so and so; but they show that she is anxious you should *know* it; that *she* considers such things as distinctions; and that they are to her new or rare, for people seldom boast of that which they have always been accustomed to; and what is worst of all, it must create a suspicion that she has nothing more left to boast of: for she who gives out that she reads Latin, is not likely to conceal her knowledge of Hebrew or Greek; and she who intimates that she writes to Lady A—, would assuredly let you know it, if she had any connexion with Ladies B—, C—, or D—.

"But the symptoms of vanity are almost infinitely various: there is no genus comprehending a greater variety of species. The silly girl, vain of her dress and complexion, is really one of the least offensive, and most pardonable of all; for in proportion to the value of the thing boasted of, is the meanness of the boast: hence, a pedant is more contemptible than a coxcomb.

"But whatever particular character it assume, that mind is in miserable bondage, whose happiness is dependant on the opinion, especially on the applause of others. It is a bondage which seems always the concomitant of a general moral imbecility, whether that imbecility be cause or effect."

Emily's introduction to her new friends at Stokely, and particularly to Miss Weston, "of whom nobody could determine whether she was a friend or the governess," had soon an important influence on her character, and satisfied her that "there was something in the Christian religion beyond mere outward forms and observances."

We could have wished to see a fuller development of Emily's change of views and principles than the subsequent pages afford; but Miss Taylor, with an abstinence uncommon in a young author, instead of exhausting her subjects, leaves room to regret, that one, who can treat them so well, does not treat them more fully. The truth of the sketch excites a wish that the picture were more finished and filled up. It is unjust, however, though she will not take it as a bad compliment, to complain of a moderation so rarely to be met with; and she might easily defend herself on the score of the greater prominence which the avowed subject of the volume rendered it necessary to give to the character of Elizabeth, in whose fate the miserable consequences of "display" are ably exemplified. The following quotation comprises most of what throws light on the state of Emily's mind:

"In the mean time Emily's friends witnessed with great pleasure the

hopeful, though gradual change that appeared to be taking place in her mind. These friends could make allowances for the prejudices of education, the influence of early habits, and the various disadvantages which must attend the dawnings of religion in those who have not been taught to fear God from their youth.

"They were pleased to observe in her a delicacy of conscience which made her extremely guarded in conversing on the subject, lest she should be led to express more than she felt. Without sincerity she saw that religion is but a name, and without earnestness, a shadow.

"As soon as she began reading the Bible with attention and prayer, she perceived that she had never before read it to purpose. She was surprised that she had often passed over the same passages which now struck her so forcibly, with such total inattention to their obvious meaning. She began to feel that 'one thing is needful;' that the grand business of life, and that to which all others must be secondary, is to prepare for the life to come. Of the necessity and nature of this preparation she became increasingly conscious the more she thought of God, and of the nature of heavenly happiness. She was convinced that 'His presence could not be fulness of joy' to any but those who are, like Him, holy and spiritual. When she compared the state of mind which the Scriptures call 'meetness for Heaven,' with the vanity and earthliness of her present taste and pleasures, and with the distaste she felt to those that are wholly spiritual, she began to understand what is meant by being 'born again;' and to feel the necessity of it, although her ideas of the way in which this change must be produced, were still indistinct and uncertain.

"She had bowed at the name of Jesus, and spoken of Him, and heard Him spoken of as 'our Saviour,' and 'our blessed Saviour;' but with notions the most vague, and feelings the most indifferent. But when she began to regard Him as a Saviour from sin and misery, as the friend of *sinners*, a living and present friend, and to hope that He might be hers—His being and His character appeared an astonishing reality, and it seemed to her as though she had never heard of Him before.

"At first Emily set about becoming a Christian with the same expectation of success as she would have applied herself to a language or a science. She saw that she had it all to learn, and she thought there was nothing to be done but to learn it. She soon, however, began to experience some of the difficulties which will be encountered by all who are in *earnest*. She was sincerely asking, 'what must I do to inherit eternal life?' But, like him who once 'went away sorrowful,' Emily found herself unwilling to make that entire surrender of the heart to God which he requires, and without which religion is but an irksome bondage, a fruitless effort to compromise between God and the world. She complained of a secret reluctance and disinclination to serious thought and engagements, and of a disproportionate interest in her own pursuits and pleasures. She sometimes expressed a fear to Miss Weston, that her solicitude about religion arose more from a dread of the consequences of neglecting it, than from a desire towards it for its own sake.

"To these complaints her friend listened with sympathy, and administered such encouragements as were calculated, not to make her easy and satisfied with her present attainments, but to stimulate her to perseverance and diligence. She explained to her that these or similar obstacles ever oppose the entrance of real religion to the human heart; that all are naturally indisposed to embrace it; but that those who feel and lament this indisposition have every encouragement to expect assistance.

"'Strength,' said she, 'is promised to those, and those only, who are sensible of weakness; who acknowledging with deep humility and poverty of spirit their mental impotence, are willing to receive help of God.'

"'That change of heart which consists in new dispositions and affections, new pursuits and pleasures, new apprehensions of things unseen, and without which heaven could not be happiness, is,' she said, 'the immediate operation of the Spirit of God. It is that for which of ourselves we are absolutely insufficient. We must not, however,' continued Miss Weston, 'expect this assistance unless we earnestly and constantly seek it: '*Ask*, and ye shall receive;' this is the invariable condition. And, Emily, we must watch as well as pray; and diligently use every means that God has appointed for the promotion of religion in the soul; never relaxing from that strict system of mental discipline in which Christian self-denial chiefly consists. It is to those who *do* the will of God that the promise is offered.'

"While Miss Weston was thus continually performing the noblest offices of human friendship, Emily's love for her became increasingly ardent; for she assumed no authority nor superiority in advising her: her manner was so humble and affectionate, and displayed at once such a delicate consideration of her feelings, and anxious solicitude for her happiness, that Emily's heart melted with grateful affection."

Elizabeth finding that nothing but ill success attended her endeavours to attract admiration at Stokely, gradually drops her intimacy with the Leddenhursts. This estrangement is farther accounted for as follows:

"Indeed, the manner in which the Christian character was described and exemplified at Stokely, rendered it so difficult of imitation---there was so little regard paid to external appearances and particular expressions, and so much stress laid upon sincerity, humility, and spirituality of mind, that Elizabeth soon began to feel the support of her new professions almost intolerably irksome, and almost hopelessly difficult: perhaps she might have abandoned the attempt altogether, if she had not accidently discovered a style of religious profession far easier of attainment."

This passage is open to a remark, which is also generally applicable to the volume itself, namely, that the reader may very easily misapply the lesson which it is intended to convey. It is the habit of a numerous class, who aim at being easy under a disregard of all the external demands and restraints of religion, to

call every demonstration of a regard to them "display;" and we can imagine people of this description eagerly culling whatever passages they could find in a work written like this, professedly on religious principles, which might be quoted in support of their maxim. Here, for instance, they would exultingly read, that in this family, which the author certainly holds up as a pattern, "there was so little regard paid to external appearances and particular expressions." The author certainly means that the "regard paid to external appearances" was "little" *in comparison* with the attention to still more essential points; but such people as we have alluded to, though very skilful in supplying a word to serve their own turn, will take a sentence as literally as possible when that suits their convenience best, and therefore we cannot be too cautious not to afford them opportunities of this kind. On this account we could have wished to see this passage differently worded, and a caution introduced into the work itself against such an abuse of it as we have supposed probable. There is a wide difference between an improper "display" of our principles, and "paying but little regard to external appearances;" and to one instance where the former propensity needs correction, many may be brought where the latter requires still more pointed reproof. The same perfectly wise Teacher, who has cautioned us against religious "display," by declaring that those who are guilty of it "have their reward," has also given us a charge to "let our light shine before men;" not indeed for our own glory, but "that they may glorify our Father which is in heaven." Add to this the Apostle's injunction to "avoid all appearance of evil," and it will be found that the Christian's narrow path is equidistant from display on the one hand, and disregard of appearances on the other. The fact is, that the world will give you very little trouble about the opinions you may hold (unless something particular in your situation gives them a decided prominence), if you will give it no trouble by such a regard to external appearances as condemns its habits and practices. There lies the root of the quarrel which has lasted nearly as long as the world, and in which those who take the right side will always have display imputed to them by their opponents. Nor is it only a watchword for them, but serves also but too frequently as a plausible excuse for conduct, which in fact arises from indecision of character; fear of the world having dictated what the fear of display has been alleged to justify. It cannot be denied, however, that in the present day the temptations to religious display are particularly strong, and require our best care to guard against them.

We have introduced these cautionary hints here, because without them we think there is much danger in the study of such a character as the next which will be introduced. The style of re-

ligious profession, alluded to in the last quotation, is exemplified in the character of Miss Pryke, who is thus described:

"She was a sharp, neat, compact, conceited looking person, who kept a little haberdasher's shop in the market-place. By the aid of some quickness, a good memory, and what was called *a great taste for reading*, she had accumulated a curious mass of heterogeneous lore, with which she was accustomed to astonish, if not to edify, her simple neighbours. She was particularly fond of hard names, and words of many syllables; and her conversation was frequently interspersed with quotations from Young, Hervey, and Mrs. Rowe.

"Her customers, in addition to their purchase, were generally favoured with a little learning, gratis, while she was weighing the pins or measuring the tape; and even before those whom she could not venture to entertain with familiar discourse, some fine word, or *knowing* remark, was dexterously dropped, to let them know *what she was;* and her behaviour to this class of her customers was marked by that mixture of pertness and servility, which is commonly produced by self-conceit in dependent circumstances.

"To these qualifications Miss Pryke added a flaming profession of religion. She was one of the very few inhabitants of this town who appeared to pay any serious regard to it; and among those pious, simple people, who possessed little of the wisdom or knowledge of this world, she passed for a pattern of zeal and sanctity. Miss Pryke's creed, was all *creed:* she was fond of *holding argumentations* upon a few points on which she considered herself to have attained more *light* than the generality of plain Christians. She appeared to take little interest in the practical parts of Christianity, about which there is no controversy; and upon those who made any thing more than a distant or casual reference to these subjects, she readily bestowed her enlightened pity. They were 'persons in the dark;' and if they were ministers, they were 'blind leaders of the blind,' and knew nothing of the *gospel.* She valued *comfort* much above consistency, and was more observant of her *frames* than of her temper.

"She could quote Scripture with great facility; but was fonder of hearing it *allegorized* than explained. She had by rote the whole string of those phrases, and particular modes of expression which pass current among some good people, and which, although frequently used with the utmost sincerity, are very far from being evidences of it."

Elizabeth forms an intimacy with this person, and attends a private weekly meeting held at her house, the sketch of which has something about it which we did not quite enjoy while reading it. We will take this opportunity of referring to another passage, which we would request the author to omit in the future editions of this little volume, which we have no doubt will appear, as being offensive both to good taste and that nice feeling for the honour of the Scriptures, which rejects any thing in the shape of

a parody upon them, however applied. It is at the head of the 55th page, and runs thus:

"For though a *woman* speak with the tongue of men, or of angels, and have the gift of *eloquence*; and understand all *languages*, and all knowledge; and bestow all her *time* to feed her *vanity*; and have not *humility*, it profiteth nothing; she is truly as sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal."

A slight inaccuracy in the use of the word "transacting," p. 65, l. 23, may as well be noticed here.

The fit of religious display is shortened by the arrival of a regiment in the country-town where Elizabeth resided, an arrival necessary to the sequel of the story, but by no means improving to its tone and character. We know of more than one instance in which readers, rather hastily perhaps, have thrown aside this volume in consequence of having first opened it in this part, which has certainly too much the air of a common-place sentimental novel. This remark only applies, however, to a few pages. Elizabeth is led, chiefly by the system of "display," into a marriage with a young officer in this regiment, and "display" shortly afterwards reduces them to the necessity of keeping a shop, her father, who was supposed from his manner of living to be a wealthy man, having died insolvent. Her reluctance to this descent in the scale of society may be well conceived; and the endeavour of her former friend Emily to soften it to her by arrangements for her comfort, made secretly at her intended residence, are prettily told:

"It was not till the morning of the very day on which Elizabeth was expected that all was in complete readiness. Mr. Leddenhurst's carriage stood at the door to take them home. Miss Weston was quite ready to go: but Emily still lingered to see if every thing was in exact order. She replaced the flowers—then returned to adjust the folds of the window-curtains—and stood at the parlour-door, to see how it would strike Elizabeth when she first entered. She next returned to that which was intended to be Elizabeth's room, which was fortunate; for the wind had blown up one corner of the white napkin on the dressing-table. Emily laid it smooth—set the looking-glass in precisely the proper angle—once more patted the volumes on the book-shelves quite even—and after a moment's thought, took down the handsome new Bible which had been provided, and laid it on the dressing-table. She then went down stairs, and having repeated sundry injunctions to Mr. Sandford, sprang nimbly into the carriage, and drove off."

By the same kind feeling Emily is led to act the part of a nurse to her friend in an illness, brought on shortly after by impatient feelings; and this brings us to a period in Elizabeth's history very interesting, and very interestingly exhibited.

The acquisition of these new principles is gradually evidenced

by a change in her conduct, the progress of which is most happily and judiciously described; and the effect of which, in lightening all the evils of her situation, forms, much to the credit of the author's taste, the simple unravelment of the story. If the reader, when he has finished the volume, takes the trouble to analyse the tale it contains, he is surprised to find how much he has been interested with the aid of so little novelty or variety of incident. He may, perhaps, be enabled to solve the enigma by recollecting the air of truth which the tale acquires from the simplicity of its structure, and the graces shed over it by a sound judgment, a correct taste, a playful, but chastised fancy, and, above all, an undeviating rectitude of principle and feeling. We augur most favourably from this as a youthful production, and trust that its author will be encouraged by its success to a strenuous exertion of the talents with which she is gifted, and be led so to employ them, that earthly applause will be amongst the least valuable of their fruits.

If we have been pleased to see such sound and correct principles in the work which has hitherto engrossed our attention, our pleasure has been doubled by following them up one step nearer to their great source, and tracing the early wisdom of the daughter to the nurture and admonition of a mother, who seems to have well deserved such fruits by her sedulous culture of the plants entrusted to her care. The work, which stands second in the catalogue at the head of this article, consists of twenty-one detached essays, to each of which some text of Scripture forms a clue, and the subject of which is in some way connected with those points, which would be likely to excite feelings of solicitude for the welfare of a beloved child in the bosom of a mother. It is replete with sound and rational piety, judicious remark, and right feeling. The fifth, eighth, eleventh, and last two essays, may, perhaps, be referred to as amongst the most interesting; but all are characterised by a genuine earnestness of desire to contribute to the welfare of the person addressed, which give them a charm and a force that no writings can possess, the sole objects of which have evidently been either gain or glory. We shall abstain from making any extracts from this volume, as we shall have occasion to select a specimen or two of Mrs. Taylor's style from her "Practical Hints to Young Females;" a work, the dissemination of which in the middle ranks of society, to which it is principally addressed, might be highly favourable to the increase of domestic happiness.

It would be well for many a fire-side, if the reflection with which Mrs. Taylor sets out were thoroughly pondered, and viewed in all its inferences by the generality of young women at their setting out in life:

" Happy the female in whom education has united with natural talent to form so important a character as that of the *mistress of a family;* and unhappy she, who, possessing neither of these advantages, has the temerity to undertake a task to which she is altogether incompetent."

The second chapter, which treats of the conduct of a woman towards her husband, might have been amplified with advantage, an observation which its author will attribute perhaps to our overweening conceit of the consequence attached to this part of her subject. So much, however, of the misery to be met with in the world arises from a want of attention to such hints as this chapter affords, that they cannot be too fully and deeply impressed on the minds of those who are entering on this system of multiplied duties, and may thus be enabled to prevent what it is most difficult to remedy. The third chapter, on domestic economy, is full of excellent maxims, and deserves the close attention of those who wish to preserve a quiet and independent mind, and to possess the power of contributing to the comfort of others. There is a pithy hint on this subject in the book of Ecclesiasticus, which we would recommend to our readers in corroboration of Mrs. Taylor's advice on the subject of regular accounts, the main hinge on which a well-regulated system of economy turns: " Put all in writing that thou givest out, or receivest in," c. xlii. v. 7. This habit lies at the root of every thing, for without it we are not qualified to reduce to practice the equally admirable and important advice of Juvenal:

" Noscenda est mensura sui, spectandaque rebus
In summis, minimisque; etiam cum piscis emetur,
Ne mullum cupias, cum sit tibi globio tantum
In loculis. Sat. xi.

But we suspect that our fraternity has had so bad a character on this head from time immemorial, that we can have very little hope that advice from such a quarter will carry any weight with it.

Novelty is not to be looked for on subjects which must necessarily have employed the attention of mankind in every age of the world; but the remarks which fill the succeeding chapters on the treatment of servants and the education of children are well selected, and stated both in a pleasing and impressive form. One maxim on the latter subject we would recommend as founded on experience, and of much use in rightly conducting this important branch of duty, namely, that mere " coercion, though it may form habits, never forms principles, the only security for their performance." Many useful hints are given for the sick-room, and also for the parlour; and these are followed by a short chapter on " keeping at home," which our countrywomen will do well to study. Amongst other observations upon this subject, the following makes a very home and pathetic appeal:

"What a melancholy catalogue would our newspapers exhibit, if, beside the ravages of the devouring flames, and the midnight murderers, those made upon the human mind by the habitual absence of mothers, were faithfully recorded! If such a register were kept, it would doubtless appear, that too severe a censure could not be passed upon those who abandon such important duties for places of public amusement. Mothers whose eyes are suffused in tears at the pathetic scenes of a tragedy, may, perhaps, at that moment, have the scenes of a deeper tragedy preparing at home, in which themselves, at some future period, may be among the principal characters."

We cannot find language to do justice to the excellence of the above passage.

No chapter in the volume does greater credit to the head and heart of the writer than the one entitled "the Stepmother." It would be doing it injustice to make an extract from it; but we would strongly recommend its perusal to all who undertake that delicate and responsible office. As domestic happiness cannot be secured by the best exertions of one party, unless seconded by the other, Mrs. Taylor subjoins an address to the husband; and we will venture to say that none, who are worthy of the happiness that name *ought to* imply, will hesitate to subscribe to any part of what she advances in it. She writes like one who knows that conjugal bliss is of a delicate texture, and shrinks, like the Mimosa, from a coarse and negligent touch.

In the concluding chapter the different heads which have been treated of are brought under review with a neat and pointed spiritual application.

On the whole, the book forms a very useful manual of duties, which are certainly of the first importance, and deserves a place in the library of every female in the class and situation for which it is meant. The style is well adapted to the subject, clear and accurate, without any attempt at fine writing, and free from the monotonous heaviness so often attributed to didactic compositions, partly, perhaps, because we do not love to be taught. A glow of genuine feeling gives a sustained interest to it; but its best praise is, that the principles it keeps in view are those of truth and holiness, as revealed to us in the word of God.

Having thus given, as was due, precedence to the ladies, we now come to the works of Mr. Taylor; but he must pardon us if the urgent calls of his young family, who are still behind, prevent our dwelling upon his volumes with the attention which in many respects they deserve. The principles inculcated in them correspond with those which we have traced in the productions of his wife and daughter; and this is a family likeness which we rejoice to see. He prepares us, in an advertisement prefixed to the "Twelve Addresses," for a plainness of style adapted to the capacities of children at Sunday Schools. In aiming at this we think he has sometimes descended to coarseness. As in such expres-

sions as these:—"If a man is a *rascal*, riches only disgrace him:" —"sin, which has ruined his soul, and made him *fit fuel for the fire of hill*:"—"if one man drinks till he cannot stand, the rest *for company sake guzzle* till, like swine, they fall down together." Such passages, however, are of rare occurrence, and the volume abounds with useful advice to children. The tenth and eleventh addresses, the former on the nature of repentance, and the latter entitled "Children united to Christ," are particularly excellent. We make the following short extract from the latter, as a specimen of the style in which the little volume is written.

"Little children, the Saviour gives you leave to pray to him, and ask him for his blessings. Were your father to say, that if you came to him at such a time, he would give you any thing you asked him for; would you not gladly go at the time, think what you wanted, ask him for it, and wait till you obtained it? do so by your Heavenly Father. Think what you want: as sinners, you want pardon; as poor, weak, and ignorant children, you want knowledge, and care, and daily mercies; you want a new heart; to have all the wickedness purged out of your heart, and to have a good, humble, kind, holy heart, given you. You want grace to watch over you every day, to preserve you from temptation, to keep you through life, and to bring you at last to glory. Go, get you alone, and on your knees entreat the Lord Jesus Christ to give you these blessings; he will not be angry to hear a little child ask him for such great mercies. He loves to hear children pray. He heard young Samuel; and says, 'Those who seek me early shall find me.' Let it be your busidess every day, so to seek mercy at the throne of grace: keep praying day after day, if you do not obtain it, till you obtain all you want, you shall suceeed in the end. When you do find mercy, keep praying day after day to get more; you will have need to come again and again, as long as you live."

We come now to a still less volume, entitled "The Child's Birth-Day," "Addressed both to Parents and Children." This double reference is rather unfortunate, for it leads the author to mix up with matter suited to the capacities of children much that is above their comprehension; and to lay open some secrets in the art of education, which lose all their efficacy if children are led to suspect their influence.

The following mode of warding off an injudicious present is so happy, and the observations it comprises are so sensible, that, in spite of the title of the book, we think none of our readers will complain of such a lesson being extracted from it for their benefit. The mother had taken alarm at a very gay bonnet, brought by an aunt as a birth-day present to her daughter.

"The father's anxiety was moved in a similar manner, when he saw the demon of avarice peeping out from a share of a lottery ticket, which aunt Dinah was about to unfold. He was not very fond of lotteries in any case; but was decidedly against nursing up in children the idea of

making a vast deal of money, by any other methods than the exertion of talent and honest industry.

"It was convenient for him, that his sister began by asking him: 'Brother, I suppose you have no faith in dreams and lucky numbers?'

"*Father.* I have faith in Providence, sister, which guides our ways, blesses our honest exertion, and gives us the station in life most suitable to our talents—most conducive to our happiness. If there be any such thing as luck, distinct from providence, I desire not to have any thing to do with it.

"*Aunt Dinah.* Why should you have any objection to twenty thousand pounds some morning? Luck or not luck, there could be no harm in that.

"*Father.* He that denies it to me, sees there would be no good in it for me, at least.

"*Aunt Dinah.* Well, I do think I should like to try.

"*Father.* Many have tried, and succeeded to their utter ruin. But come, sister, fill another glass of wine.

"*Aunt Dinah.* No, I thank you, brother; I have had enough. If I were to take any more now, it would make me quite giddy.

"*Father.* Come, come, sister, fill again; you must drink three or four bottles, before you leave us, just for once.

"*Both Sisters.* Why, brother, are you mad? do you want to kill us? We should, at least, be thrown into a fever.

"*Father.* But I should like to try.

"*Aunt Priscilla.* No, brother, you must excuse us; that is an experiment I will never submit to. There are too many instances, even of sudden death, from such excesses; especially in persons not at all used to drink. I wonder you could mention such a thing.

"*Father.* Not with any intention of doing you any harm, sister, I assure you: but because I knew you would completely justify my ideas as to the lottery, and the acquisition of sudden wealth. A little wine, moderately taken, may be wholesome; but suddenly, and in large quantities, it must be destructive: the body cannot bear the increased stimulus. I say the same by wealth. Let a man, by ingenuity and diligence amass riches, even to affluence, and he may bear it well, and be happier for it; but the mind, like the body, cannot but be injured by the sudden pouring in of riches. Many have actually died with the violence of their sensations; many have been deranged. The spirit of avarice has taken possession of some, and set them upon hoarding and accumulating, so that they could not enjoy. The spirit of dissipation has entered into others: they have soon squandered their ill-gotten wealth away, and have been reduced to poverty, after a taste for wealth had been imbibed, and indulgence had become habitual; reduced to a lower state, perhaps, than that which they originally knew, and having lost all power of finding happiness in it as heretofore. With these warnings before my eyes, I never buy lottery tickets; nor should I choose that myself or family should venture all the sweet serenity of our present enjoyments, for the anxiety of waiting, wishing, longing, for any thing so uncertain as a ticket in the lottery, or for the distresses which would seize the brain of every one of the family, down to little Mary, were a prize, a great

prize, to overwhelm us with its indistinct and indescribable flood of intoxicating joy.

"*Aunt Dinah.* Well, brother, you surprise me; but, surely, you would like it, if you could present each of your children with a few thousands on a *birth-day.*

"*Father.* I should conceive, the sensation which would inevitably be roused by such a circumstance, to be decidedly injurious to the sentiments I have endeavoured so long to instil, and the talents I have laboured to cultivate, were the attempt successful; and if it were not, yet the spirit of avarice and gambling would undoubtedly be roused, and greater torments, more foul fiends, cannot attack the human breast.

"*Aunt Priscilla.* Well, brother, we have always made a point of buying some shares every year; though, to be sure, we never gained any thing, or at least any thing that half paid us our money again, if we were to reckon all we have spent. I believe, if we had that in our pocket now, it would bring in something handsome.

"It will not be thought wonderful, if, during this conversation, the lottery chance (one corner of which had peeped out of her purse) had gradually disappeared; and the whole purse had, step by step, receded, as if ashamed, into the pocket again."

Here and there we meet with phrases which a polished ear would reject; but these are amply redeemed by a general tone of right feeling, and that vein of sound principle, in which, as we have said, we trace the family likeness.

And now, before we proceed to the consideration of the last heads in this article, we must exclaim, *Procul, procul este profani!* Stand far off from our mysteries, ye who have never listened with truly heart-felt pleasure to the hymn repeated with lisping accents, or watched with anxious hope the dawnings of a right feeling, or a generous sympathy awakened in the infant mind by some tale of active or of suffering virtue! We are now writing for the affectionate parent; for the teachers who engage in their task, as all should do, with something of a parent's zeal; for those, and such there are, who can enter into a parent's feelings, though never themselves blest with that endearing name. Such will not think the dignity of our Review prejudiced by our present subject. If others will go on, in spite of this fair warning, we are not accountable for the sensations of contempt or weariness to which they may be subjected.

Those who are at all practically acquainted with the education of children must be aware of the great scarcity that existed till very recently of poetry properly suited to their feelings and capacities. Dr. Watts has been rewarded for his truly laudable exertions to remedy this want by the blessings of many a parent; but a child of any quickness will soon become so well acquainted with

his admirable hymns as to feel circumscribed if confined to their range, and be wearied by the frequent repetition of the same thoughts. An additional stock of poetry of this stamp was, therefore, a real desideratum: and it could not have come before the public in a more interesting shape than as the joint production of several young persons in the same family. We can conceive few things more gratifying to parental feelings, than to see so early a testimony to the good success of the pains which must evidently have been bestowed on the education of these young authors. We do not mean the pains attested by the rhythm of a verse, or the turn of a sentence; but such as are indicated by the profession of right principles and well regulated minds; and such, we are happy to say, may be traced in every page of these juvenile productions. It is a very erroneous, though, we fear, a very prevalent notion, that the religious instruction of children must necessarily be confined within very narrow limits. The contents of the first of these little volumes serve to show that all the fundamental truths of revelation may be laid open to them with sufficient clearness and precision to enlighten their understandings, and in a manner well calculated to interest and affect their young hearts. The fact is, that they cannot be too soon taught not to regard religion as a separate duty, which is to claim their attention at regular intervals, but as a living principle pervading every thought, guiding every word, influencing every action; to listen to its voice, as that of a bosom-friend, not an imperious task-master. The careful perusal and real use of the "Hymns for Infant Minds" is well calculated to produce this effect. All of them are deserving of the notice of our readers; but we cannot afford room for any specimens.

The original poems for infant minds are most of them of a lively cast, and display a great deal of playful humour, and much skill in directing it always to a good purpose. In proof of this we may quote

"MEDDLESOME MATTY.

"Oh, how one ugly trick has spoil'd
  The sweetest and the best!
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
  One ugly trick possess'd,
Which, like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid,
  To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
  But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,
  And by mistake she laid
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay,
  Too near the little maid.
" Ah! well," thought she, " I'll try them on,
As soon as grandmamma is gone."

Forthwith she plac'd upon her nose
  The glasses large and wide;
And looking round, as I suppose,
  The snuff-box too she spied:
" O, what a pretty box is this,
I'll open it," said little Miss.

" I know that grandmamma would say,
  ' Don't meddle with it, dear;'
But then she's far enough away,
  And no one else is near;
Besides, what can there be amiss,
In op'ning such a box as this?"

So thumb and finger went to work
  To move the stubborn lid;
And presently a mighty jirk,
  The mighty mischief did;
For all at once, ah! woful case,
The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth, and chin,
  A dismal sight presented;
And as the snuff got further in,
  Sincerely she repented.
In vain she ran about for ease,
She could do nothing else but sneeze.

She dash'd the spectacles away,
  To wipe her tingling eyes,
And as in twenty bits they lay,
  Her grandmamma she spies.
' Hey-dey! and what's the matter now?'
Cried grandmamma, with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
  And tingling still, and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain
  From meddling ever more;
And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word."

ANN.

The following are in a different vein:

"THE ORPHAN.

"My father and mother are dead,
No friend or relation I have;
And now the cold earth is their bed,
And daisies grow over the grave.

I cast my eyes into the tomb,
The sight made me bitterly cry;
I said, 'And is this the dark room
Where my father and mother must lie?'

I cast my eyes round me again,
In hopes some protector to see;
Alas! but the search was in vain,
For none had compassion on me.

I cast my eyes up to the sky,
I groan'd, though I said not a word;
Yet God was not deaf to my cry,
The friend of the fatherless heard.

O yes! and he graciously smil'd,
And bid me on him to depend;
He whisper'd, 'Fear not, little child,
For I am thy father and friend.'"

JANE.

"THE VIOLET.

"Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew,
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flow'r,
Its colours bright and fair;
It might have grac'd a rosy bow'r,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints array'd;
And there diffus'd its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flow'r to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility."

JANE.

We cannot afford room for any extracts from the other little works mentioned in our list, but can bear testimony to their being equally well adapted to the use of children at a still earlier period.

We take leave of this family party with feelings of cordial esteem, and a grateful sense of the value of their useful exertions in the cause of piety, and for the increase of human happiness.

Art. X.—THE SOCINIAN CONTROVERSY.

1. *A Calm Inquiry into the Scripture Doctrine concerning the Person of Christ.* By Thomas Belsham, 8vo. London. Johnson. 1811.
2. *The Claims of Dr. Priestley in the Controversy with Bishop Horsley.* By Thomas Belsham, 8vo. London. Johnson. 1814.
3. *Three Addresses to the Unitarians.* By the Right Reverend the Bishop of St. David's. Gent. Mag. 1814, 1815. Rivington and Hatchard.
4. *The Bible, and nothing but the Bible, the Religion of the Church of England.* By the Bishop of St. David's. London. Rivington and Hatchard. 1815.

The publications which stand at the head of this article form only a part of those to which the Unitarian controversy has recently given birth. The warfare has been maintained for some months in the Gentleman's Magazine; and, if we may judge from the last number which has reached us of that work, the debate is not likely to come to a very speedy close. The venerable Bishop, who has stood forward in defence of the orthodox faith, seems to have lost nothing of his courage or his zeal; and the champions of Socinus' school are, with the exception of their leader, still full of confidence and still eager for the combat.

In speaking of the present race of Socinians, as belonging to the school of Socinus, we would not disguise the fact that the principles of the Unitarians, as they love to be called, are in some respects widely different from those of their founder. The term Socinian has been generally applied to these persons; and if we should occasionally adopt it in this article, our apology must be, that we know not a term more descriptive of the sect. We object to the word Unitarian as of no very definite application. "It has been used with great vagueness by the very writers who arrogate the name, being applied by some to a great variety of sects, Arians, Ebionites, Theodotians, Sabellians, and Socinians; to any sect, in short, which has pretended to preserve the *unity* of the Deity better than the *Trinitarians*, according to the Council of Nice; whilst by others, and particularly by Dr. Priestley, it is attributed exclusively to those who maintain the mere humanity of Christ. On this account Mr. Howes proposed to substitute the word *Humanist* or Humanitarian, as more precisely expressing the chief principle of the sect intended."* And this appel-

* Dr. Magee—Note No. X.

lation has by some of them been adopted. We object further to the word, because in the proper sense of it the members of the church of England are strictly Unitarian; they all believe in the unity of God; they affirm this doctrine continually in their prayers, and mention it as an article of their creed, that "there are not three Gods, but one God." We do not therefore exactly see on what fair principle the term Unitarian can be claimed by Dr. Priestley and his adherents: it may be very convenient for them to adopt it, because it contains an implication that persons commonly called orthodox disbelieve the unity of God; but for this very reason a member of the church of England may be inclined to pause before he admits the justice of their claim.

The opinions of the Socinian body have not been so stable and permanent as to allow us to speak of them without reference to dates. Not only have different writers of that class held different sentiments upon points usually deemed important, but it has so happened that the same individual has abandoned at one time the notions for which he contended at another. In the progress of free inquiry new light has appeared to break in upon his mind, and he has doubted, and reasoned, and philosophized, till he has departed not only from the system of his predecessors but even from the theories of his former self. We shall travel no farther for the creed of the sect than Mr. Belsham and Dr. Priestley; and as these gentlemen are more immediately concerned in the discussions now in progress, and each of them must be esteemed by his party the Coryphœus of the day, we shall endeavour to give on their authority a brief view of the Unitarian creed.

Among the tenets of Dr. Priestley in or about the year 1784, were the following:—that Jesus Christ was a mere man, and a fallible man; that the inspiration of Christ was not plenary, and that the evangelists and apostles possessed no inspiration as writers; that inconclusive reasoning is to be found in the epistles, and doubtful facts in the gospels; and that any person is at full liberty to think of the miraculous conception of Christ, "as the evidence shall appear to him, without any impeachment of his faith or character, as a Christian." Together with the divinity of Christ, he rejects all those great doctrines which are commonly supposed to flow from it. Mr. Belsham's scheme of things as recorded in the year 1798,—and we have no reason to suppose that he has made any remarkable retrogression since that period towards the regions of orthodoxy,—was of this sort:—that a state of eternal punishment is absurd, the end of all punishment being remedial; and therefore that the sufferings of the wicked in a future state "will terminate in a complete purification from moral disorder, and in their ultimate restoration to virtue and happiness:"

that the merits and sufferings of Christ have no avail toward the salvation of man; that his death was not a propitiatory sacrifice, and that we have no redemption through his blood; that the divine nature and pre-existence of Jesus Christ are mere fables; that he was in all respects a man like ourselves, and has no dominion over us in the world of spirits; that as "we are totally ignorant of the place where he resides, and of the occupations in which he is engaged," "there can be no proper foundation for religious addresses to him, nor of gratitude for favours now received, nor yet of confidence in his future interposition in our behalf;" that "the Scriptures do not teach the existence of any such person as the Holy Spirit, and that there is no ground for the expectation of any supernatural operation on the mind;" that virtuous habits are the only ground of acceptance with God, and that, since men according to him are the mere creatures of circumstances, the habits which they form whether good or bad are the result of the impressions to which they are exposed, &c. The creeds of these two champions of the sect may be considered as the same.

It must be confessed that a system like this, which supposes man to be an accountable creature, and yet binds him down by the irresistible law of necessity; which exhorts him to gain future happiness by his own virtue, and yet makes his virtuous habits to depend wholly on the power of destiny; which commences with the highest dogmas of Calvinism only to land us in purgatory; which abolishes Christian sabbaths as destructive of religion and morality; which rejects the notion of prayer, and differs essentially from the creed of the French Theophilanthropists, as Mr. B. appears to think, only in admitting the resurrection of Christ—of Christ, who, according, to this same system, was as merely a man as Lazarus;—it must be confessed, we say, that a system of this nature is neither quite so consistent as might be wished with itself, nor, at first sight, quite so conformable to Scripture as its advocates profess to believe. Mr. Belsham himself seems on some occasions to represent it as hard to be understood. Of certain Unitarians, who, having stopped for a season at this "half-way house between orthodoxy and infidelity," finally rejected the Christian religion," he observes, that "they either did not understand their principles, or they were perplexed with difficulties which perhaps patience and attention might have solved, &c. &c.: * and the truth is, that Socinianism, although constructed upon the principle of avoiding all mysteries, presents a labyrinth in which its votaries must, unless they overleap the boundaries, be for ever entangled;

"And find no end in wandering mazes lost."

* Review of Mr. Wilberforce.

Bishop Sherlock, in speaking of the proper Socinians,[1] has the following excellent remarks:—

"The Socinians think it very incredible that God should have an Eternal Son, begotten of his own substance; or that this Eternal Son of God should take human nature into a personal union with himself; should become man, and live and converse with us in this world; and die, and rise again from the dead. But why this should be thought incredible I cannot tell; for whatever difficulty there is in conceiving a Trinity in Unity, there is no difficulty in the notion of a Son, nor any more difficulty in the notion of an Eternal Son than of an Eternal God. And if God have an Eternal Son, what considering man will venture to say, that if God so pleases this Eternal Son of God cannot unite himself to human nature and become true and perfect man by human birth, as he is true and perfect God by his Eternal Generation.

"But it seems infinitely more incredible that a mere man should be the Saviour of mankind, though made on purpose as perfect and excellent a creature as man can be; that he should expiate our sins and reconcile us to God, and be himself exalted to the name, and office, and dignity of a God, placed on the throne of God, and at his own right hand, far above all principalities and powers, and receive the humble and religious adoration not only of men but of angels themselves.

"This indeed is very incredible; not merely because it is incomprehensible, but because it contradicts those natural notions we have of God and of creatures, and that honour and worship, reverence or respect, which is due to both. For a mere man to merit of God, and so highly to merit, as to merit the salvation of mankind, of sinful and apostate mankind; for a creature to be placed on the throne of God, and a man to have a sovereign authority over angels; to be a God, and the object of religious worship to angels and men; for a creature to have all the perfections of God; that is, a created, finite nature to have uncreated, infinite perfections; or to have the authority, dignity, worship of a God, without those divine inherent perfections to which this authority and worship are only due; or to have the glorious character of the Saviour of mankind without any inherent merit to expiate our sins, or any inherent power to save us: this, I say, makes the gospel a mystery, but not a mystery of godliness, nor of God manifested in the flesh, but a mystery of a made God or of a titular God, a God without the nature or perfections of God, which is much more hard to conceive than a God-man. The mystery of a nominal Saviour, and a metaphorical priest and sacrifice; a priest and a sacrifice which can make no expiation for sin, and therefore is no priest nor sacrifice, but is only called

so; and a prince and Saviour, who has all power both in heaven and earth committed to him, but has no inherent power to do any thing himself; has the title of power and government, but has not an Almighty arm to sway the sceptre of the world. This turns all the peculiar duties of Christianity into great mysteries too; that we must believe in Christ for the pardon of our sins, whose blood made no atonement for sin; that we must hope in Christ to raise us from the dead, and to bestow immortal life on us, who neither could raise himself nor can raise us by his own power; that we must worship him who by nature is not God; that we must pray to him who cannot hear us, nor know what we pray for, unless God reveals our petitions to him; and that we must trust in him who knows not our wants, and has no power to help us. And have not these men wonderful reason to cry out of mysteries, who to avoid one mystery, and that a very glorious mystery *of God manifested in the flesh*, which has nothing so mysterious in it as the mysterious love, and goodness, and wisdom, and condescension of the Son of God for the redemption of mankind, make mysterious nonsense of the whole gospel, and destroy all the essential reasons of the Christian faith, and hope, and worship! for if Christ be not *the Word made flesh, God manifested in the flesh*, the best that we can make of it is, that the whole Christian worship is a very unreasonable service."

We would not be understood to charge all these mysteries upon the more modern disciples of Socinus; for they have improved greatly upon their forefathers, and they are to be judged by their own creed. But if it were the end of Christ's coming into the world, *i. e.* of a sinful Jew being born under circumstances somewhat remarkable, merely to engraft upon the religion of the Theophilanthropists the doctrine of a resurrection from the dead, how can we account in any rational manner for all that wonderful preparation, which pointed to his appearance? Was it simply for this, that the Messiah was made the subject of the first promise given to man, and that the whole volume of the old Dispensation testifies of Christ? Wherefore did the entire system of the Jewish worship, its priests, and its temple, and its sacrifices prefigure the expected Saviour? Why did the prophet dwell with such rapture on the prospect of his appearing? For what purpose did the angels descend from heaven and welcome to this region of sorrow the Prince of Peace? All the signs of his approach, and all the glories of his advent, and all the miracles of his power, and all the testimonies of apostles and patriarchs and prophets; that mighty array of saints and confessors, who had anticipated his triumphs or beheld his glory; the descent of the Holy Spirit, the temptation in the wilderness, the transfiguration on the mount, the darkness of the sun, and

the convulsions of the ground, all, all were intended to prepare us for the simple fact of the resurrection of a fallible and peccable Jew!

These objections are of no great account, it may be presumed, with a professed modern Socinian. But there is one doctrine, still admitted among the followers of Socinus, which seems not a little to disturb and discompose even Mr. Belsham. He knows not what to decide about those passages of Scripture which speak of Christ as the universal Judge. "From these declarations," he observes, "it is concluded that Jesus is appointed to appear in person to raise the dead, to judge the world, and to award to every individual of the human race his final sentence of reward or punishment. This is an office of such transcendent dignity and importance, and requires powers so far superior to any thing we can conceive to belong to a mere human being, however meritorious and exalted, that to many it appears utterly incredible that such an office should be assigned to one, who was himself at one time a peccable and fallible man, and as such liable to appear at the tribunal of Eternal Justice. The righteous Judge of the whole earth, the unerring Arbiter of the destinies of all the innumerable generations of mankind, must surely be a personage of rank far superior to any who shall then be summoned to his tribunal. This argument has appeared so forcible to some persons of much learning and reflection, that this consideration alone has prevented them from acceding to the Unitarian hypothesis, though they have acknowledged that particular texts might admit of a satisfactory explanation upon Unitarian principles. That this is a great difficulty cannot be denied, but possibly it may be alleviated by attention to the following considerations."*—To alleviate this formidable difficulty, a difficulty quite decisive, against the whole system, unless we are willing to repose our faith in a most unaccountable mystery, Mr. B. persuades himself that the appointment of a peccable man to the office of universal Judge is neither inconsistent with the Divine wisdom, nor with the reason and order of things. "Jesus and his apostles, he remarks, do not appear to have found any difficulty in the appointment of a human being to the office of universal Judge!" Into such monstrous absurdities does the Socinian system inevitably lead! and it is in this way that we are to be delivered from mysteries!

The basis upon which the entire system appears to rest is the mere humanity of Jesus Christ; and to the establishment of this

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* See Mr. Wardlaw's "Discourses on the principal points of the Socinian Controversy," (p. 426). We most earnestly recommend this valuable work to every friend of religion and truth.

doctrine the Socinians have recently directed all their talents and all their learning. To give it every assistance which may be derived from prescription and authority, Dr. Priestley published in the year 1782, a work entitled "A History of the Corruptions of Christianity." In this publication he made a warm attack upon the creeds and the discipline of every Church in Christendom, and maintained that his Socinian doctrine was the doctrine of the primitive ages. Dr. Horsley reviewed his work in a Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of St. Albans; and a series of controversial letters between him and Dr. Priestley naturally followed. Dr. Horsley published the letters written by himself, with several disquisitions relating to the same subject, under the title of Tracts; and for several years this great work remained, as we believe, without an opponent. No sooner, however, was the champion of orthodoxy removed to another world, than the Socinians were again in motion. They set forth an improved version of the New Testament, and Mr. Belsham published "A Calm Inquiry," &c. in which he made certain observations not very complimentary either to the clergy at large or to the memory of the learned Bishop. The attack called forth the Rev. Heneage Horsley, who in the appendix to a new edition of his father's tracts discussed the objections of Mr. Belsham. A reply soon appeared, entitled "The Claims of Dr. Priestley, &c." The Bishop of St. David's now published his first address to persons calling themselves Unitarians, and that warfare commenced of which it is the main object of this article to furnish an account.

When Dr. Horsley was dead, Mr. Belsham set himself in good earnest to destroy the reputation which that prelate had universally acquired among men of learning and of piety. He averred in his "Calm Inquiry," that "both the contending parties retired from the field *well satisfied* with the result of the conflict—Dr. Priestley with his victory, and Dr. Horsley with his mitre." Lest this language should be misunderstood, he taxes the integrity of the Bishop in terms still more direct and offensive. He says in his "Claims, &c." that in the controversy between the Doctor and the Bishop, the Bishop *did not claim* the victory; and that he *knew* he *could not claim* it. His words in speaking of his own review of the controversy are these:—"Nor does he know that he should ever have published his thoughts on the subject, had it not been for the unblushing confidence of Bishop Horsley's partizans in claiming for their chief that palm of victory which he *did not* and which he *well knew* he *could not claim* for himself. In the points at issue between him and the learned prelate, the victory of the great advocate of the Divine Unity was

decisive and complete. *This the Bishop well knew.*" Lest this language should not be sufficiently explicit, he proceeds thus:

"And though his Lordship was no doubt gratified to see the effect produced by his pompous and imposing style upon the unthinking crowd, he would have been the first to laugh to scorn the solemn ignoramus who should seriously profess to believe that the advantage of the argument remained with him. No, sir, Bishop Horsley KNEW that he had inadvertently given too much credit to the great name of Mosheim. HE KNEW that Mosheim's authorities would not bear out his assertions. HE KNEW that he had in vain sought for other authorities to support Mosheim. HE KNEW that having failed in these he had sported a hypothesis of his own, which would not bear examination for a moment. HE KNEW that in this state he had retired from the field, leaving his adversary in full possession of the ground. All this the Bishop KNEW, though his son may not; nor am I afraid of being contradicted in this statement by any one who is qualified to judge in the case, and who is under no temptation to conceal his real sentiments."

Had Mr. Belsham been contented with stating his own persuasion that the victory remained with his Socinian master, whatever might have been our estimate of his reasoning powers, we should have been disposed to give him all due credit for his persuasion. But the case is widely altered, when he thus insults the moral character of the dead. By what means can he pretend to ascertain the sentiments of Bishop Horsley but by the declarations of that prelate? If Bishop Horsley has expressed opinions the very reverse of those attributed to him by Mr. Belsham; if he has again and again declared his opponent to be utterly unqualified for the discussion, and has represented him as humbled and discomfited and beaten from the field; with what words, which it may become scholars to use, can we characterize the several assertions of this intrepid opponent? Let us hear Bishop Horsley himself.

In speaking of his own charge to the clergy of St. Albans, which referred particularly to the corruptions of Christianity, he says, "The specimens alleged of the imperfections of the work* and the incompetency of its author may be reduced to six general classes:—Instances of reasoning in a circle; instances of quotations misapplied through ignorance of the writer's subject; instances of testimonies perverted by artful and forced constructions; instances of passages in the Greek fathers misinterpreted through ignorance of the Greek language; instances of passages, misinterpreted through the same ignorance, driven further out of the way by an ignorance of the Platonic philosophy; instances of

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* *Viz.* "Dr. Priestley's Corruptions of Christianity."

ignorance of the phraseology of the earliest Christian writers." Such was the opinion expressed by Bishop Horsley in the *Preface* to his Tracts: this is, therefore, his last recorded opinion; and it applies not less to the Letters than to the Charge; for the Letters grow out of the Charge, and their principal object was to substantiate the allegations contained in the Charge with respect to Dr. Priestley's utter incompetence. These allegations, then, it is plain, that the Bishop, when giving his entire work to the public, believed himself to have fully substantiated. With respect to the sentiments entertained by Dr. Horsley, we consider this single passage as conclusive; but it may not be improper to cite two or three more: we shall avail ourselves of the First and Second Address of the Bishop of St. David's.

"If Bishop Horsley had conceded the victory, we might readily have admitted it to be decisive and complete: but no one can read a page in the Bishop's Tracts without seeing how *contrary to truth* Mr. Belsham's assertion is. In the second part of his remarks (p. 376) the Bishop says, 'Upon these foundations, which a stronger arm than Dr. Priestley's shall not be able to tear up, stands the Church of orthodox Jewish Christians at Jerusalem; to which the assertors of the Catholic faith will not scruple to appeal, in proof of the antiquity of their doctrine.' Ibid, p. 499, he says, 'the disturbed foundations of the Church of Ælia are again settled: I could wish to trust them to their own solidity to withstand any future attacks. I could wish to take my final leave of this unpleasing task of hunting an uninformed uncandid adversary through the mazes of his blunders and the subterfuges of his sophistry.' If Mr. Belsham can read these passages (he must have often read them), and yet can assert that Bishop Horsley *knew* himself to be defeated in argument by Dr. Priestley, he is not competent to judge of any fact of ecclesiastical history, or of the opinions of the ancient fathers, or the doctrines of the established church." (First Address to Persons calling themselves Unitarians.)

"The extent of Mr. Belsham's sense of *shame* and *consistency*, we see in his renewed declaration, that Bishop Horsley 'knew that he was defeated, and that he would have laughed to scorn the solemn ignoramus who should have thought otherwise,' though Dr. Priestley is every where throughout the controversy convicted of inaccuracies and misrepresentation, and a radical ignorance of his subject. Bishop Horsley's general judgment on the controversy is strongly expressed in the passages quoted in my former address: but as Mr. Belsham has since repeated his gratuitous assertion to the contrary, I will add here two other passages from Bishop Horsley's remarks on Dr. Priestley's Second Letters, §. 9 and 12. 'These and many other glaring instances of unfinished erudition, shallow criticism, weak argument, and unjustifiable art to cover the weakness, and to supply the want of argument; which must strike every one who takes the trouble to *look through* these Second Letters; put me quite at ease with respect

to the judgment, which the public would be apt to form between my antagonist and me.'—'As for the outcry which he makes about my intolerance, and my bigotry to what he calls high church principles, I consider it as the vain indignant struggle of a strong animal, which feels itself overcome; the mere growling of the tiger in the toils; and I disdain to answer.'

"Yet Mr. Belsham persists in his assertion, that Bishop Horsley knew that he was defeated. And what is this but saying Bishop Horsley 'did not delieve what he said'? But this is nothing to that gross instance of '*defamation against the memory of the dead*,' of which Mr. Belsham is guilty, in saying that Bishop Horsley would have 'laughed to scorn the solemn ignoramus who should have thought him not defeated.' What can Mr. Belsham be *ashamed* to say of any one after such a charge of hypocrisy, duplicity, and contempt of truth? It is indeed no more than he said before, in general, of the clergy. 'Interested priests and crafty statesmen will continue to support a religious establishment, which answers their private and political purposes, at the same time that they *hold its doctrines in contempt*.'"* (Second Address.)

Should the reader wish for additional specimens of the opinion entertained by Bishop Horsley concerning his Socinian antagonist, he may consult p. 98, 100, 110, 111, 146, 270, 374, 379, 381, 413, 418, 451, 501, &c. &c. &c.; we refer to the third edition.

What, then, are the arguments which Mr. Belsham adduces in support of his heavy charge against the *integrity* of Bishop Horsley? None. What are the proofs that Dr. Priestley was victorious in the contest? We shall proceed to examine them.

Our readers are already apprized that it was no part of Bishop Horsley's plan to do that which had been done a hundred times before—to prove the orthodox character of the Christian Church in its early days: if evidence were wanting of this fact, the works of Bishop Bull were in the hands of every scholar, except Dr. Priestley: for he avers that he knew nothing about them; and if no other proofs could be adduced, the publications of that learned and orthodox Prelate are complete and decisive. Bishop Horsley wrote with a different intention; into the main question he did not choose to enter; he simply undertook to prove the radical incompetence of the worthy Doctor to perform the task in which he had voluntarily engaged. His avowed intention was to convict that learned person of the most shameful ignorance and the most disgraceful incapacity in relation to the high subjects which he presumed to discuss. When Mr. Belsham therefore affirms that "† the most material point at issue between the learned champions was not a question of scho-

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* See Dr. Magee on the Atonement.

† Gen. Mag. Dec. 1814. p. 126.

larship and criticism, but concerning a plain matter of fact," *viz.* whether, "the great body of Hebrew Christians in the two first centuries were believers in the simple humanity of Jesus,"* we cannot do less than pause and wonder at the intelligence. It was strictly a question of scholarship and criticism; and the point to which Mr. Belsham alludes grew out of the main subject of the Doctor's incapacity.

This incapacity Dr. Horsley undertook to prove by nine specimens from Dr. Priestley's work.

Mr. Belsham's attack is founded upon the fourth. It was on this charge that the Author of the "Corruptions," &c. made his most regular defence, and here it is that his disciple is determined to stand by him.

Dr. Priestley contended upon the alleged authority of Epiphanius and Origen, that the Ebionites, the Socinians of their day, were the same with the Nazarenes, and affirmed that the first Hebrew Christians were called Nazarenes.

To prove his point it was necessary to establish the two following positions: 1. That the faith of the Nazarenes was Unitarian; that there was no difference between them and the Ebionites; and 2d. That these Unitarian Nazarenes were the Hebrew Christians.

Now it is a little unfortunate that Epiphanius does not support the position for which his authority is produced. Dr. Priestley has garbled and mistranslated him: he gives a substitution of his own for the assertion of his author. Epiphanius makes an obvious distinction between the Ebionites and the Nazarenes; and it may fairly be concluded from him that the Nazarenes were orthodox on the subject of the divinity of Christ. We find also that Grotius, Vossius, Spencer, and Huetius believed the Nazarenes and the Ebionites to be distinct sects, and the proper Nazarenes to be orthodox. It is impossible to examine the testimony of Epiphanius without a clear conviction that Dr. Priestley has most unfairly and most unjustly made use of his authority.

The argument is, therefore, to rest upon the declaration of Origen.

Now it is worthy of remark, that Origen never mentions the Nazarenes; and Dr. Priestley has no way to confirm his theory but by placing in connexion two passages of that author, which are widely remote from each other. These passages occur in the 2d and 5th books of his reply to Celsus; a work perfectly controversial; and Bishop Horsley has shewn that even these extracts thus adduced tend very little to the confirmation of Dr. Priestley's creed. The point which Origen is called by Dr. Priestley to prove is simply this: that the Hebrew Christians were in his own time

* Gent. Mag. Dec. 1814. p. 126.

(the third century) called Ebionites; and from that circumstance he wishes to deduce a similar conclusion with respect to their ancestors;—a halting argument at any rate; and the manner in which the learned Doctor labours to support it, is liable to great objections.

The passage brought from Origen to prove that the Hebrew Christians were in his time called Ebionites, expressly states that they bore this name as *observers of the law*: it was simply because they *Judaized*, and not, as Dr. Priestley would interpret the words, because they Socinianized: it had no reference to their belief with respect to the divinity of Christ. Nor does his description of the twofold Ebionites in the 2d passage much help the matter: the Socinian cause has no great reason to boast of Origen.

But suppose that this writer had, in the heat of controversy, said exactly what Dr. Priestley could wish him to say; suppose he had declared that all the Hebrew Christians in his own time were observers of the law, and all Ebionites, I shall in this instance, says Dr. Horsley, tax his veracity. And not without reason: when the spirit of controversy was strong upon him, he sometimes contended for victory with too little regard for truth. For example: If he alleges in one place that the Hebrew Christians still maintained the observances of the law, he insults over his opponent in another place for not knowing that some of them had abandoned the ancient ritual. He mentions three sorts of Jews professing Christianity, and intimates that those only who had laid aside the use of the Mosaic law were considered as Christians!

"What opinion, says Dr. Horsley, is to be entertained of a writer's veracity, who in one page asserts that the Hebrews professing Christianity *had not* renounced the Jewish law; and in the next affirms that part of them *had* renounced it, not without an insinuation that they who had not were heretics, not true Christians?" The Bishop adduces other proofs of Origen's want of fairness, when engaged in dispute; and shews to demonstration that in such cases no stress is to be laid upon his assertions. The man contradicts his own statement in terms the most plain and explicit. He was, therefore, very capable of asserting in argument what he did not believe.*

* For a full and most satisfactory examination of this whole question about Origen, we refer to Jamieson's reply to Priestley, chap. 6. He coincides completely with Bishop Horsley in his judgment of Origen. Dr. Jamieson's work should be in the hands of every scholar, who wishes to be duly acquainted with the feats of Dr. Priestley: it has never been answered. Among other circumstances which recommend this publication we may observe, that it carries on the question with Dr. Priestley, after Bishop Horsley considered him as unworthy of farther notice or reply.

And this is all that we think it necessary to observe in reply to Mr. Belsham's benevolent lamentations over his immaculate witness Origen—this fairest Christian character of all antiquity! Mr. Belsham's own experience must have long since apprised him that it is no unusual circumstance to calumniate the character of the dead; and if it be calumny to deny the veracity of a man who deals in contradictory statements of facts within his own knowledge, Origen has most assuredly met with many calumniators before Cave and Bishop Horsley. We say with Mosheim, "Ego Huic Testi etiamsi jurato qui tam manifesto fumos vendit me non crediturum esse confirmo."

Out of this question of the Nazarenes grew the discussion about the Church at Ælia. Bishop Horsley, in examining the assertions of Origen, inquires whether he had never met with Hebrew Christians of the church of Jerusalem. "Was the Mosaic law observed, he asks; was it tolerated in Origen's days in that church, when under the government of Bishops of the uncircumcision?"

"The fact is, that after the demolition of Jerusalem by Adrian, the majority of the Hebrew Christians, who must have passed for Jews with the Roman magistrates, had they continued to adhere to the Mosaic law, which to this time they had observed more from habit than from any principle of conscience, made no scruple to renounce it; that they might be qualified to partake in thevaluable privileges of the Ælian colony, from which Jews were excluded. Having thus divested themselves of the form of Judaism, which to that time they had borne, they removed from Pella, and other towns to which they had retired, and settled in great numbers at Ælia. The few, who retained a superstitious veneration for their law, remained in the north of Galilee, where they were joined perhaps by new fugitives of the same weak character from Palestine. And this was the beginning of the sect of the Nazarenes. But from this time, whatever Origen may pretend to serve a purpose, the majority of the Hebrew Christians forsook their law, and lived in communion with the Gentile bishops of the new-modelled church of Jerusalem; for the name was retained, though Jerusalem was no more, and the seat of the bishop was at Ælia. All this I affirm with the less hesitation, being supported by the authority of Mosheim. From whom indeed I first learnt to rate the testimony of Origen, in this particular question, at its true value.

This account of the church at Jerusalem and Ælia, Dr. Priestley denies to be just, and after his fashion attempts to disprove it: Mr. Belsham considers the Socinian as triumphant. We shall endeavour to shew the merits of the case as briefly as we can.

Dr. Horsley having vindicated himself from the base imputation of forging certain statements, which he professed to support by the authority of Mosheim,—a charge resulting solely from the ignorance of his opponent,—proceeds to state the reason which determined him to abide by Mosheim's account

We shall present this passage to our readers with such additonal extracts as bear directly upon the question.

"He must know, that three circumstances in particular, which he is pleased to mention among my additions, are affirmed by Mosheim: the conflux of Hebrew Christians to Ælia; the motive, which induced the majority to give up their ancient customs: namely, the desire of sharing in the privileges of the Ælian colony; and the retreat of those, who could not bring themselves to give their ancient customs up, to remote corners of the country. These were Mosheim's assertions before they were mine: and Dr. Priestley either knows this, or, pretending to separate Mosheim's own account from my additions, he hath not taken the trouble to examine what is mine, and what is Mosheim's."

"3. It may seem, however, that to convict my adversary of the crime of shameful precipitance, in asserting what he hath not taken the pains to know; or of the worse crime, of asserting the contrary of what he knows, absolves not me of the imputation, that I have related upon the authority of Mosheim, what Mosheim related upon none. I will therefore briefly state the principles, which determine me to abide by Mosheim's account of the transactions in question. I take for granted, then, these things.

"I. A church of Hebrew Christians, adhering to the observance of the Mosaic law, subsisted for a time at Jerusalem, and for some time at Pella, from the beginning of Christianity until the final dispersion of the Jews by Adrian.

"II. Upon this event a Christian church arose at Ælia.

"III. The church of Ælia, often, but improperly, called the church of Jerusalem, for Jerusalem was no more; the church of Ælia in its external form, that is, in its doctrines and its discipline, was a Greek church; and it was governed by bishops of the uncircumcision. In this my adversary and I are agreed. The point in dispute between us is, of what members the church of Ælia was composed. He says, of converts of Gentile extraction. I say, of Hebrews; of the very same persons, in the greater part, who were members of the ancient Hebrew church, at the time when the Jews were subdued by Adrian. For again, I take for granted,

"IV. That the observation of the Mosaic law, in the primitive church of Jerusalem, was a matter of mere habit and national prejudice, not of concience. A matter of concience it could not be; because the decree of the apostolical college, and the writings of St. Paul, must have put every true believer's conscience at ease upon the subject. St. Paul, in all his epistles, maintains the total insignificance of the Mosaic law, either for Jew or Gentile, after Christ had made the great atonement; and the notion that St. Paul could be mistaken, in a point which is the principal subject of a great part of his writings, is an impiety, which I cannot impute to our holy brethren, the saints of the primitive church of Jerusalem. Again, I take for granted,

"V. That with good Christians, such as I believe the Christians of the primitive church of Jerusalem to have been; motives of worldly

interest, which would not overcome conscience, would, nevertheless, overcome mere habit.

"VI. That the desire of partaking in the privileges of the Ælian colony, from which Jews were excluded, would accordingly be a motive, that would prevail with the Hebrew Christians of Jerusalem, and other parts of Palestine, to divest themselves of the form of Judaism, by laying aside their ancient customs."

"It may seem, that my six positions go no further, than to account for the disuse of the Mosaic law, among the Christians of Palestine, upon the supposition that the thing took place; and that they amount not to a proof, that a church of Hebrew Christians, not adhering to the rites of Judaism, actually existed at Ælia. To complete the proof therefore, I might appeal to Epiphanius's assertion of the return of the Christians of Jerusalem from Pella. But I will rather derive the proof from a fact which I think more convincing than the testimony of Epiphanius; a fact, by which that testimony is itself indeed confirmed. I affirm then,

"VII. That a body of orthodox Christians of the Hebrews, were actually existing in the world, much later than in the time of Adrian."

This seventh position rests upon the mention which is made in Jerome's Commentary on Isaiah of Hebrews believing in Christ as distinct from the Nazarenes: the way in which he speaks of them shows that they were orthodox believers, without the observance of the law.

"If then the Hebrews believing in Christ observed not the Mosaic law in the time of St. Jerome; since the Mosaic law had been observed by the first race of believing Hebrews; it follows, that the practice of the Hebrew congregations had undergone a change, at some time before the age of St. Jerome. Dr. Priestley says, that great bodies of men change not their opinions soon. I say, they never change their old customs and inveterate habits, but from some powerful motive. Now, in what period of the history of the church shall we find a posture of affairs, so likely to induce the Hebrew Christians to forsake the Mosaic law, as that which obtained in Palestine, upon the final dispersion of the Jews by Adrian? If the orthodox Christians of the Hebrews, actually existing somewhere in the world from the reign of Adrian to the days of St. Jerome, were not members of the church of Ælia, dwelling at Ælia, and in the adjacent parts of Palestine, Dr. Priestley, if he be so pleased, may seek their settlement. It is no small difficulty upon my adversary's side, that he can neither tell 'what became of the Christian Jews,' upon his supposition, that with the unbelieving Jews they 'were driven out of Jeresalem by Adrian;' nor from what quarter the Greek church of Ælia was furnished with its members."

In the 6th Disquisition Bishop Horsley resumes the subject.

"In the fourth of his Third Letters, Dr. Priestley professes to concosider *the evidence from Jerome in favour of the existence of a church of orthodox Jewish Christians at Jerusalem after the time of Adrian.* The learned reader will be pleased to recollect that my proof of the existence of such a church rests in part only upon St.

Jerome's evidence. The entire proof rests upon seven positions laid down by me in my remarks upon Dr. Priestley's Second Letters, P. II. chap. ii.; and St. Jerome's evidence goes barely to the proof of the last of those positions, the seventh: namely, 'that a body of orthodox Christians of the Hebrews was actually existing in the world much later than in the time of Adrian." St. Jerome's evidence is brought for the proof of this position singly; and this, proved by St. Jerome's evidence, in conjunction with six other principles previously laid down, in the proof of which St. Jerome is not at all concerned, makes the whole evidence of the main fact which I affirm, that a church of orthodox Christians of the Hebrews existed at Ælia from the final dispersion of the Jews by Adrian to a much later period.

In stating his reasons for the opinion which he had already given about the orthodox Hebrew Church at Jerusalem, Bishop Horsley assumes certain facts which depend upon the authority of ancient writers. "I take for granted these things." I assume them as historical truths. In illustrating his reasons it will be necessary for us to show upon what grounds these assumptions are made.

Before the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, about the year 70, the Jewish Christians, according to Eusebius, departed from Jerusalem and took up their abode at Pella, beyond the Jordan. Sixty years after this time Adrian, having subdued the Jewish rebellion which raged under Barchochebas, built a new city upon or near the site of Jerusalem, called Ælia Capitolina: he gave to this city the privileges of a Roman colony, and issued an order that no Jews should be allowed to enter into it. We have the testimony of Orosius, incidentally confirmed by many writers of antiquity, and denied by none, that the Emperor's rescript affected only the Jews, *i. e.* the observers of the Mosaic law: the privileges of the city were allowed to all Christians, *i. e.* to all Christians who did not observe the Jewish rites. Præcepitque ne cui Judæo introeundi Hierosolymam esset licentia,* Christianis tantum civitate permissâ: the test of Christianity, as the word is here used, was the profession of the religion of Christ without any admixture of legal ordinances.

Down to this period the Bishops of Jerusalem, for the name was still preserved even while the church was at Pella, were all of the Jewish communion. The succession of them is given by the Bishop of St. David's, (2d Address) upon the authority of Eusebius, who has preserved the entire list of those that presided over "that apostolical see," from James the brother of our Lord, to Hermon the last of the Bishops before the Dioclesian persecution. The first fifteen were Bishops of Jerusalem, and the last twenty-four of Ælia. Immediately after the rescript of Adrian, a person named Mark, and evidently of Roman

* The *Jews* here are not distinguished from the *Gentiles*, but from the *Christians*: the distinction points evidently to the *religion* of each.

extraction, was chosen Bishop of the see: and not one of the remaining Bishops belonged to the circumcision. The Hebrew forms were abandoned, and the Greek forms adopted.

Of what members then was the church composed? and what were the opinions of this church at Ælia, and of the primitive church at Jerusalem, concerning Jesus Christ?

A passage from Sulpicius Severus, which is expanded and illustrated by Mosheim and Dr. Horsley, asserts the orthodoxy of the primitive Hebrew church about the time of Adrian, and the benefit which Christianity experienced from his rescript. His words are these:

"Et quia Christiani (in Palæstina viventes) ex Judæis potissimum putabantur (namque tum Hierosolymæ non nisi ex circumcisione habebat ecclesia sacerdotem) militum cohortem custodias in perpetuum agitare jussit, quæ Judæos omnes Hierosolymæ aditu arceret. Quod quidem Christianæ fidei proficiebat; quia tum pæne omnes Christum Deum sub legis observatione credebant. Nimirum id Domino ordinante dispositum, ut legis servitus a libertate fidei atque ecclesiæ tolleretur. Ita tum primum Marcus ex gentibus apud Hierosolymam episcopus fuit."

Mosheim reasons thus:

"Constat enim (I) ex eo Christianos in Palæstina viventes Judaici generis, quamdiu spes erat, fore, ut Hierosolyma post primum excidium instauraretur, ritus a Mose imperatos cum Christi cultu conjunxisse. (II) Repudiasse maximam partem horum Christianorum legem Mosaicam sub Hadriano quum spes omnis, fore, ut Hierosolyma resurgeret, occidisset, atque Marcum, alienigenam, episcopum elegisse. Hoc ideo sine dubio fiebat, ne forte episcopus gente Hebræus, innato patriæ leges amore ductus, abrogatas ceremonias paullatim reduceret. (III) Causam sublatæ hos inter Christianos legis Mosaicæ fuisse Hadriani, Imperatoris, severitatem, qui milite cingebat spatium, quod urbs Hierosolyma quondam occupaverat, omnesque Judæos ab ejus aditu cohiberi jubebat.

The expression of Sulpicius "pæne omnes," as the Bishop of St. David's justly observes, exemplifies the "Observator legis:" "they almost all, with the belief of Christ's divinity, united the observances of the law." Sulpicius distinctly affirms their orthodoxy in the point under debate: and we do not see what other construction can be put upon his words than that adopted by Mosheim. If the Hebrew Christians were orthodox, as he affirms, on the subject of Christ's divinity, it is impossible that they should have retained the observances of the law for *conscience* sake: that circumstance can be explained only on the principle of habit and custom; the conclusion is, that on this occasion they abandoned their ancient observances. Besides what does the expression mean, "Quod quidem Christianæ fidei proficiebat?" Were the Gentiles under the servitude of the law? does it admit any other construction than this, that those

who had been under legal bondage, *viz.* the orthodox Hebrew Christians of the primitive church at Jerusalem, became now free from the ritual of Moses? that the church of Ælia consisted in part of the same members with the church of Jerusalem, with this only distinction that the observances of the law were no longer retained? Another testimony of the orthodoxy of the primitive Hebrew church we produce from Eusebius, as cited by the Bishop of St. David's.

"I have learnt from written records, (εγγραφα) that to the siege of Jesusalem in the time of Adrian, fifteen bishops presided over that church in continued succession, and that they held and professed the genuine knowledge of Christ." "Των γεμην εν Ἱηροσολυμοις επισκοπων τους χρονους γραφη, σωζομενους ουδαμως ευρον· κομιδη γαρ ουν βραχυβιους λογος κατεχει γενεσθαι. Τοσουτον δ᾽ εξ εγγραφων παρειληφα, ὡς μεχρι της κατ᾽ Αδριανον Ιεδαιαων πολιορκιας, πεντεκαιδεκα τον αριθμον αυτοθι γεγονασιν επισκοπων διαδοχαι· ους παντας Ἑβραιους φασιν οντας ανεκαθεν, την γνωσιν του Χριςου ΓΝΗΣΙΩΣ καταδεξασθαι. What Eusebius meant by the *genuine* or orthodox knowledge of Christ, *as professed by the Bishops of Jerusalem*, we know from his account of Paulus Samosatenus who was deposed for denying the divinity of Christ. The expulsion of Paul from his bishoprick Eusebius ascribes to the eloquence and acuteness of Malchion, who 'detected his hidden meanings and deceitful evasions;' and was rewarded by an honourable appointment in the church of Antioch for 'the eminent sincerity of his faith in Christ,' δι᾽ ὑπερβαλλουσαν της εις Χριςον πιςεως ΓΝΗΣΙΟΤΗΤΑ."

No quibble about the word Γνησιως can do away the force of it, as used by Eusebius; he surely did not mean that Paul of Samosata held the genuine knowledge of Christ!

We adduce another evidence, from the Bishop of St. David's: The thirty-seventh Bishop of Jerusalem and Ælia, or the twenty-second of Ælia, was Hymenæus, who with other eminent Bishops opposed the God-denying apostacy of Paul of Samosata, and deprived him of his office for rejecting the doctrine of Christ's divinity. In the letter written on that occasion by those venerable men, they "declare the divinity of Christ to be the faith delivered down from the apostles and preserved in the church to their day; and pronounce him who denies the divinity of Christ to be an alien or apostate from the faith of the church, αλλοτριον του Εκκλησιαστικου κανονος. Nothing can be more explicit then their declaration: "Ινα δε φανερωτερα ἁπερ ἑκαστος φρονει γενηται, και περας ασφαλεστερον τα αμφισβητουμενα λαβη, εδοξεν ἡμιν εγγραφον την πιστιν, ἡν εξ αρχης παρελαβομεν, και εχομεν παραδοθεισαν, και ΤΗΡΟΥΜΕΝΗΝ εν τη καθολικη εκκλησια μεχρι της σημερον ἡμερας ΕΚ ΔΙΑΔΟΧΗΣ ὙΠΟ [ΑΠΟ] ΤΩΝ ΜΑΚΑΡΙΩΝ ΑΠΟΣΤΟΛΩΝ." This is a solemn attestation to the orthodoxy both of the primitive church at Jerusalem and of the church at Ælia; an attestation by persons who could not be deceived.

To a similar purport is the celebrated fragment of Caius, (who

flourished A. D. 210), in refutation of the pretensions of certain Unitarian heretics to apostolical antiquity.

"These men asserted that their opinions were prevalent till the time of Victor, who excommunicated Theodotus for his heresy. 'What they assert,' says Caius, 'might perhaps appear credible, *if they were not* contradicted by the holy Scriptures, and by the writings of Justin, Miltiades, Tatian, and Clemens, and many others, who lived before the time of Victor, in all whose books the divinity of Christ is maintained. For who is so ignorant as not to know the writings of Irenæus and Melito and the rest, in which they declare Christ to be both God and man. Psalms also and hymns written (απ' αρχης) from the earliest days of Christianity by believers, all celebrate Christ, the Word of God, declaring him to be God.'"

The creed of the church of Ælia contained in the answers of Catechumens, and obviously in use before the Nicene creed, is given by the Bishop of St. David's, in his Treatise, The Bible, &c. p. 143. It is perfectly orthodox.*

Few persons, who examine the evidence which has now been adduced, can doubt the truth of the two following positions: that the church of Jerusalem and of Ælia was orthodox on the question of Christ's divinity; and that it comprized many Hebrew Christians both before the time of Adrian and after that period, as well when it was placed under Bishops of the Gentiles as under those of the circumcision. But we have also direct evidence that among the Christians resident at Ælia, when Aquila superintended the works under Adrian, were the Hebrews who had returned from Pella. Epiphanius, speaking of the office of Aquila, proceeds in these words: ὁ τοινυν Ακυλας, διαγων ἐν τῃ Ιερουσαλημ, και ὁρων τους μαθητας των μαθητων των ἀποστολων ἀνθουντας τῃ πιστει, και σημεια μεγαλα ἐργαζομενους ἰασεων και ἀλλων θαυματων· ἠσαν γαρ ‛ΥΠΟΣΤΡΕΨΑΝΤΕΣ' ΑΠΟ ΠΕΛΛΗΣ της δεκαπολεως εις Ιερουσαλημ, και διδασκοντες· ἡνικα γαρ ἐμελλεν ἡ πολις ἁλισκεσθαι ὑπο των Ρωμαιων προεχρηματισθησαν ὑπο ἀγγελου παντες οἱ μαθηται μεταστηναι ἀπο της πολεως, μελλουσης ἀρδην ἀπολλυσθαι· ὁιτινες και μετανασται γενομενοι ᾠκησαν ἐν Πελλῃ τῃ προγεγραμμενῃ πολει περαν του Ιορδανου, ἡτις ἐκ δεκαπολεως λεγεται εἰναι· μετα δέ την ἐρημωσιν Ιερουσαλημ 'ΕΠΑΝΑΣΤΡΕΨΑΝΤΕΣ, ὡς ἐφην, σημεια μεγαλα ἐπετελουν· ὁ τοινυν Ακυλας, κ. τ. λ. It is quite immaterial to the argument, as Dr. Horsley observes, "whether this return of the Christians from Pella took place in the interval between the end of Titus' war and the commencement of Adrian's, or after the end of Adrian's. It is sufficient for my purpose that these returned Christians were residing at Jerusalem, or more properly at Ælia, *at the same*

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* In the sixth chapter of Dr. Jamieson's highly valuable work he goes at large into the question of the church at Jerusalem and Ælia. Our limits will not allow us to do more than to give his conclusion; and it coincides with Bishop Horsley's. Has Mr. Belsham read this publication? He will say that his affair is between Bishop Horsley and Dr. Priestley: is it not also a little with the positions maintained by each of them?

time that Aquila was residing there as overseer of the emperor's works." The meaning of ηϛαν γαρ υποϛρεψαντες απο Πελλης της πολεως, και διδασκοντες seems to be correctly this: "they were then returning from Pella, and teaching there;" *i. e.* at the very time when Aquila superintended the works.

Orosius further declares that Adrian by his procedure against the Jews "avenged the Christians whom Barchochebas, the leader of the Jews, had tortured because they would not join him against the Romans." The Christians who were thus avenged were *Jewish* Christians and not *Greek*: it cannot be doubted, therefore, that *Jewish* Christians remained in Ælia.

We affirm then that the church at Jerusalem and Ælia was an *orthodox Hebrew church*, and that Bishop Horsley is completely borne out in his several positions. The testimony of Epiphanius is strongly to the purpose; but the evidence of Jerome, as adduced in support of his seventh position and in its connexion with the six preceding, he thinks still more decisive. Dr. Priestley contends that these Hebrews from Pella returned after the war of Titus, and not, as the Bishop supposed, in the days of Adrian; and Mr. Belsham is most exceedingly witty at the reported feats of these octogenarian saints. He is answered in his own way, and with complete effect, by Mr. Prebendary Horsley. The Socinians in 1682 presented an address to Ameth Ben Ameth of Morocco; and they have lately published an improved edition, as they call it, of the New Testament: if in the two cases these be the same individual persons, then might those who took refuge at Pella be the same individuals who returned to Ælia.—But we leave Mr. Belsham to his wit. Our readers will be far more gratified by the following judicious observations of Bishop Burgess:

"The reason, which Dr. Priestley gives for asserting that the return of the Jews from Pella here mentioned was after the destruction of Jerusalem by *Titus*, and not by *Adrian*, is, that, on the former occasion, they were said to be warned by an angel to leave the city, but *never* before that of Adrian. How could Dr. Priestley assert this? The history of the latter siege, now unfortunately lost, was written by Aristo Pellæus, from whom, in all probability, Epiphanius derived his narrative. Dr. Priestley could not prove, and had no authority for asserting, that the Christians were not warned at the latter siege, as well as at the former. It might have been mentioned by Aristo. Such surmises therefore are no proof that these returning Jews were *the contemporaries of Titus*; and there are other reasons which clearly prove they were *the contemporaries of Adrian*. For Epiphanius calls them (not the disciples of the *apostles*, as Mr. Belsham does in his Claims, p. 32, but) the *disciples* of the *disciples* of the apostles. These disciples in the *second* degree from the apostles could not have been contemporaries with the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, A. D. 70. Most of the apostles, indeed, and *their* disciples, were contemporary with that event; but the *disciples* of their *disciples* were living not only in

the time of Adrian, but many years afterwards. Papias and Polycarp were disciples of St. John, and long survived the building of Ælia by Adrian. Irenæus was a disciple of Polycarp.

St. John, A. D. 70 died about 100 = Titus Domitian, Nerva.
Polycarp, A. D. 108 ——— 166 = Trajan, Adrian, Antoninus P.
Irenæus, A. D. 167 ——— 201 = Antoninus Ph. Commodus.

"The *disciples*, therefore, of the *disciples* of the apostles were contemporaries with Trajan, Adrian, and the Antonines. And consequently the return of the Jews from Pella, after the *desolation of Jerusalem* mentioned by Epiphanius, could not have been in the time of Titus, but of Adrian. Yet this fact recorded by Epiphanius, and quoted from him by Mosheim and Bishop Horsley, is stigmatized by Dr. Priestley as a *forgery*, only because he looked for it in Mosheim's *Institutiones* instead of his *Commentarii*. And this gross error in Chronology, and grosser charge of forgery, are the TRIUMPHS OF DR. PRIESTLEY, again and again reviewed, applauded, and adopted by Mr. Belsham."

We cannot leave the church of Ælia without inquiring a little further of its determined opponent; what does he say about the evidence which has now been adduced?

First, he tells us that Mosheim, in his Ecclesiastical History, expresses himself about the church at Ælia, "with much greater caution than in his former work (the Commentaries) being probably aware that his authorities would not bear him out in the facts or rather the conclusions which he had formerly stated."

Mr. Belsham says again: "This migration of the Hebrew Christians from Pella to Ælia is stated by Mosheim in his Ante-Constantine History (the Commentaries); but, *upon more mature reflection and better information*, it had been omitted in the general Ecclesiastical History, which alone Dr. Priestley had consulted:" when the Doctor, through pure ignorance, looked into the wrong book, and charged Bishop Horsley with forgery.

In his "Claims" Mr. Belsham gives us the following note:

"The reverend Prebendary, in his great eagerness to fix the imputation of ignorance upon the Calm Inquirer, not unfrequently exposes his own. The reviewer of the controversy having insinuated that Mosheim, in his General Ecclesiastical History, had, upon mature reflection and better information, omitted some circumstances which he had introduced into his Ante-Constantine Memoirs, the reverend Prebendary accuses him of having made a very *precipitate* assertion; and after having occupied two or three paragraphs of decent length in settling the date of the two publications, he gravely concludes that 'he is very far from being certain that the General History was first published after the other:' and, with his accustomed courtesy, 'he thinks it not improbable that Mr. B., with the *usual heedlessness of his master*, looked to the date affixed to the first work in the volume, when he should have looked at the date of the second.

"To settle this intricate and momentous question, which seems to have cost the reverend Prebendary no small expense of time and temper, he need but consult Maclaine's Translation of Mosheim's Eccl. Hist. vol. ii. p. 170, where he will find that Mosheim actually refers in a note to his Ante-Constantine History, and retracts an assertion which he had made in it. But perhaps even this evidence may not satisfy the reverend Prebendary, who may possibly think fit to treat Mosheim as he treats his father, and refuse to admit his testimony in his own cause."

To clear away this mass of ignorance and error, let us hear the Bishop of St. David's.

"I have quoted the passage at length that you may see that Mr. Belsham is never more inaccurate, than when he is most confident. Mr. Belsham (in his *Claims of Dr. Priestley*) infers from the reference just quoted, that Mosheim's Ante-Constantine History was a less accurate work than the General History. This inference is necessary to Mr. Belsham, because (in his Review of the Controversy) he considers that the fact in question (the return of the Christians from Pella to Jerusalem) 'was omitted in the General History in consequence of *mature reflection* and *better information*.' But the reverse of this inference is the truth. The Ante-Constantine History (or Commentarii de rebus Christianorum ante Constantinum Magnum) was published in 1753, 16 years after the first publication of the General History (or Institutiones Historiæ Ecclesiasticæ antiquioris) in 1737. The latter work was, as the title imports, a merely elementary work in its first publication, though greatly improved in the edition of 1755. The COMMENTARII, on the contrary, is one of Mosheim's most elaborate productions. In the description of his works, subjoined to the *Institutiones*, ed. 1755, there is this remark on the Commentarii: "Tractantur in his capita singularia *curatissimè*." The dates and characters of the two works are of importance in ascertaining Mosheim's opinion of the credibility of the fact recorded in the Commentarii; and Mr. Belsham's ignorance of their relative character may show you how incompetent he is to every portion of this inquiry."

Further, the note, &c. which Mr. Belsham attributes to Mosheim, was *not* written by Mosheim but by Dr. Maclaine, his translator.

Secondly, Mr. Belsham represents the Bishop as TAKING EVERY THING FOR GRANTED in his six proofs about the church of Ælia: "By the learned writer's own frank and liberal concession, all the rest (besides Jerome's testimony) is TAKEN FOR GRANTED."

"The Bishop acknowledges that this testimony of Jerome only proves the existence of orthodox Hebrew Christians in his own time—coolly referring for the proof of the existence of the church of Ælia to his six *gratuitous* propositions, the *incompetence of which he had before expressly admitted.*

"These six positions the attentive reader will remember were six GRATUITOUS ASSUMPTIONS."

The attentive reader will probably not forget the author of these statements. Mr. Belsham wishes it to be understood that Dr. Horsley's demonstration rests on nothing but unauthorized assumptions. If we were reasoning about the principles and conduct of Socinians, and should adopt certain historical facts, such as their attempting to recommend themselves to the Mahometans of Morocco, their ridiculous endeavour to cajole the Methodists, &c. we should probably write thus:

"I take for granted the following things:

1st. That the English Socinians in 1682 addressed themselves to Ameth Ben Ameth, ambassador of Fez and Morocco; assuring him that their creed bore a very close resemblance to his own.

I take for granted,

2d. That on the death of John Wesley, Dr. Priestley, their leader, adopted a similar step in reference to the Methodists.

I take for granted,

3d. That neither Mahometans nor Methodists were disposed to pay any regard to them.

I take for granted,

4th. That they published what they called an improved version of the New Testament, which was much reprobated by the orthodox and found few to defend it.

I take for granted,

5th. That Mr. Belsham was then living and was shrewdly suspected of being concerned in the publication, &c. &c. &c."

Are we not authorized to take these things for granted? Will any man say, that the reasoning, which is founded upon these data, rests entirely on assumption? Mr. Belsham says, what is perfectly equivalent.

"Of this orthodox Hebrew church, *now first heard of*, Dr. Priestley questions the existence, and calls upon the Bishop for his proof; who finding, to his great *disappointment*, that the authorities appealed to by Mosheim were *nothing to the purpose*, proceeds to construct a formal demonstration of his own. This demonstration begins with six *professedly gratuitous* propositions, which, however, to do the learned Prelate justice, he *frankly acknowledges*, of themselves prove nothing. And it concludes with a seventh, upon which the principal stress is laid, but which, as the Bishop, in his last Disquisition *very fairly owns*, proves barely and singly the existence of a body of orthodox Hebrew Christians, existing somewhere in the world in the time of Jerome, 250 years after the reign of Adrian. And this *cypher* being added to the six preceding cyphers, constitutes, what the Bishop is pleased to call the entire proofs of the existence of the orthodox Hebrew church at Ælia in the time of Adrian. This statement, Mr. Urban, may appear somewhat ludicrous, but I PLEDGE myself it is *correct*."

We perfectly concur in the observations upon this paragraph contained in the Second Address by the Bishop of St. David's.

"If by *correct* Mr. Belsham means *true*, he has here given a pledge that he never can redeem. For out of *five* assertions contained in this statement, four are positively *false*, and one *incorrect*. His *first* assertion is, that 'Bishop Horsley found, to his great disappointment, that the authorities appealed to by Mosheim were nothing to his purpose, and therefore proceeded to construct a formal demonstration of his own.' The Bishop, on the contrary, was fully satisfied with Mosheim and his authorities, as is evident from the observation, with which he introduces, his seven positions: 'I will, therefore, briefly state the principles, which *determine* me to *abide by Mosheim's* account of the transaction in question.'

"2. Mr. Belsham's *second* assertion is, that *six* of the Bishop's 'positions were *professedly gratuitous*.' An his torical fact cannot be called a *gratuitous* position. The three first positions are taken for granted, as historical facts; that there was a church of Hebrew Christians at Jerusalem and Pella from the first introduction of Christianity to the time of Adrian;—and afterwards at Ælia;—and that the church of Ælia consisted of Hebrews, who renounced the observances of the Mosaic rites. For the *two* first facts Eusebius's list of thirty-nine Bishops before quoted is a sufficient voucher. For the *third* the Bishop quotes Epiphanius and Orosius. The *fourth*, *fifth*, and *sixth* positions are appendages to the third, and are probable reasons accounting for the renunciation of the Mosaic rites.

"3. Mr. Belsham's next assertion is, that Bishop Horsley *frankly acknowledges* that his six positions, of themselves, *prove nothing*. So far from acknowledging that they proved nothing, he says in the words before quoted, that they *determined* him to *abide* by Mosheim's account of the transaction. They prove the existence and orthodoxy of a church of Hebrew Christians, retaining the Mosaic ordinances, to the time of Adrian, and renouncing them in consequence of his decree, and of the privileges annexed to his new colony at Ælia. To 'complete therefore the proof' by evidence of the existence of an orthodox Hebrew church to a *later period*, the Bishop added his seventh position.

"4. This seventh position is that upon which Mr. Belsham says 'the *principal stress* is laid.' The Bishop expressly says (p. 490) that the principal stress is *not* laid upon it. He particularly reminds the reader that his proof of the existence of an orthodox Jewish church at Jerusalem rest *only in part* upon it. 'The learned reader will be pleased to recollect that my proof of the existence of such a church rests in part only on Jerome's evidence. The entire proof rests on *seven* positions.'

"Of the seventh position Mr. Belsham says, that 'the Bishop in his last Disquisition *very fairly owns* it proves barely and singly the existence of a body of orthodox Hebrew Christians existing somewhere in the world in the time of Jerome, 250 years after the reign of Adrian.' This is very unfairly and incorrectly stated. The force of the seventh position is in its *connexion* with the six preceding. Its

object is, *with them*, to prove that this orthodox church existed, not *somewhere* in the world, but *at Ælia*."

The passages, which have just been adduced, prove secondly that Mr. Belsham misrepresents every sentence written by Bishop Horsley, the perversion of which can be of service to himself or of injury to the Bishop's reputation.

Besides the very striking instances which are now before the reader, Mr. Belsham introduces in his Claims, &c. many other frank acknowledgments which never were made, and ventures upon many assertions, which must excite astonishment in every honest and candid mind. He says that Bishop Horsley was a plagiarist; that he borrowed all from Mosheim, and mixed up a little of his own; that he meant to pass off the discoveries of Mosheim for his own; that on the *authority* of Mosheim he charges Origen with falsehood; that by his frank confession Orosius was only a feather in the scale—(Dr. Horsley says a feather as compared with *nothing*, as compared with the authority of Priestley)—that the Bishop confesses that he copied, &c. &c. &c. Assertions all equally just in themselves, and equally honourable to the ingenious writer. We conclude this part of our task with a specimen of the same sort, but which deserves to have a place by itself.

"Nor did the Bishop himself at the close of the controversy claim the victory in this essential article: the disturbed foundations of the church of Ælia, says his lordship, are again settled: I should wish to trust them to their own solidity to withstand any future attack." We should be glad to ask Mr. Belsham what the Bishop meant when he said that these foundations were settled? was not this to claim the victory? did he mean that they were not settled? and when he leaves them to their own solidity, did he not do it on the avowed supposition that they possessed solidity?

What now can be thought of the following paragraph, written, printed, and published by Mr. Belsham?

"'He (Mr. B.) contrives, however,' continues the reverend Prebendary, 'to weaken the Bishop's reasoning by *making him occasionally say what he has not said*, and quoting partially what he has said.' To the latter part of the charge the reviewer* must plead guilty, as it was by no means his intention to transcribe the whole of the Bishop's work. To the former he can only oppose an unqualified denial, challenging the reverend gentleman to produce his proof, or to submit to the disgrace of having advanced an accusation which he was unable to substantiate."

We proceed to another subject, the epistles of Barnabas.

Dr. Priestley having quite satisfied his own mind that those uninspired persons, the apostles and disciples of that fallible and peccable man Jesus, believed not in his divinity, calls upon Dr.

* Viz. Mr. Belsham.

Horsley to produce a positive proof that the divinity of our Lord was the belief of the very first Christians. With this view the Bishop cites the epistle of Barnabas. He cites it, not as the work of Barnabas, but as a production of the apostolic age; and produces from it an evidence of the belief of those times on this grand subject, which neither the refuge of mistranslation, nor the charge of ambiguity, can at all impair.

In this dilemma, what does Dr. Priestley? and to help out the cause of his master, what does Mr. Belsham? They deny the genuineness of the epistle. They impeach the authority of this Barnabas; yes, even though that most perfect character of all antiquity, the most veracious and unimpeachable Origen believes the epistle to be the work of the Apostle himself! We are persuaded with Bishop Horsley that it is not the work of Barnabas; it is sufficient for the purpose in view that it belonged to the apostolic age.

Mr. Belsham, by assigning it to a later age, escapes from all further inconvenience; but what is to become of Dr. Priestley? He turns round like a man of spirit, and avers, without the shadow of an argument, that the passage which chiefly troubles him is an interpolation! and that with respect to the rest, "an Unitarian will find no difficulty in accommodating them to his principles!"

We invite attention to the judgment of Lardner:—a person who, besides other claims to respect from Dr. Priestley and Mr. Belsham, was also the fellow pupil of "the learned Jeremiah Jones."

"It appears to me most probable that this epistle was written by Barnabas, and not to Jews, but to Gentiles: or perhaps rather to Christians in general, of whatever nation or people they were. The design of the epistle I think likewise to be the same with that, which is the main design of St. Paul in the epistle to the Galatians, and in part in other epistles; to abate in Christians the respect for the peculiar rites and institutions of the Jewish laws, and to shew, that they were not binding upon Christians: which design may be also observed in the first epistle of St. Peter.

"It seems evident from a passage of the epistle itself, that the temple of Jerusalem was destroyed at the time of writing it. 'For,' says he, 'through their waging war it has been destroyed by their enemies.' In another place the author writes: 'Consider yet this also; that [or since] ye have seen so great signs and prodigies in the people of the Jews, and thus God forsakes them.' From both which passages I conclude, that the temple was but just destroyed; and that the signs and prodigies preceding and attending the destruction of Jerusalem had happened in the time of the persons to whom he writes: forasmuch as they had seen them. And since God was now only forsaking them, this epistle was written, whilst the Jewish people were under great afflictions; between the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, and the

reduction of the remaining cities of Judea, of which Josephus has given an account, after the taking and burning of the temple. So that whether this epistle be Barnabas's, or not, it was written by some zealous Christian of that time. And he thought fit, I suppose, to improve that opportunity for abating the extreme veneration for the Jewish law, which was so prejudicial to true Christianity.

"Any one who reads this epistle, with but a small degree of attention, will perceive in it many Pauline phrases and reasonings. To give the character of the author of it in one word: he resembles St. Paul, as his *fellow-labourer*, without copying him.

"I shall quote it as being probably Barnabas's, and certainly ancient, written soon after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus; most likely in the year of our Lord 71, or 72."

We have now adverted to the chief topics discussed in Mr. Belsham's Appendix and his Claims of Dr. Priestley; and we think, that no doubt can be entertained of the judgment which will be formed upon them by every candid and intelligent mind.

But we should be wanting to the cause of liberality and learning and truth, if we did not offer a few additional observations upon the spirit and practice of our Socinian apologists.

Upon this subject we find much important and valuable matter in the Third Address by the present Bishop of St. David's, (Gent. Mag. Aug. Sept. Oct. 1815) and in his very excellent work entitled "The Bible, and nothing but the Bible, the Religion of the Church of England." We shall avail ouselves largely of his Lordship's assitance.

"Unitarianism," says the Bishop, "is founded on all sorts of inaccuracies, misrepresentations, and unfounded assertions."—"These originate partly in ignorance of the learned languages and of ecclesiastical history, but chiefly in the adoption of principles extraneous to, and independent of revelation. The Bible is not the Unitarians' standard of belief." (Gent. Mag. Sept. 1815.)

The Bible cannot be the standard of belief to him who denies the inspiration of the evangelists and apostles; he must of necessity determine by his own judgment, what parts of the sacred volume are to be received, and what parts are to be rejected. And upon this principle the leaders of the sect do not scruple to act: the improved version fully demonstrates the nature of their counsels; if any authority be admitted, it is that of some favourite heretick, whose opinion, when it suits not their own prepossessions, they reject with as little ceremony as the creed of the orthodox.

A beautiful instance of this their consummate independence is given by Mr. Wardlaw, in a note to his very excellent "Discourses on the Principal Points of the Socinian Controversy." We shall gratify our readers with the perusal of it in the words of that writer himself:—

"Dr. Magee had pointed out the glaring inconsistency of the Edi-

tors of the improved Version, in rejecting, on the alleged authority of the Ebionites, the first two chapters of Matthew, while yet they retained the three other gospels and Paul's epistles, although the whole of these were rejected by these same Ebionites.—Now, how does the author of the Reply vindicate himself and friends from this charge of obvious and flagrant inconsistency? Let him speak for himself.—'But, (says the learned Professor,) will you not upon the same authority, reject the remaining gospels and Paul's epistles? I answer, *No.* What! (says the Professor,) are the Ebionite witnesses pronounced on one side of the leaf, not credible, and on the other, witnesses of such repute as to be relied upon in opposition to all manuscripts and versions in the whole world? I answer, *Yes;* because in the one case I see reason to concur with them, and in the other to differ from them: and I believe that I have good grounds for the discrimination.'—What, then, are these grounds? The question whether Matthew wrote these two chapters,—whether they formed part of the original record,—is a question *purely critical.* On *this* ground, however, the respondent was well aware, the authority of his friends, the Ebionites, could not weigh a feather in the scale,—for it was not so much as noticed by critics of the highest eminence. He therefore very slily, (for we can hardly conceive it to have been an oversight,) shifts his ground entirely, and rests his concurrence with the Ebionites in this instance, on what every one will readily believe to be its true foundation—the *mysterious,* and consequently *obnoxious nature of the contents of the chapters themselves.*"

"Let this writer, by all means, 'exercise a little common sense in judging of a report, and discriminate what is worthy of belief, from what appears to be incredible *in the works of the same author.* But let him not, wherever he finds any thing which *he* may be pleased to deem incredible, unwarrantably and presumptuously conclude that *it forms no part of what the author wrote!* What then is the acknowledged amount of all the parade about the authority of the Ebionites and of Marcion, against these chapters of Matthew and Luke? It is nothing at all. By the confession of this writer, it resolves itself into neither more nor less than this:—*These chapters cannot be genuine; for in our opinion they contain what is not credible!*—i. e. in other words, they contain what is mysterious, and what does not comport with their system."

It is doubtless upon the same principle that Dr. Priestley and his disciples maintain the agreement of their opinions with those of the first ages of the Christian church. That their affirmations on this point are totally destitute of foundation, has been often demonstrated by ample quotations from the fathers themselves; many passages have been brought even from the apostolical fathers, in terms so plain, that it is impossible to resist their force. The Socinian, therefore, must find some method to dispose of them:—"They are in Greek; perhaps they may admit of a Unitarian construction?" No! they will not bend; they are absolutely unmanageable. "Why then they must have been in-

terpolated; for the apostles never taught the Divinity of Christ! and it is inconceivable that the apostolical fathers could hold sentiments different from their immediate predecessors!" "When corrected by an Unitarian," says Dr. Priestley, "nothing is wanting to the evident purpose of the writer!" And upon what principle does the Socinian proceed in his corrections? upon no authority whatever; simply upon his own preconceived opinions. He corrects the New Testament; he corrects the fathers; and then who can wonder if Unitarianism were the faith of the primitive times!

"The Unitarians, (says Dr. Horsley) if they are not shamefully belied by the ecclesiastical historians, have ever indeed been ready at this business of *correction*. The Arians took the trouble to correct a treatise of Hilary of Poictou, in which the heretical confession of the council of Ariminum was the subject: they corrected, and corrected, till the work became a novelty to its author. They, or the Macedonians, did the same good office for St. Cyprian's epistles; and to circulate their amended copies more widely, they sold them at Constantinople, at a low price. Similar liberties were taken with the works of the two Alexandrians, Clemens, and Dionysius. They, who thus corrected, were not deficient in the kindred art of forging whole treatises, under the names of the brightest luminaries of the church, in which the holy fathers were made to support heretical doctrines. The holy Scriptures were not unattempted, as appears by the testimony of those who lived at the time when the *amended* copies were extant in the world; who, in proof of the heavy accusation, appeal to the notorious disagreement of different copies, which had undergone the revision of different heresiarchs. This is indeed the confutation of the Unitarian doctrine, that both the primitive fathers, and the holy Scriptures, must be corrected in every page, before they can be brought to give evidence in its favour. It is because the Unitarians themselves have always understood this, that they have ever been ready to apply the needful *corrections*, when they thought the thing might be done without danger of detection. But the modern *Coryphœus* of the company is, I believe, the first who ever had the indiscretion to avow the practice, and confess that he could not otherwise stand his ground, than by an appeal to the testimony of CORRECTED FATHERS! He is himself indeed a master of the art of correction. His attempt upon a passage in St. John's first epistle, will never be forgotten."

To this original malady of the Socinian mind we are inclined to attribute many of those acts which it is so difficult to reconcile with any notion of fairness and candour. We would gladly entertain of these gentlemen the best opinion which their conduct will permit; but when charity has thrown over them her widest mantle, we fear that some sins will be found which it can scarcely cover.

We wish to be brief; and shall therefore confine ourselves to two points:

1. Their feats in the department of Scripture criticism; and
2. Their appeal to authorities.

In the department of Scripture criticism we should expect their task to be easy and their labour light. Their general canon is simple and of obvious application: if a chapter be offensive, let it be expunged or branded as of doubtful authority: if an argument be vexatious, why it was the reasoning of men uninspired. But it so happens that the doctrines of the divinity and atonement of Christ are intimately interwoven with the whole system of the New Testament: and the Evangelists and Apostles cannot, without great additional labour, be made to speak in terms which are at all suited to the Socinian creed. It is inconceivable what a difficult task the critic has yet to execute; and how miserably after all the task is performed!

We take our first specimen from Mr. Wardlaw's third discourse, p. 68. He cites the 9th chapter of the epistle to the Romans, v. 5; "of whom, (though Israelites) as concerning the flesh, the Christ came, who is over all God blessed for ever:" and then proceeds thus:

"This seems abundantly plain:—so plain, and so decisive, that if there were not another text in the whole Bible directly affirming this great truth, I know not how I should satisfy myself in rejecting its explicit testimony. It has, accordingly, been put upon the rack, to make it speak, by dint of torture, a different language.

"It might, perhaps, be enough to say, respecting this passage, that, according to the order of the original words, the received translation is the most *direct* and *natural* rendering. This, so far as I know, no one has ventured to deny. All that has been affirmed is, that it is *capable of bearing* a different sense. And this has accordingly been attempted in no fewer than five different ways:

"'Of whom, by natural descent, the Christ came. God, who is over all, be blessed for ever!'

"'Whose are the fathers, and of whom—the Christ came, who is above them all (viz. the fathers). God be blessed for ever!'

"'Of whom the Christ came, who is over all things. God be blessed for ever!'

"'Of whom the Christ came, who is *as* God, over all, blessed for ever:'—and, by a conjectural emendation,

"'Of whom the Christ came, (and) whose, or of whom, is the supreme God, blessed for ever.'

"With regard to the last of these various modes of evading this troublesome text, the severest terms of reprobation are not too strong. *Conjectural alteration* of the original text is an expedient which, all critics are agreed, nothing but indispensable necessity can, in any case, justify. In the present instance, the alteration is not only a most unwarrantable liberty with the sacred text, but, even if on this ground it were admissible, it is liable to other objections, on principles both of syntax, and of propriety as to sense."

We are sorry that our limits will not allow us to insert his very judicious and satisfactory note.

A second specimen will prove their regard for common grammar and the idiom of the Greek language, when grammar and idioms are against them.

According to the use of the Greek article, the 13th verse of the second chapter of Titus is an assertion of our Lord's divinity. The plain translation is this: "Looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of Jesus Christ, the great God and our Saviour." This text is disposed of in p. 229 of the "Calm Inquiry," where Mr. Belsham protests in form against a scrupulous regard to the rules of grammar. After stating in his note that a publication—a very silly publication—by Gregory Blunt, had confuted the argument derived from this text: He says,

"Indeed it is an indignity to the human understanding to maintain that a doctrine, which, if true, would shine conspicuously in every page of the New Testament, should depend for its evidence upon the critical use of the Greek article by the plain and unlettered writers of the New Testament; together with what would be equally necessary, the immaculate correctness of transcribers. If this is the state to which the controversy is reduced, it would be better to give up the point at once. A doctrine of such magnitude as the proper deity of Christ must have clearer and more substantial evidence, or none at all."

"The controversy reduced to this!" It is the belief, then, of Mr. Belsham, that upon this text alone, as the last forlorn hope, rests the doctrine of divinity of Jesus Christ! We respect the civilities of which he speaks in terms so pathetic and suppress our indignation.

Yet, if the Socinians should print in italic letters, as doubtful or inadmissible, the whole of the New Testament besides, this text alone must infallibly overthrow their system. Of modern authorities, for the true rendering of the passage, Mr. Wardlaw cites from Dr. Middleton the Versions of Wickliffe, Coverdale, Matthews, Cranmer, the Bishops' Bible, the Geneva, the Rhenish Bible, Doddridge, Wesley, Scattergood, Purver, and Tindal. If the reader will consult Six Letters to Granville Sharpe, Esq. he will find (p. 65) the fortunes of this important text traced among the Greek writers for a period of nearly a thousand years: and by proceding to the Latin authorities he will discover that the translation which is defended by Mr. Belsham was "never once thought of in any part of the Christian world, even when Arianism was triumphant over the Catholic faith." We recommend to Mr. Belsham the words of the Arian Bishop Maximin:

"A nobis unus colitur Deus, innatus, infectus, invisibilis, qui ad humana contagia et ad humanam carnem non descendit. Est autem

et Filius, secundum Apostolum, non pusillus, sed *magnus Deus.* Sicut ait beatus Paulus: *Expectantes beatam spem, et adventum gloriæ Magni Dei et Salvatoris nostri Jesu Christi.*"

"How, then," asks the Bishop of St. David's, "does Mr. Belsham evade the weight of such testimony? He says, 'It may have been a slip of the Apostle's tongue, in dictating, or a mistake of his amanuensis; or an error of some early transcriber: or there may be a various reading; or the words might be intended in a different sense; or the Apostle might not study perfect correctness of language; or there might be some other reason which cannot be discovered. I will give up the text as altogether inexplicable, sooner than I will believe that the Apostle intended in this *casual incidental* manner to teach a doctrine so *new* and *incredible.*'"

A good specimen of talent at evasion!

Indeed "the Unitarian unbelief in the doctrines of Christ's DIVINITY and ATONEMENT is maintained by the most arbitrary deviations from the obvious sense of Scripture. A few specimens of Unitarian glosses will shew their manner of evading the plain meaning of the Scriptures; and the contrast of their evasions with the common version will demonstrate to the impartial reader where are to be found 'the simple teachings of Scripture.'

Common Version.	*Unitarian Glosses.*
"John vi. 38. Καταβεβηκα εκ του ουρανου. I came down from Heaven.	"My doctrine and mission originated in the immediate interposition of God.
"John iii. 31. Ὁ ων εκ της γης, εκ της γης εστι, και εκ της γης λαλει. Ὁ εκ του ουρανου ερχομενος, επανω παντων εστι. Και ὁ ἑωρακε και ηκουσε τουτο μαρτυρει. He that is of the earth, is earthly, and speaketh of the earth; he that cometh from heaven is above all. And what he hath seen and heard, that he testifieth.	"He who is of the earth, manifests the origin of his teaching, and his words have not their requisite authority. He who cometh with a divine commission, is superior to all, and testifieth what he hath seen and heard.
"John vi. 62. Εαν ουν θεωρητε τον υίον του ανθρωπου αναβαινοντα ὁπου ην το προτερον. What and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where he was before?	"What if ye shall see the Son of Man displaying a still more intimate acquaintance with the purposes of God, and revealing truths which would be still more remote from the apprehension of his hearers, and offensive to their prejudices.
"John iii. 13. Και ουδεις αναβεβηκεν εις τον ουρανον, ει μη ὁ εκ του ουρανου καταβας, ὁ υίος του ανθρωπου ὁ ων εν τῳ	"No one is instructed in the divine commands, but he who had a commission from God to reveal his

Common Version.	*Unitarian Glosses.*
ουρανῳ. And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man who is in heaven.	will to mankind, even the Son of Man, who is instructed in the gracious purposes of God to man.
" John i. 18. Θεον ουδεις ἑωρακε πωποτε· ὁ μονογενης υἱος ὁ ων εις τον κολπον του πατρος, εκεινος εξηγησατο. No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.	" No one knows the purposes of God, but his faithful servant and messenger, Jesus Christ, who is instructed in his counsels, and has revealed his will.
" John xvii. 5. Και νυν δοξασον με συ, Πατερ, παρα σεαυτῳ, τῃ δοξῃ ᾗ ειχον, προ του τον κοσμον ειναι. And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was.	" And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thyself, with the glory which I had in thy immutable purpose and decree, the glory which was intended for me before the world was.
" John xvii. 24. —— ἱνα θεωρωσι την δοξαν την εμην, ἡν εδωκας μοι, ὁτι ηγαπησας με προ καταβολης κοσμου. ——that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me, for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world.	" —— That they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me; for in thine eternal counsels thou didst select me to the high honour of being the messenger of peace and good-will to mankind.
" John i. 1. Εν αρχῃ ην ὁ Λογος, και ὁ Λογος ην προς τον Θεον, και Θεος ην ὁ Λογος. In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.	" At the beginning of the Gospel dispensation, he became or was appointed the Logos, the chosen revealer of the divine will; and the Logos received direct communication from God; and he was to us a God, the representative of the Most High.
" John i. 3. Παντα δι' αυτου εγενετο, και χωρις αυτου εγενετο ουδε εν, ὁ γεγονεν. All things were made by him, and without him was not any thing made, which was made.	" All things relating to the new dispensation were done through him, and without him not a single thing was done, which hath been done.
" John i. 10. Εν τῳ κοσμῳ ην, και ὁ κοσμος δι' αυτου εγενετο· και ὁ κοσμος αυτον ουκ εγνω. He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.	" He was in the world, and the world was enlightened by him, and yet the world knew him not.

Common Version.	*Unitarian Glosses.*
"John viii. 58. Πριν Αβρααμ γενεσθαι, εγω ειμι. Before Abraham was, I am.	"I was designated to this office before Abraham was born.
"John i. 15. Ὁ οπισω μου ερχομενος, εμπροσθεν μου γεγονεν· ὁτι πρωτος μου εστιν. He that cometh after me is preferred before me; for he was before me.	"He who cometh after me, has got before me, for he was my principal.
"Heb. i. 2. Δι' ού και τους αιωνας εποιησεν. By whom he made the worlds."	"For whom he constituted the ages."

This extract is from the Bishop of St. David's work "The Bible," &c.

2. We notice further their appeals to *authority.*

An ordinary reader would conclude from their statements that Socinianism had been supported by many great and distinguished persons, whom the world hitherto had not accounted Socinian. We shall make no remarks on this "falsification of authority" but simply adduce a few proofs.

§ "The note of the improved version on the words of Thomas to Christ, is very remarkable, on account of the reference which it contains to the authority of *Beza*, in favour of their being an exclamation. On this reference Mr. Nares observes as follows:—'It is exceedingly true that Beza says it is an exclamation, and therefore he corrects the Vulgate, and renders it in the vocative, Domine mi, et Deus mi; but, observing that the context expressly says they were spoken αὐτῷ, *to him*, that is to *Christ*, he says, Hæc igitur verba quæ sequuntur non sunt tantum admirantis Thomæ, ut *hunc locum eludebant Nestoriani*, sed ipsum illum Jesum ut verum Deum ac Dominum suum compellantis. Male, igitur, vulgate interpretatur hunc locum recto casu, *Dominus meus et Deus meus:* nec alius est locus in his libris expressior, de Christo, ut vero Deo, invocando.—This is what I find in Beza, concerning this exclamation. It was, he says, *non tantum*, not merely an exclamation, but an actual address of Thomas *to Jesus*, calling him both his *Lord* and his *God;* an indisputable precedent for the invoking of Christ, *ut Deus verus*, as the true God.' 'I shall venture,' adds Mr. Nares, 'to lay it down as a rule, for all readers of this new Version, to examine the references.' Nares's remarks on the Improved Version, page 197."

The following passages are taken from "The Bible, and Nothing but the Bible, &c."

"John i. 15. Mr. Belsham translates εμπροσθεν μου γεγονεν, *he has got before me*, et πρωτος μου ην, *he was my principal;* and refers to Schleusner. But that learned Critic understands both terms in a sense

§ Wardlaw's Discourses.

contrary to the Unitarian gloss, interpreting both of *time*, and applying them to Christ's *pre-existence*. 'Εμπροσθεν ad tempus refertur, et notat *ante*. John i. 15. Εμπροσθεν μου γεγονεν, prior me fuit, ib. v. 27. et 30. ubi explicatur per πρωτος μου γεγονεν.—Πρωτος pro comparativo προτερος, *prior*, tempore et ordine. John i. 15. ὁτι πρωτος μȢ ην, nam prior me fuit.'

"Heb. i. 2. Δι' οὗ και τȢς αιωνας εποιησεν. Mr. Belsham says, 'the word αιων in the original is *seldom, if ever*, used, either in a singular or plural form, to express the material world.' Dr. Carpenter says, 'Αιων in the N. T. *never* signifies the material world.' This is said in the usual style of Unitarian criticism, without excepting the passage in question. They translate the word thus: '*for* whom he constituted *the ages*.' And they have the effrontery to refer to Schleusner, for the meaning of αιων and δια, as if he concurred with their translation. (See *Calm Enquiry*, p. 291 and 294.) Schleusner teaches us very different principles of *grammar*, and of *Christianity*. He says, 'Partim *totum systema rerum creatarum, universum*, partim, *mundus, orbis terrarum*, in N. T. vel οἱ αιωνες, vel in singulari ὁ αιων dicitur. Prioris modi loquendi exempla exhibent loca hæc: Heb. i. 2. δι' οὗ και τȢς αιωνας εποιησε, cujus ministerio et usus est in creatione universi. Heb. xi. 3. κατηρτισθαι τȢς αιωνας ῥηματι Θεου, voluntate divina productum esse universum rerum creatarum. 1 Tim. i. 17. τῳ δε βασιλει των αιωνων, regi hujus universi. Commode ex hac ipsa significatione explicatur formula προ των αιωνων, *ante mundum conditum, ab æterno*, quæ legitur, 1 Cor. ii. 7. coll. 2 Tim. i. 9. Tit. i. 2."

"But perhaps Mr. Belsham can bring some powerful authority for the interpretation of the passage. We certainly find in his note on the word εν αυτῳ εκτισθη τα παντα, that learned name, to which he has often so strangely appealed, but never more strangely than on the present occasion. SCHLEUSNER interprets the passage (not in the Unitarian sense, but) of the *natural* creation. In Mr. Belsham's note indeed we have only these words of Schleusner. 'Κτιζω, creo, ex nihilo produco, item ex materia præ-existente formo.—Metaphorice, Mirabili virtute aliquid efficio corrigo ac emendo. Schleusner.' In this mutilated extract there is nothing to lead the reader to suppose that Schleusner applies the passage to the *natural* meaning of κτιζω and *not* to the metaphorical. The whole passage is as follows. Κτιζω, (1) creo, condo, ex nihilo produco, item ex materia præ-existente formo et fabrico. Sic de Deo usurpatur Marc. xiii. 19. ἀπ' αρχης κτισεως, ἡς εκτισεν ὁ Θεος, inde a mundo condito, seu ex quo homines fuerunt. Rom. i. 25, παρατον κτισαντα magis quam Deum creatorem, 1 Cor. xi. 9. 1 Tim. iv. 3. Apoc. iv. 11. x. 6.—de Christo Coloss. i. 16. Respondet in hæc significatione apud Alex. hebraico ברא, quod uti *quamlibet rei productionem* significat, ita speciatim notat, *solo nutu et imperio* rem aliquam novam producere. Deut. iv. 32. [since the day that God created (εκτισεν) man upon the earth] Ps. lxxxix. 13. 48. [The north and the south, thou hast created (εκτισας) them.—Wherefore hast thou made (εκτισας) all men for nought?] (2.) Metaphorice *mirabili virtute efficio, muto, corrigo ac emendo; auctor sum, efformo*, &c."

The classical reader will find a great number of similar instances adduced by the Bishop of St. David's: instances, in which by marvellous mutilations, writers of acknowledged learning and eminence are made to say things which never entered into their minds, and to support doctrines which they held in abhorrence.

Among the great names, which in addition to Schleusner these intrepid supporters of Socinianism press into their service, are those of Bishop Bull, Hooker, Grotius, Locke, Newton, Wallis, Clarke, Watts, Newcome, &c. For a complete refutation of their claims we refer with confidence to the Bishop of St. David's works, "The Bible alone" and "The Third Address to Unitarians." But we really must expostulate with the disciples of Socinus on their strange pretensions. We would ask Mr. Belsham, in the spirit of candid inquiry, can it be right to adopt this system of deception in support of any cause under heaven? If Socinianism be true, let it be established by argument: but can it be reconciled with any principle acknowledged amongst honourable men to indulge in practices like these? We are told of an Unitarian liturgy upon the plan of Dr. Clarke:—of Dr. Clarke, who was no Unitarian! Can this be justified? We have an improved version upon the plan of Archbishop Newcome; and it is *not* upon the plan of Archbishop Newcome! Is this exactly as it should be? We are assured that Newton was an Unitarian; and yet we have the testimony of Whiston himself strongly in the face of that assertion: nay more, Newton's own writings completely disprove the charge. Is it quite consistent with fairness thus to act?

An objection has been brought in the Gentleman's Magazine (Nov. 1815), against the inference deduced from the confession of Whiston. Whiston's words are these:

"On or about the year 1720, I take it to have been, that I was refused to be admitted a member of the Royal Society by Sir Isaac Newton. The case was this: Sir Hans Sloane, Dr. Edmund Halley, and myself, were once together at Child's Coffee-house, in St. Paul's Church-yard; and Dr. Halley asked me, Why I was not a member of that Society? I answered, because they durst not choose an *Heretick*. Upon which Dr. Halley said to Sir Hans Sloane, that, if he would propose me, he would second it; which was done accordingly. When Sir Isaac Newton, the President, heard this, he was greatly concerned; and, by what I then learned, closeted some of the members, in order to get rid of me; and told them, that, if I was chosen a member, he would not be President."

The objector complains that a larger extract would give an entirely new colour to the affair—we think not: if the conversation here recorded upon the credit of Whiston himself be correct, the reason of his rejection is indisputable; and all that

effusion of vanity and spleen, which the disappointed philosopher pours forth upon the memory of Sir Isaac, can never do away the effect of his former declaration. Possibly some personal dislike of Whiston as a man might have rendered even his heresy more offensive: but this dislike, it must be observed, rests upon the mere conjectures of the angry individual, and is the result of his intolerable conceit. "He was afraid of me," says Whiston, "the last thirteen years of his life!" If so, Sir, he would have been glad to conciliate you by promoting your election.

We have now animadverted upon some of the most common artifices and offences of the Socinian school. When such is the defence of their cause, it seems a matter of very little importance in what sort of language the vindication is set forth. But as the advocates of the sect are very tender of their own fair fame, and exceedingly angry at the slightest imputation which may be cast upon their integrity and candour, we cannot do less than examine for a few moments in what manner and spirit they carry on the war.

A few examples may suffice; and for the sake of brevity we shall take them from Mr. Belsham.

We have already seen in what light he is pleased to represent the character of the late Bishop Horsley: a mitre his only object! and falsehood, and deception, and fraud, his only instruments to obtain it!

The reader, who loves such literary curiosities, may find whole pages to a similar effect. Mr. Belsham says of himself "he is not conscious that he has departed from the forms of civilized society" (Claims, p. 101). If this be his real opinion, he cannot surely consider it a dereliction of those forms, to be told with respect to his allegations against the moral character of Bishop Horsley, that he "may say these things but he cannot believe them:" he cannot surely consider himself as uncivilly treated, if in challenging, against the common sense of mankind and the opinion of every scholar, the victory for his misquoting and misinterpreting master, he meets with the same remark. It was impossible to imagine that he could on this account experience the slightest pain; yet he whimpers like a spoiled child: his sensibility is touched to the quick; and he moralizes about it with exemplary gravity and decorum.

Mr. Belsham again, alluding to Mr. Horsley, says

"Of this distinction, indeed, the reverend Prebendary is not ambitious. How is it possible that he should? Tied down, in an enlightened and inquisitive æra, to a system of theology, the wretched relick of a dark and barbarous age, upon the profession and defence of which all his hopes are built, TRUTH must necessarily be the object of his aversion and abhorrence."

From a charge against the individual, he contrives to produce one against the whole body of the clergy. In the same way he had observed in a former work. "Men, who are engaged to defend an established system, are from that very circumstance engaged to discourage inquiry and to oppose truth, unless, which is not often the case, truth should happen to be the established doctrine."—i. e. as the Dean of Cork observes, truth and honest inquiry, they are paid to discountenance and repress. Now it ought to excite no surprise, if some member of this calumniated body should treat their Socinian accuser as one, who had not exactly complied with all the forms of civilized society: and in such a case even pity itself would smile at his dolorous lamentations.

And if the Calm Inquirer should happen to represent a learned prelate "as having disgraced himself and his order" for defending an Act of the Legislature, which till very lately remained among the laws of the land: if by way of closer adherence to the forms of civilized society, he should further speak of that prelate by the title and appellation of "Bonner," we are not convinced that he would have many claims to condolence, if he should be found some day writhing and smarting under the bishop's castigation.—The truth is, that the Bishop of St. David's has spoken in plain terms the manly sentiments of an upright mind: he has felt like a Christian, and he has spoken like a Christian bishop: he did not conceive that Mr. Belsham was entitled to peculiar respect, and he has not shown it. We can assure the reader that Mr. Belsham's compliment to his own Moderation (claims p. 7) is really due to the Bishop of St. David's: nothing will be found in his pages like "*contemptuous abuse:* "he does not think it incumbent upon him to retort the coarse and abusive language of his opponent."

We are glad, however, to find that Mr. Belsham himself has attempted to do away the force of one or two of his most offensive charges. It is, we hope, an indication of something like repentance. The Bishop of St. David's having cited from the Dean of Cork, as Mr. Belsham's opinion of the clergy, 'truth and honest inquiry they are paid to discountenance and repress,' the injured Polemic exclaims, "hold, my lord: not quite so fast: your Lordship is apt to be a little too precipitate. Mr. Belsham never uttered nor wrote what you have imputed to him: NOR ANY THING LIKE IT." Then what does the passage mean? will the author himself be so good as to explain it?

With respect to another offensive passage, we subjoin an extract from the Bishop of St. David's.

"I will contrast it with the text, because it is not an unapt specimen of that laxity of interpretation, by which Unitarians pervert the language of Scripture from its direct and obvious meaning.

Text.	*Gloss.*
Tied down in an enlightened and inquisitive era to a system of theology, the wretched relic of a dark and barbarous age, upon the profession and defence of which all his hopes are built, TRUTH must *necessarily* be the object of his *aversion* and *abhorrence.*	The idea I mean to convey in that passage, which has given offence, is, that persons, all whose expectations in life depend upon their profession of a particular system of opinions, cannot, in the nature of things, be unbiassed inquirers after truth.

"If *English* words can be made to bear so great a difference of meaning, as is expressed by this gloss, what a latitude may not Unitarian interpreters allow themselves, in translating the *Greek* text of the New Testament, when they appeal to their unlettered frinds of "sound understandings and honest minds?" But the gloss does not convey the meaning of the text. The two assertions are perfectly at variance. The text is grossly false; the gloss is true. I lay the more stress on the difference between the text and the gloss, because, like other Unitarian glosses, it does not represent the meaning of the text; and I say this the more decidedly, because Mr. Belsham's habitual language concerning the established Church and Clergy forbids me to accept it as the meaning; and because the words, which follow the gloss, shew that he does not, in reality, abate one particle of the text. He says only, '*If* in the expression of this sentiment, undue asperity of language has been allowed, I *would* readily retract it. In the *mean while*,' &c. that is, before he does retract it. This is nothing like the frankness of an indictum volo. If Mr. Belsham were to retract it by an unequivocal renunciation of his unjust and uncharitable sentiment, it would have one fortunate consequence. He must, to be consistent with such renunciation, cancel or recast all his former publications, which might happily conduct him back to "the faith, in which he was educated."

For ourselves we frankly own that we cannot comprehend by what force of prejudice, or what process of reasoning Mr. Belsham can be brought to give credit to many of his own most positive and unqualified assertions:* he does not believe in a local heaven, because he knows not *where* it is:—we know not *how* it is that he

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* We allude to passages of this sort:

"Origen says that the Hebrew Christians of his time were Unitarians."—Origen does not say so.

"This memorable passage (of Tertullian), even according to Dr. Horsley's own translation of it, remains an indisputable and a most illustrious proof of the prevalence of the Unitarian doctrine, among the great body of unlearned Christians at the end of the second century, and of their aversion to every infringement upon that primary and most important truth, the unity of God." Claims P. 26.

Let the reader judge: he will find Dr. Horsley's translation near the end of his 9th letter: it is in truth a charge of ignorance against the Socinian heretical party.

"It is universally agreed that ισα Θεω signifies similarly:" surely not: See Pearson, Hammond, and Bull. &c.

can persuade himself of the truth of his own allegations, and why should we suppose that he believes them? We protest likewise in the strongest terms against the general stile of his controversial compositions. It is never in good taste to indulge a habit of low and scurrilous and vulgar sneer: and least of all on subjects of theology. But we will not return railing for railing; we would rather adopt the language addressed by Michael to a person in whose existence the Socinians believe not, and merely say, the Lord rebuke thee!

The three addresses by the Bishop of St. David's are very concise; but they do completely the work for which they were designed.

"The Bible and nothing but the Bible," &c. is a more elaborate performance. Its general object is to shew "that the Unitarians (Socinians) by their rejection and perversion of scripture doctrines do not admit the scriptures as the rule of faith, and that nothing but the Bible is the religion of the Church of England." In illustrating this argument the bishop proves that the doctrines, which we profess, are scripture doctrines, that they are the doctrines of the primitive church and of the reformation, and are warranted by the legitimate and obvious construction of the scriptures.

"Another object of these pages," says the Bishop, "is to deprive Unitarianism of the authority of some great names, which Unitarians are accustomed to associate with Socinians, such as Grotius, Newton, and Locke; and at the same time to direct the attention of the public to their misrepresentation and abuse of the authorities of Bull and Schleusner; and thus to enable the inexperienced reader to judge what Unitarianism is, by the means which are employed to uphold it. I have followed up this object by a large List of celebrated Statesmen, Philosophers, Moralists, Lawyers, and Physicians, men of enlightened minds and great talents, who were believers, and many of them most able defenders, of the commonly received doctrines of Christianity.

"Another object which I have had in view, was to vindicate the doctrines of the Divinity of Christ and of the Trinity from the charge of *novelty*, as if they had been unknown to the Christian Church before the time of Justin Martyr, by shewing that the Jews had been long accustomed to the doctrine of the Divinity of the Word and of the Messiah, and of a plurality of Divine Persons in the Godhead."

Some extracts from this work have been given in the preceding pages: we regret that we cannot on account of the length of this article enter more into the examination of it: but we have no hesitation to pronounce it one of the best and most valuable publications, which can at this time be presented to the public. It comprizes abundance of important matter: it is replete with useful learning and sound criticism: and if we wished to put into

the hands of a young divine any manual on the subject of Socinianism in these days of misrepresentation and fearless assertion, we certainly know of no work which in so short a compass embraces so wide a field of varied information, and guards him so completely against the most dangerous errors of the times.

The grand principle of Socinianism is a very low regard for the Holy Scriptures. The extent to which this principle is carried depends partly upon the taste of the individual, and partly upon the length of time in which it has been approaching to maturity. Our modern Socinians are a bold and hardy race; and from long familiarity with the principle they are prepared for any conclusions to which their own reasonings may lead them. Dr. Priestley and Mr. Belsham are the advocates of a creed at which Socinus would have trembled. "*He* had not reached the acmè of modern illumination. *He* had not sufficient penetration to discern the various mistakes in the application of scripture, and the numerous errors in reasoning committed by the evangelists and apostles, which have been detected and dragged to light by the modern Unitarian. He had not discovered that Christ was the human offspring of Joseph and Mary. *He* had not divested our Lord of his regal as well as his sacerdotal character, and reduced him to the condition of a mere prophet. *He* had weakly imagined, that by virtue of his *regal* office Christ possessed the power of delivering his people from the punishment of their sins." * He assured his disciples that it was the ancient and universal practice of saints and martyrs to *worship Christ.*

The progress which has been made by his scholars during the modern "æra" of light exposes to us the full evil of their dangerous principle: it holds no terms with the volume of inspiration, and rejects almost every thing that is Christian, except the name. "A considerable proportion of these," observes the Bishop of London,† "who are styled Unitarians in the present day, have no other title to the name than their rejection of the principal doctrines which distinguish the revelation of the gospel from natural religion."—"I do not hesitate to aver my conviction, that the profession of Unitarian tenets affords a convenient shelter to many, who would be more properly termed Deists, and who by the boldness of their interpolations, omissions, and perversions, by the indecency of their insinuations against the veracity of the inspired writers, by their familiar levity on the awful mysteries of religion, and their disrespectful reflections on the person and actions of their Saviour, are distinguished from real Unitarians, and betray the true secret of

* Dr. Magee, Note No. XI. † Charge 1815, P. 21.

the flimsy disguise which they have assumed as a cover from the odium of avowed infidelity."

In these sentiments we perfectly concur: and if Mr. Gibbon may be produced as an evidence that Dr. Priestley and his followers betray the cause of Christianity, his opinion is conclusive against them. "The pillars of revelation," he says, "are shaken by these men who preserve the name without the substance of religion; who indulge the license without the temper of philosophy." * His reference to Dr. Priestley's History of Corruptions leaves no doubt of the persons to whom the reasoning applies.

At the present moment, when Socinianism has reared its front with more than its customary boldness; when its advocates advertise in the public papers their intention of explaining away the most awful and important doctrines which are to be found in the word of God: when our villages are covered by their placards, and the mischievous are invited to discuss, and the ignorant to decide, the most serious questions which can be proposed to a child of immortality, we rejoice in every effort which is made to check their machinations. Many excellent works have been sent into the world, which, if the matter in dispute were to be settled by reason and argument, and the word of God, are quite conclusive: to the list given by the Bishop of St. David's we would add the publications of Abbadie and Jamieson:—but it is necessary to meet the Socinian again upon the field whenever he returns to the charge. If his quibbles have been confuted ten times already, let them be confuted again. Wherever he has collected the broken shafts of former combatants, let the shield of truth be again presented to repel them. It is only by perseverance in well-doing that we can frustrate the intentions of designing men.

To persons who have no leisure for the perusal of larger works, we earnestly recommend "A short Defence of the Doctrine of the Atonement," first published in 1774, and attributed to a distinguished layman † in the North: "Immanuel, or Scripture Views of Jesus Christ," by the Rev. Mr. Jones; and "Proofs of the Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ," extracted from the third edition of Dr. Olinthus Gregory's Letters. The last of these pamphlets has been published by permission of Dr. Gregory, with the express view of counteracting the efforts of certain zealous Socinians in Kent:—all of these publications may be procured for a very trifling sum, and will abundantly repay the labour of perusal.

* Decline and Fall.

† The venerable W. Hey Esq. of Leeds,

In this day of rebuke and blasphemy, much will depend upon the exertions of those who hold the high and responsible situation of ministers of truth; but they stand in no need of admonition from us: they know their duty, and we doubt not that they will conscientiously discharge it. They are suspected by the enemy of not believing the doctrines which they are called to teach: the suspicion, we persuade ourselves, is not less unjust than dishonourable; and the best way to repel it is to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.

Art. XI.—PARLIAMENTARY SPEECHES OF MR. PITT AND MR. FOX.

1. *The Speeches of the Right Hon. Charles James Fox in the House of Commons.* Six volumes 8vo. London. Longman and Co. and Ridgway. 1815.

2. *The Speeches of the Right Hon. William Pitt in the House of Commons.* Second Edition, in Three volumes 8vo. Longman and Co. 1808.

The practice of reporting the speeches delivered in parliament has brought a great accession, during the last fifty years of our history, to the fund of political science, and more especially to that most interesting portion of it which relates to the principles of our own government and constitution. It is in the discussions as well as in the business and procedure of parliament, that the real constitution of this country is not merely discerned, but felt. The views which have there been taken of it, we mean those which have been acted upon for the last half century in particular, have displayed its practical efficiency, and decided its operative character. And though it may be extremely wise to enforce its claims to our veneration, by deducing its fundamental maxims from the earliest periods of our history, yet in fact the vigorous application of its solid principles, the modification of its speculative doctrines, and even its occasional interruptions during the period above mentioned, in the midst of extraordinary trials, have stamped upon its irregular features an experimental value more entitled to the esteem of the wise than the proportions of the exactest theory, because more expressive of the reality of human condition, and better suited to the moral exigencies of a mixed and disorderly scene of selfishness and

passion. We repeat, that in the course of these last fifty years an accelerated progress appears to have taken place in political science, which is nothing but the true understanding of what man in civil society may claim, qualified by the knowledge of what in his moral and natural capacity he can bear. Every department of human knowledge seems destined at one period or other of its course to experience a more than ordinary shock from the temptation to visionary refinement, and the exorbitant extention of its principles and general theory. Chemistry, Medicine, Algebra, Metaphysics, Astronomy, and Theology, have all felt the influence of this disposition to be wise above experience, and to supersede the appointed means of discovery and progression. Of these effects of human vanity politics have had their full share. In our own country the disposition has shown itself at various periods with more or less activity. And, perhaps, our constitution has in nothing so strikingly displayed its superiority over other systems, as in the counterpoise it opposes to a crude spirit of reformation, and in that happy union of forbearance with improvement which has marked every stage of its gradual developement. The fury of change has always found in the details of parliamentary procedure those wholesome intervals which allow time for the re-action of cautious habits and sober inquiry.

The contest which the constitutional policy of Britain has had to maintain with mistaking friends and specious enemies has always been considerable, but the agitation of abstract rights and principles involved in the great question of the American war, and the delusive lights which dazzled the civilized world on the introduction of the new and emancipating tenets of the revolutionary schools, have put the conservative strength of our constitution to the severest test. She has erected herself against the danger. The genius which she has fostered has arrayed itself in her defence; and from her heights of moral elevation she has seen the ruin of other states, and has learned the invaluable art of avoiding her own.

But the struggle has been very sharp and very long. For very many years existence has been the stake for which Great Britain has had virtually to contend. For very many years it has been evident to all reflecting persons, that under a nominal war with France, England has maintained a conflict with the spirit of desolation itself, which has found the means of inlisting under its bloody banners the most martial people of the globe. Not long after the conclusion of the American war, which was one of great excitement, and during which the sentiment of political liberty rose to the greatest height of which the wisest men have thought it constitutionally capable, the edifying spec-

tacle was exhibited to the world, not of liberty fighting its ordinary battles with despotism, but of true liberty combating with false liberty under all its assumed appellations and subtile disguises.

No posture of things can be imagined in any country better constituted than that which has been above described to draw out genius to its full dimensions. The early agitations of rising states impel the faculties to extraordinary efforts of virtue and enterprise, of courage and sacrifice; still, however, in the greatness of these periods there is usually a large admixture of austerity and extravagance;—the mind is inflated beyond its natural proportions. If an age of political maturity succeeds, in which the value of what is possessed is well understood, and every acquisition is endeared by the costliness of its purchase, the slowness of its growth, and the beneficence of its operation, then it is that the demon of revolutionary violence is met by virtue in combination with wisdom and experience, and the mind of the patriot is shown in an attitude of moral grandeur beyond the attainment of a less cultivated period.

During these last fifty years, therefore, our country has been adorned by many persons of extraordinary capacity and intelligence, both in the theory of politics and in the conduct of the state. By them the fortune of Britain has been kept at a point of great elevation amidst a crowd of depressing circumstances; she has been preserved, under God, by the wisdom of her statesmen in an atmosphere of political infection surrounding and investing her on all sides. Neither the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor the arrow that flyeth by day, has intercepted her in the path of her prosperity. It is a contemplation that invigorates virtue to advert to the labours of these great men; particularly, to call to mind the services of such persons as Mr. Pitt and Mr. Burke is a duty we owe as much to ourselves as to them. In the cherished remains of their magnificent oratory we see the genuine maxims on which British glory has been constituted, and in the devotedness of their conduct we see the genuine portrait of the British patriot. That we have still a parliament, and still a constitution, is, under Providence, principally owing to the labours of those departed statesmen; and to them is to be ascribed that embodied system of counteraction which drove back into the wilderness most of those savage theories that threatened to obliterate the traces of cultivated humanity.

Six of the volumes which now lie on our table contain the speeches of another great orator, whom the agitations of the critical period above alluded to have contributed to render a consummate master of his art. For nearly forty years Mr. Fox bore a great and leading part in the debates on every public mea-

sure of importance; and it will be no disparagement of his fair claims to say that, in so far as he lent himself intentionally, inadvertently, or blindly, to the revolutionary doctrines of the new politics, he greatly added to the glory of those triumphant councils by which the country has been saved.

We will, for the present, confine ourselves to the speeches of this latter personage, which present an animated though partial picture of the memorable transactions of that important period to which we have been calling the attention of our readers. They present also a picture, painfully interesting to those who are attentive to the history and phenomena of mind, of the grandest powers and attainments crushed beneath the weight of party engagements, and miserably depressed below their natural standard of usefulness by the perpetual by-play of secondary objects and personal contention.

During the greater part of Mr. Fox's political life, events of the greatest magnitude were in perpetual succession;—whatever was vast and awful in the contemplation of the patriot statesman was either in agitation or in prospect. A general movement in the moral world was also visibly taking place. It was into such a field of action and enterprize that Mr. Fox was introduced at a very early age; rich in the gratuitous endowments of nature, and with a promptitude of talents for public debate, that at once put him into competition with the oldest politicians. The rapid facility with which his mind spread itself over all the topics of the day was truly surprising. It seemed as if every subject was his own by right of intuition, or as if, instead of *acquiring* the knowledge necessary to the statesman, he was only *recovering* by reminiscence what had before been his. His conception of a subject was instantaneous, and what he mastered with so much ease, he imparted with so much simplicity, that all difficulties seemed to vanish at the touch of his genius.

It is not possible to shew any thing in the history of the human intellect, that can be compared with Mr. Fox's speeches, in the great excellence of reducing to familiarity a complicated question. His language, too, at least was always thoroughly English,—homebred, pure, and indigenous. Whatever foreign taint faction and disappointed ambition might have introduced into his thoughts, his words and phrases were faithful to their origin: his strange courtesy to the French democracy left these unsoiled by its heathenish vocabulary. One is totally at a loss to comprehend by what combination of faculties this great orator, without preparation or effort, passed with stupendous ease through all the labyrinths of political discussion, rambling and again recovering the clue, visiting each recess, digressing and returning at pleasure, sometimes pressing onwards in a series of syllogisms, sometimes

roving with confident security through the mazes of illustration, always certain of his proposed end, always safe amidst commotion and storm, most possessed of himself when most excited, and moving with the firmest step in moments when intellectual courage is most apt to vacillate, and to require the succour of surrounding approbation. There is in mechanical operations, or in operations partly mechanical and partly intellectual, a certainty of movement the result of repeated practice, which never disappoints expectation; but the complicated organization, the fine machinery, the invisible springs, on which success in oratory depends, make the instances rare indeed, of persons so gifted as at all times to answer with certainty the demands upon the intellect, and to satisfy the sudden exigence of the hour: on Mr. Fox the dependence was always certain: sick or well, losing or winning, he was sure to accomplish the expectations of his party, and to deserve the admiration of his opponents.

His abundance was inexhaustible, and though the same subject was perpetually recurring, as was the case in all the great struggles between the ministers and himself in the war with America and revolutionary France, every stage of it found him recruited with fresh supplies of matter, new topics of illustration, and more interior views of the subject. He rolled perennially along like a clear and rapid stream, at once displaying its deep and pearly bottom, and reflecting from its surface all the chaste varieties with which simple nature had adorned its margin.

But was there nothing to regret in Mr. Fox's oratory? Most certainly there was something wanting; and that something not a mere external grace: the great constituent, the living principle, the soul of eloquence, was wanting. Man has in a peculiar sense been called a religious animal. His indigent nature requires the consolations of religion, and leans upon its support. Without it life is inexplicable. Nothing is in order or has a proper place or destination, beginning or end, but with reference to this connecting, disposing, vivifying, exalting principle. Mr. Fox's oratory was without it. Its deep tone, and solemn swell, was wanting. The scope, the rule, the reward, the glory, the consummation of human actions, lay beyond the limit to which his morality was bounded. On the subject of religion his lips were cold, his head was ignorant, and his heart unfeeling. In the temple of his worship the statue of Jove might have stood without polluting the sanctuary. The Atheistical prostration of France, her savage desecration of society, her spoliation of the houses of God, her massacres of his servants, her self idolatry, and murderous creeds, provoked no indignant elevation in Mr. Fox's oratory, no vehement sorrow for suffering humanity, no pomp, no pathos, no Bri-

tish feelings, no manly horror. In this respect Mr. Pitt, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Windham, had a prodigious advantage over him.

The eulogy upon the Duke of Bedford pronounced by Mr. Fox in the House of Commons has been highly extolled. It had certainly the merit of perspicuous and graceful language; and, without doubt, it spoke the sincere sentiments of friendship; but as to the portrait itself, it had scarcely sufficient warmth of colouring to give it the appearance of flesh and blood. It certainly was more polished and more detailed than that of Sir Roger de Coverley as he passed the tomb of Sir Cloudesley Shovel; but for our parts, we cannot help thinking that the short exclamation of the good knight, that "Sir Cloudesley was a gallant man," as he waved his hand towards the monument, was better worth having than the verbose panegyric of the orator upon the departed peer. The speech dilates much upon the excellence of him whose death it deplores. The House was told by it that "it was not for performing the pious office of friendship, by fondly strewing flowers upon his tomb, that Mr. Fox had drawn their attention to the character of the Duke of Bedford: that the motive which actuated him, was one more suitable to the views of the deceased. It was that that great character might be more strongly impressed upon the minds of all who heard him—that they might see it—that they might feel it—that they might discourse of it in their domestic circles—that they might speak of it to their children, and hold it up to the imitation of posterity."

We have no inclination to speak otherwise than respectfully of the late Duke of Bedford. We will venture to say, however, that if he was really a great man, the qualities that entitled him to that appellation do not decidedly appear in the speech of Mr. Fox. Of the Duke's political attachments, and private friendships, no man can blame Mr. Fox for speaking as he did: they were naturally a very prominent part of the eulogy; but as constituents of greatness, we may be permitted to question their title. The value of his high example in promoting the love and knowledge of agricultural objects deserved the specific praise of extraordinary usefulness; but as they composed nearly the sum of those qualities assumed by the panegyrist as the principal, at least, if not the sole foundation on which the exalted merits of the deceased were to be erected, we cannot see that a case was made out to justify the whole extent of the eulogy in which the House of Commons was invited to concur. A farming spirit is a very useful one in this country; we are sometimes tempted to lament the absorption of labour, and the injury to health and morals produced by the increase of our manufacturing industry and speculation; we see with some jealousy the encroachments of our

commerce upon rural scenery; the landed interest is, we own, our political favourite; but much as we respect these objects, we cannot see the full development of human greatness in the most extensive promotion of agricultural economy. Smithfield has seen the human character display its magnanimity in forms the most gigantically great, sustained by that religion which Mr. Fox might not think necessary to complete the idea of a great man; but all the testimony that Smithfield, with all its cattle-shows, could bear to the zeal of a beneficent individual in the encouragement of British produce and British staple, would in our estimation still come short, *very* short, of the stature of true greatness. Cincinnatus was great, not by handling the plough and the spade, but by his devotion to the call of his country, which in times of popular tumult led him at once from his farm to the forum where he awed the rabble to silence, and from the forum to the field where he vanquished the enemies of his country. Many estimable qualities undoubtedly were attributed by Mr. Fox to his deceased friend, but it is not what one political man affirms concerning another political man of his own party, that is to be attended to; but that only which can be shown to have been done and practised of the higher virtues, either in the private walks of life, or on the floor of public exertion, can justly claim the posthumous tribute of a nation's sorrow.

Of the life of this nobleman, of whom it was said by Mr. Fox that "he had scarcely ever seen an equal" we might naturally expect the concluding scene to be peculiarly touching—that he, who had scarcely an equal among his fellow men while moving among them, would have disclosed, when on the verge of the last great change, a something almost superhuman. That the late Duke of Bedford did not die as a Christian ought to die, with thoughts full of eternity, trembling for himself and forgiving others, we would by no means be thought to insinuate, but that Mr. Fox has not given these colours to the parting scene is very clear. "In moments," says Mr. Fox, "of extreme bodily pain and approaching dissolution, when it might be expected that a man's every feeling would be concentrated in his personal sufferings—his every thought occupied by the awful event impending—even in these moments he put by all *selfish* considerations; kindness to his friends was the sentiment still uppermost in his mind; and he employed himself, to the last hour of his life, in making the most considerate arrangements for the happiness and comfort of those who were to survive him."

Now really in so small a compass it was scarcely possible to put together more harsh things kindly meant, than these observations with which Mr. Fox wound up his eulogy on his friend. Undoubtedly, it becomes every prudent, feeling, and just man to

make provision according to his wealth and means for those who are to survive and represent him; but are these considerations to be *uppermost* in his mind at such a season? are the "thoughts of the awful event impending" to be branded as selfish? was there no earlier and fitter opportunity of settling worldly affairs? is religion to have no property in any portion of life, not even in the last sad hour? But why should we be affected with any surprise at this laudatory description of the mode of his friend's departure. Alas! what was his own. According to the sentimental Mr. Trotter no awful apprehensions of another state, no misgivings for his conduct in this, filled up the fleeting irrecoverable hour, that short suspense of fluttering life and reason, of which who can compute the value? Another life seems scarcely to have occurred to the dying statesman—Philosophy might have suggested some tribute to the unknown God: but even the philosopher's tribute was wanting.—There was nothing equivalent even to the sacrifice of a cock to Æsculapius. The evening set in night, without the appearance of a single ray from the one bright solitary source of life and joy. In our review of Mr. Trotter's life of this great statesman * we have ventured, with all humility (for who can speak on such a subject but with a mind bent down to the dust,) to explain how we think the departure of a Christian in heart and soul and sound belief ought to be characterised, and we have given Mr. Trotter's account of Mr. Fox's dying *recreations*,—novels, Virgil, and the poetry of the witty Dean of St. Patrick. Facetious exit! Mr. Trotter's head must have been full of the poet's pretty blasphemy:

> "Life is a jest, and all things show it;
> I thought so once and now I know it."

But we forbear pursuing this subject further. We shall leave the matter in the hands of Dr. Parr: it will be for that sapient doctor of divinity to say whether, putting together all the ephemeral rhapsodies about Mr. Fox collected by him in his Philopatris Varvicencis, that most trumpery farrago, they afford any thing like testimony to his dying in the faith of a Christian. We learn from this reverend divine that "such men as Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt had *weightier* duties to perform than making dying speeches and confessions." We have upon record the solemn confessions of Mr. Pitt, and we learn from a person of great dignity who attended him in his last moments, that he died in the humble faith and holy hope of a Christian. Dr. Parr must therefore have mistaken the fact; for, according to his notion of the duties of a death-bed, Mr. Pitt neglected its weightier duties. Mr.

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* Vol. ii. 391, et seq.

Trotter has told us how agreeably and gaily Mr. Fox's last days and hours were amused. We ask Dr. Parr if these were the weightier duties in his reverend contemplation? Mr. Trotter's account reminds us of a French entertainment at one of their theatres, on the fate of our great circumnavigator, called "La Mort de M. le Capitaine Cook et ses Agrémens."

But why do we dwell upon these topics in a review of the speeches in parliament of Mr. Fox? Because we think that the chasm which the want of devotion leaves in the fine arts, whether of poetry, eloquence, or music, but especially of that eloquence which comprehends the fortunes of an empire, is not to be supplied by any substitute. No man can feel the beauties of the Bible without the sober enthusiasm of piety: and to be without the knowledge and love of the Bible is to be without that source of the sublime, which enriched the compositions of Milton and Burke. It has been truly said that "there is genius in all religious thoughts;" every thing seen through this medium has the impress of the Godhead upon it. All the works of nature receive an enlargement when religion enters into the contemplation; the arts and sciences are at once exalted, expanded, and corrected by its influence; it is in short that alone which can raise the practice and habits of reason, as well as the thoughts of the heart, above selfish objects, and sordid contentions.

In the philosophy of oratory, that general, applicable, and useful philosophy, which is only the larger and mellower fruit of experience, Mr. Fox was greatly inferior both to Mr. Burke and Mr. Windham. The universality of his ideas on all subjects of civil and religious liberty, his indifference on many questions concerning which others showed sometimes a spirit too confined, his capacious understanding, his liberal manner, the gigantic strength of his reasoning, imposed on his audience the air and elevation of philosophy; but it was the semblance only: If we compare him with Mr. Burke, on those critical occasions when new situations, new principles, untried theories of government, questions of competency and abstract rights, radical propositions of reform, and even fundamental constitutional points, were in agitation, we cannot but see that as the one rose with his subject, and was great in proportion to the difficulty, drawing, from the rich fund of his own observation and reading, those analogies and illustrations to which no problem in human affairs can be wholly new, so the other contented himself with repeating and applying the general and popular maxims of liberty in the usual language of patriotic declamation, not seeing, or not choosing to see, the signs of the times, and the new aspect of the political world. Nothing could better evince the truth of this observation than the triumphant tone in which Mr. Fox was perpetually founding his prognostications of the event of the contest with revolutionary France on

what had been experienced in the war with America. The two cases were so different, that it is difficult to find any thing analogous in their characters, and yet it is equally obvious that the one was greatly instrumental in producing the other. The part which was taken by France in the American war was as new in political appearance, as it was important in moral results. Despotic in the form of her own government, her principles of perpetual enmity towards this country converted her into the champion of colonies resisting the parent state, and maintaining a contest for republican independence. Proportioned to the conviction entertained by France that England was incapable of bearing the loss of her colonies, was the zeal of her dastardly interference. Her expectation was disappointed. The defalcation of the branches gave additional vigour to the stem; the life was too centrically lodged to be so extinguished. But the reaction of these efforts was too strong for France herself. Her new habits and connections, opening to her the sudden visions of domestic freedom, and combining with the defects of her government and the distress of her treasury, afforded a too favourable crisis to be neglected by a race of philosophers whose aim it had long been to substitute their vain and arrogant theories of moral perfectibility in the place of those spiritual restraints, of which our own hearts and conscious weakness solicit the protection.

The true character of the French revolution, and the development and spread of French principles, did not appear very soon, if ever, to have made their way to the conviction of Mr. Fox. Was this prejudice, or ignorance, or wilful blindness? It was some time after this system of murder, confiscation, and practical atheism, had begun to be in operation, that Mr. Fox declared in the House of Commons that "he had been a strenuous advocate for the balance of power, while France was that intriguing, restless nation which she had formerly proved. Now that the situation of France was altered, that she had erected a government from which neither insult nor injustice was to be dreaded by her neighbours, he was extremely indifferent concerning the balance of power, and should continue so until he saw some other nations combine the same power with the same principles of government." In the same speech Mr. Fox declared that "he for one admired the new constitution of France, considered altogether, as the most stupendous and glorious edifice of liberty, which had been erected on the foundation of human integrity in any time or country." *

We scarcely know how to speak in measured terms of these

* The terms of this panegyric are taken from Mr. Burke's "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs." Burke's Works, vol. vi. p. 93. This celebrated declaration has been variously stated; the publication before us has adopted it from Mr. Burke's pamphlet above mentioned.

passages; and yet were we to proceed to censure them, there is so much in them every way worthy of condemnation that we should hardly know where to begin or where to end.

Not long afterwards we find the tone of Mr. Fox's eulogy somewhat moderated; but it gives place to a sentiment in which there is as little of political wisdom as in the former passages. He observes that "the constitution of France was essentially bad, and every thing was to be risked to destroy it; the constitution of Great Britain was essentially good, and every thing ought to be risked to preserve it."

The second member of the above notable aphorism, implying that every thing in our own constitution was to be put to hazard as a means of safety, may be passed over as in some measure excusable on account of its effect as an antithesis. It probably was not designed to convey any distinct meaning; but the unfeeling latitude of the declaration, that in a state wherein so great an aggregate of happiness, and splendour, and science, was enjoyed, evidently too in a course of gradual improvement, all the horrible mischiefs of anarchy should be encountered for the sake of a radical reform, stands condemned by every principle of policy as well as humanity. "When," says Mr. Burke, at the end of a long and magnificent enumeration of the opulent cities, the roads, the bridges, the canals, the ports, the harbours, the fortifications, the navy, the produce, the manufactures, the public foundations, and the arts of that great kingdom, "when I reckon the men she has bred for extending her fame in war, her able statesmen, the multitude of her profound lawyers and theologians, her philosophers, her critics, her historians and antiquaries, her poets and her orators, sacred and profane; I behold in all this something which awes and commands the imagination, which checks the mind on the brink of precipitate and indiscriminate censure, and which demands that we should very seriously examine what and how great are the latent vices that would authorize us at once to level so specious a fabric to the ground. I do not recognise, in this view of things, the despotism of Turkey; nor do I discern the character of a government that has been, on the whole, so oppressive, or so corrupt, or so negligent, as to be utterly unfit for all reformation. I must think that such a government well deserved to have its excellencies heightened, its faults corrected, and its capacities improved into a British constitution."

In pursuing the course of Mr. Fox's conduct through the political transactions of this revolutionary period, so pregnant with disaster to the Continent, and danger to this kingdom, every step of the progress augments the proofs of his want of political philosophy. "History," says Bolingbroke, "is philosophy

teaching by examples." It is in this view that the revolutionary periods of history are by far the most fruitful of instruction to minds which possess the talent of discerning real and substantial resemblances, under great diversities in the forms and conditions of society, and of deducing from experience a knowledge of the symptoms which indicate the recurrence of civil catastrophes. A spirit of research, and a habit of comparison, bring all times together, however distant from each other, and throw into one fund the aggregate experience of ages. In this wisdom, the "brilliant debater" whose career we are considering appears to have been defective.

The French revolution was an excellent test for trying the metal of which the minds of our public men were composed. Unless we can take it for granted that the horrors produced by the revolution resulted necessarily from its principles, we know we cannot fairly argue that those who viewed its early symptoms with pleasurable anticipations were defective in feeling or foresight. But we venture, in the teeth of the observation that it is easy to say what must have happened with the knowledge of what *has* happened for one's guide, to remark that it is singular that a man of Mr. Fox's discernment should not predict the consequences of the rapid developement of mental energy in a state of things very unprepared to give it either counterpoise or direction; nor foresee the event of the approaching conflict between cupidity backed by power, and property supported only by title; between naked authority and discord in armour: that he should not perceive, what announced itself from the beginning, that theories of the most destroying tendency, and projects of the wildest innovation, had assumed a systematic shape, borrowed the dress of philosophy, and discarded the legitimate basis of moral actions. Yet with all this strange and stubborn obtuseness to what was going on in revolutionary France, Mr. Fox could nevertheless allow and declare Mr. Burke's speech on the report of the committee on the army estimates to be the wisest, as well as the most brilliant, ever delivered in the house. It did, indeed, deserve that character, but it consisted wholly of an exposition of the wickedness and folly of the proceedings of the French regenerators. How then could that speech be wise, and "the new constitution of France a stupendous and glorious edifice?"

It is with considerable pain and disgust that, after this acknowledgment, we observe that Mr. Fox's declarations in favour of the revolution in France, which he often illustrated by comparisons with our own, increased in tone and animation. Could it be that Mr. Fox was fully amenable to the profound and splendid eloquence of Mr. Burke upon that occasion, and yet totally impenetrable to the scene then passing before his eyes? or was it

that long exclusion from a share in the councils of the country had made him sometimes almost forget that that country was his own; that, yielding to the morbid excitements of disappointed ambition, he could see nothing in whatever opposed the existing government in principle or procedure, but through a fascination that disguised its deformities? However it may be, the lesson is instructive.

Unquestionably, if Mr. Fox had joined in opinion with Mr. Burke upon this great question, some part of his brilliancy might have been obscured by the peculiar ascendancy of that great genius on this most extensive of all subjects. To have blazed too in that part of the luminous hemisphere in which Mr. Pitt must still have been the polar star, might not have been a station equal to his ambition at that period of his life; but, perhaps, as an example of moral magnanimity and virtuous sacrifice, nothing could have been more worthy than such an event to go down to posterity as a pattern to future statesmen, and to illustrate the limits of the patriot's opposition. Such, however, was not the course which Mr. Fox thought fit to take.

The rupture with Mr. Burke exhibited in very lively colours the characters of these two remarkable persons; and it is due to Mr. Fox to distinguish his part in it by the praise of superior temper. But the temper that views with complacency the triumphs of injustice is sometimes too hastily called amiable; and it cannot be denied that the bleeding injuries of France seemed to touch the heart of Mr. Fox with too little emotion; while the feelings of Mr. Burke on that subject sometimes inflated his imagination and distorted his language. But what shall we say of the language, the disposition, or the consistency of Mr. Fox, when we find him, in a speech pronounced by him in 1801, on the address to his Majesty on the Preliminaries of Peace, looking through the direful retrospect of ten years of confiscation and murder that were interposed between the old government and the time in which he was speaking, and affirming it to have been a despotism than which he defied any man to produce in the history of the world a more accursed one. Vol. vi. p. 459. Surely the language of this sentiment was preposterously inflated; the disposition with which it was uttered, to say the least of it, was extremely harsh; and as to its consistency, it will be difficult to reconcile it with the exchange of civilities between Mr. Fox and the Autocratrix of the Russias, or with his friendly intercourse with the Despot of France, who had extirpated every trace of "the most stupendous and glorious edifice which had been erected on the foundation of human integrity in any time or country."

To the eloquence of Mr. Burke on the great subject of the French revolution, beauty of expression, profundity of thought,

and grandeur of imagery, had lent their utmost effect; but the dissolution of his political and private friendship with Mr. Fox, though adventitious to the subject, threw over it such a majestic shade of melancholy grandeur, that, taking altogether the man, and the occasion, with all its attendant circumstances, the human mind, without inspiration, was, perhaps, never seen at a higher point of intellectual exaltation. In this political drama, the part of Mr. Fox was also very powerfully sustained. It was always decorous, and frequently great and affecting. Upon the whole, it was that moment of his life in which, to use a homely expression, we have most grudged him to the enemies of what we deem the cause of rational and manly freedom.

But Mr. Burke was "weak, and weary, and wished for rest." That rest he soon afterwards sought, and we trust partially found, in the domestic society of those he loved; till, after a short interval most beneficially employed in publishing his sentiments in an imperishable form to the world, he sunk into his final rest, rich in faith, mature in honour, and followed by the tears of the wise and virtuous.

But the ground was not left to Mr. Fox. Mr. Pitt had been at the head of government for upwards of ten years, during which time he had falsified all the predictions respecting the consequences of American independence. He had raised the funds almost to par, and had doubled the commerce of the country. He had passed through the great question of the regency with courage, wisdom, and disinterestedness; and, about the time of Mr. Burke's death, was in the fullest possession of the confidence of the sovereign and the people. No minister ever enjoyed a less dependent popularity; and perhaps those acts of his administration tended most to secure this popularity which sacrificed the least to it. The people rather valued him as their friend, than loved him as their favourite. It would be difficult to show that any other public man ever owed the security and permanence of his power to causes more pure and honourable; and among these causes the high and commanding character of his eloquence is not to be forgotten.

It was peculiarly that description of eloquence which the times demanded in a minister of this country. More of passion might have rendered his prudence suspected, less of vehemence might have induced doubts of his sincerity: with a lower tone of magnificence he would have stood less upon a par with the great subjects which engaged him; with more of figurative embellishment his style might have had the character of contentious effort and of a mind but half in earnest; had he been less perspicuous or less refined, less grave or less vigorous, less collected or less animated, less copious or less sententious; in a word, had he

been any thing but what he was, full of his matter yet great in his manner, a master of all the faculties of the orator, and yet equally a master of himself, it would have been impossible for him to have held the suffrages of his country so long in willing subjection, and to have disposed his fellow-subjects so patiently to bear the continually increasing sacrifices which a contest protracted and arduous beyond example had made indispensable.

It was not by occasional displays, by single superlative efforts, producing extraordinary excitement, and agitating the bosom with temporary commotion, that the great objects of Mr. Pitt's eloquence were to be obtained (we speak in reference to his contest with French power abroad, and French principles at home), but by an elocution sedate, manly, vigorous, and flowing, always true and consistent in its bearing, full of permanent and just ideas, practicable in its propositions, clear in its details, solemn in its appeals. Its great business was to sustain the mind of the country at an altitude, not too high above ordinary humanity, (for an overstimulated state is of short and feverish duration,) yet raised enough above vulgar prepossessions to qualify it to know and to feel its real situation, and to appreciate the gifts of a bloated philosophy which had laid waste the civilized world. To keep in constant energy a feeling in the public mind of counteraction to this deadly poison, the nerve of his eloquence was in constant tension. Severely devoted to its object, it had less of play and pliancy, less of anecdote or of parallels drawn from history and common life, less of variety, less of natural force, less of figurative beauty, less of humour, less of complexional warmth, of private feeling, and a certain domestic pathos, a less excursive range, fewer sallies, rarer bursts of the sublime, and less argumentative brilliancy than his great antagonist; but in the more commanding attributes of eloquence, in moral elevation, uniform dignity, persuasive efficacy, perspicuity of arrangement, distinctness of statement, copiosity, elegance, and precision, Mr. Pitt was without an equal on the floor of the British parliament. The eloquence of many around him displayed all the vivacities of light and colour, the corruscations that dazzle, the flame that sparkles, that kindles, that devours; but the various excellencies which met in the mind of Mr. Pitt, correcting, qualifying, and combining with each other, issued in a sober lustre and mild effulgence that made it easy to follow his luminous track through details the most complicated, and schemes the most extensive in their relations and results.

To these higher and more peculiar qualities Mr. Pitt added, in a remarkable degree, that plenitude of information which is the food of eloquence. Neither industry, inquiry, dispatch, or any of the properties of the man of business, were wanting to his pub-

lic character, so that a superior accuracy as to matters of fact, mercantile and military transactions, parliamentary and official forms, foreign relations and correspondence, made his footing firm, while he reached towards those objects which were of the highest attainment, and secured him from the troublesome attacks of little men. They were the housings and trappings of the war-horse that protected his sides from the irritating attacks of insects. They were the "*involucra atque integumenta*," which, in the language of Cicero, veiled over the "*divitias ac ornamenta ejus ingenii.*" To all these requisites were added those of the more mechanical kind, on which the same great authority lays almost a primary stress: "*Vocis et spiritûs et totius corporis et ipsius linguæ motus et exercitationes.*" We seem even yet to hear the sound of his lofty declamation, his mellow tones, his rotundity of cadence, his rich continuity of diction; we seem yet to contemplate that look which expressed such manly self-reliance, such virtuous hardihood, such conscious security: his volume, his vigour, his expansion, his decorous ease, his chaste luxuriance, all mix in our memory of the past with the grateful recollection of the services of this extraordinary man. Of all this power, of all this excellence, the state itself, preserved by their operation, is the STANDING MONUMENT.

That the style of Mr. Pitt was the result of labour it is impossible to doubt; but the nature and method of his preparative studies we are left to conjecture: we only know that they must have been commenced very early, as at the time when the talents of others are in preparation Mr. Pitt's were in action. The probability is, that that which Crassus in the De Oratore offers as his last and best advice to his young hearers, namely, "to compose as much as possible," which, he adds, we are all of us too ready to avoid, because it brings toil and trouble with it, was not neglected by Mr. Pitt; and that it was the early attention paid to this part of his education, that gave him that oratorical roundness of expression, and that qualified him to select the best words and scatter them like glories through his speeches. "These," says Crassus, in a rapture, after enumerating principally those qualities which were the characteristics of Mr. Pitt's oratory, "are the perfections of the complete orator, which strike so forcibly upon the hearts of men, and transport them into astonishment and acclamation; nor can any one attain to them, however he may use himself to extempore speaking, but by a constant and laborious habit of composing."

That universality of knowledge, which, in the same work, Cicero, speaking in the character of Crassus, requires as necessary to the consummate orator, could not have been built up either in the mind of Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox before their entrance upon the

stage of business and action. In those grand preparatives, those transcendental qualities, insisted upon by the master of Roman eloquence, both the statesmen last mentioned were plainly inferior to Mr. Burke. That profound and comprehensive speaker and writer had been well schooled in reflection and study before he became a public man. He was in all the latitude of the term a man of letters and science, before he offered himself to the gaze of mankind. In beautiful expansions of truth, both speculative and practical, in great and general principles, in affluence of thought and splendour of imagination, and, we may add, in correct extensive views of human nature, Mr. Burke left all competition behind him. We listened to him with a sort of profound delight, a serious sober rapture, a charmed conviction, which no other speaker or writer has ever produced in us. We seemed to draw from perennial springs that refreshed the soul and dilated our very capacities for instruction. After all, however, it must be owned, that for the dust of the forum, for the political arena, for rough use and all weathers, the texture of Mr. Burke's eloquence might be somewhat too exquisite. If, on this account, in his life-time his hold was weaker on the House of Commons, on the same account his fame and influence have been gathering strength at every moment since his departure. It has increased, is increasing, and we trust we shall not live to see it diminished. It is part of our national security.

Soon after Mr. Burke was withdrawn, the great expedients resorted to by government for repressing sedition and treason produced the most violent contests between the party in opposition and the party in power. We consider this to have been the least dignified portion of Mr. Fox's political life, and that of Mr. Pitt's which gave it its highest value. Whether or not there were actually any seditious and traitorous correspondencies existing in the country; whether there were or were not endeavours on foot among a very large number of mischievous persons to disseminate through this country principles of the same disorganizing tendency as those which had produced and instituted anarchy in France with all its afflicting consequences, we feel it would be ridiculous at this time gravely to inquire. They were things of palpable notoriety to all but the party of Mr. Fox. They were upon us, around us, at our doors, in our walks, at our tables. Mr. Pitt's speech, on the report of the Secret Committee respecting seditious societies, contained a concise and clear exposition of the discoveries that had resulted from the inquiries of that Committee. The facts were laid before the House, from which it demonstrably appeared that a plan had been formed upon a most extended basis of communication and action for exciting an universal disaffection among the lower orders to their constitutional governors, and for

giving form, and body, and permanence to that disaffection. It appeared from the clearest admissions of these societies themselves, on the face of their own correspondence with each other and similar bodies in that country which had been the scene of this fatal activity, that a convention, capable by its numbers and physical strength of supplanting all regular authority, and building up reform upon the foundation of original rights, upon the nature of which this convention was to determine, was the thing intended to be brought about. The country was full of testimony to the fact; and one would have thought that, to escape the knowledge of these truths, it would have been necessary to withdraw from all intercourse with man, and take up a lodging in the wilderness.

All this, however, was considered by Mr. Fox as fictitious ground of alarm; and the allegation of any thing like insurrectionary projects in England or Scotland was treated as calumny against the country. In Mr. Fox's opinion, the riotous disposition was wholly on the side of Church and King; and Mr. Burke's book on the French revolution was a work of more dangerous tendency than the publication in answer to it by Mr. Thomas Paine.

To Mr. Burke's "Reflections," to Mr. Pitt's speeches and exertions, and, perhaps, we may add, to the association formed chiefly under the auspices of Mr. Reeves, "for preserving liberty and property against republicans and levellers," our thanks are due for the failure of designs and plans, formidable not more from the peculiar crisis of which they proposed to take advantage, than from the strange infatuation, folly, or malice, of many very considerable persons, who, amidst the heats of party contention, appeared to overlook the common danger.

It seems, however, that Mr. Fox and his friends, if we are to look for their real sentiments in their speeches, did not see any thing very menacing to the safety of the state in the formation of societies in this country in correspondence with the revolutionary societies in Paris, or in the plans of the reformists for assembling a great convention of the nation for the purpose of removing the corrupt parts of our constitution. At the moment of impending danger these views of the situation and interests of the country, by men of "light and leading," appeared to us to be a subject of deep concern; death has since sealed up their lips in silence, and the controversy itself can scarcely be said to exist; but it is edifying to their posterity to observe and deprecate the triumphs of party animosity over plain sense, clear evidence, and British feelings.

The speeches of Mr. Pitt, on these occasions, were admirable comments upon the rights of man, as understood by those who had adopted them as the foundation of the revolution in France. He showed them to be as unwarrantable in the sense in which the

speculative politicians used them, as the divine rights of kings, and clearly more dangerous, as leading to the worst possible condition of humanity, a condition of anarchy and confusion. By these speeches, containing some of the wisest practical remarks on the true nature and genius of the British constitution, the politics of the country are delivered from abstractions, and the principles of society and government placed upon a natural and intelligible foundation. So much good sense has scarcely ever been brought to the illustration of the real grounds of constitutional safety and expediency.

While the Bills "for the better Security of his Majesty's Person and Government against treasonable and seditious Practices," and the Bill "for preventing seditious Meetings," were in progress through the House, the tone and character of Mr. Pitt's speeches were eminently grave and tranquil. They were at the same time, in a remarkable degree, plain and perspicuous. In both which particulars his good sense and good taste were very distinguishable. The greatest simplicity of statement was required to make the necessity of an inroad upon the constitution understood and felt by the House and the country, and in a measure so delicate and ambiguous, it was the part of prudence to impress on the public mind an opinion of the deliberation and discretion which attended the proceeding. The collectedness, the dignity, the intrepid moderation which marked the conduct of the minister in this important juncture, presented him to his country in his highest point of elevation; and we are of opinion, that just when Mr. Fox was provoked to say, that "if he were asked how these Bills were to be resisted, in the present instance, he would say, by peaceable means, by petition, by remonstrance; but if they had once passed into law, and he should then be asked how they were to be resisted, he would then answer, that it was no longer a question of morality and duty but of prudence, and that no attack which the unfortunate family of Stuart had made upon the liberties of the country was more alarming and atrocious than that which was intended by the present Bills," was the moment when the character of Mr. Pitt rose higher, and that of his great antagonist sunk lower, than at any period of their respective lives.

The answer of Mr. Pitt is a model of dignified sarcasm; and those who heard him bear testimony to the nobleness of manner with which it was delivered. As the speech is a short and entire specimen highly characteristic of the speaker, we will present it by way of illustration of what has been said:

"I do not rise, Sir, to argue the tendency of these bills. I do not rise to speak to the question of delay; that has already been fully discussed. Nor do I rise to follow the right honourable gentleman through

the whole of his speech. But there are some passages in it, which, consistently with my duty as a member of parliament, with my feelings as a man, with my attachment to my sovereign, and my veneration for the constitution, I cannot hear without instantly expressing my horror and indignation at them. The right honourable gentleman has made a bold, broad, and unqualified declaration, that if his arguments and his measures do not prevent the passing of the bills, which a great majority of this house conceive to be necessary for the security of the person of the sovereign, and the preservation of the rights of the people, he will then have recourse to different means of opposition. He has avowed his intention of setting up his own arguments in opposition to the authority of the legislature. He has said, that if he is asked his advice, he will put the propriety of resistance only on the question of prudence, without adverting whether the consequences of this advice may be followed by the penalties of treason, and the danger of convulsion, thus openly advising an appeal to the sword, which must either consign its authors to the vengeance of violated law, or involve the country in anarchy and bloodshed. The right honourable gentleman has taken care not to be mistated: happily for the country this declaration of his principles is too clear to admit of a doubt. With all the horror that I feel at such language, I am glad, however, the right honourable gentleman has been so unreserved and explicit. The house and the country will judge of that gentleman's conduct from his own language; they will see the extent of his veneration for the constitution, and of his respect for parliament, when, in violation of his duty, in defiance of legal punishment, he can bring himself to utter such sentiments. I am glad the right honourable gentleman has made that avowal, because I hope that it will warn all the true friends of the constitution to rally round it for its defence.

"I will not enter into a discussion of the abstract right of resistance, or what degree of oppression on the part of the government, would set the people free from their allegiance. I will only call to the recollection of those who hear me, that the principle of these bills, upon which the right honourable gentleman has ventured such language, has met with the approbation of a large majority of the house, and I trust that majority have not forgot what is due to themselves and their country. I hope they will shew the right honourable gentleman that they have not lost the spirit of their ancestors, which has been so frequently referred to; and that if they are driven by treason to the hard necessity of defending the constitution by force, that they will act with that irresistible energy which such a crime must necessarily excite in a loyal assembly. The power of the law of England, I trust, will be sufficient to defeat the machinations of all who risk such dangerous doctrines, and to punish treason wherever it may be found. Let me tell the right honourable gentleman, therefore, that if our sense of public duty induces us to have recourse to those measures, we will not suffer ourselves to be intimidated by his menaces. If we feel it incumbent on us to enact laws suited to the emergency of the times, we shall not be wanting to ourselves in the energy which may be required to enforce those laws; and whatever attempts may be made to resist their

operation, we trust that the power of the laws themselves will be found amply sufficient to defeat such attempts."

Though we complain of the application by Mr. Fox of his general propositions, yet it is with pleasure admitted by us that his speeches are interspersed with many wise, amiable, and noble sentiments, and many important fundamental truths in politics and morals. His application of his abstract positions is, in our humble judgment, frequently erroneous; and when in this combined form they are properly resisted or rejected, we often find him retreating within the shelter of their abstract verity, and placing the arguments of his adversary in apparent opposition to some proposition of universal acceptance. Making, however, all due allowance for the use and abuse of virtuous sentiment and the dialect of morality, as instruments of debate, which is the case, perhaps, more or less, with all public speakers, the tone of Mr. Fox's expressions on these subjects is generally so natural, just, and earnest, that no one can deny them to be properly his own. On India subjects he for the most part appears in the character of an indignant denunciator of corruption and oppression, a character sustained by him with incredible vigour, and in which the whole force of his genius, and all the sensibilities of his nature, appear to have been drawn forth and expanded.

On the night of the first of December, 1783, the House of Commons was a scene of oratorical contention, in which the human understanding seemed to spurn its natural boundary. What Greek or Roman eloquence can stand a comparison with the brilliance of that great occasion? It was then that Mr. Burke made his celebrated oration on the bounds and extent of chartered rights, and that Mr. Fox defended his India bill, on which his character as a statesman, and his existence as a minister, might be considered as depending. Whatever might be the merits of the question, which is no part of our present discussion, the ingenuity, the resource, the variety, the splendour, the velocity of the speaker, were such, that the mind sunk exhausted under the effort to accompany him in his course. "Tanta enim cursus verborum fuit, et sic evolavit oratio, ut ejus vim et incitationem adspexerim; vestigia ingressumque vix viderim."

But rapid as was the speed of the orator, what authorities, what analogies, what principles, what sources of knowledge, what recesses of the mind, were forgotten or unvisited, that could afford him illustration or argument, and from which the prodigality of his genius could draw its supplies? All that men and books could furnish to the wants of eloquence seemed to be at his absolute command; art and nature lay tributary at his feet; his mind seemed to struggle with its own fecundity, to stagger under its great accumulations, to labour with excess of thought; his

crowded intellect pressed for utterance, and seemed ready to pour forth its abundance in a breath; yet amidst some precipitance of manner, the necessary consequence of such fulness and such impetuosity, his manly language maintained all its natural transparency, and his arguments, though sometimes in disorder, were never in confusion.

In his various speeches in the defence of his India bill, Mr. Fox in general maintained a very dignified tone of morality. They were strong in those persuasive and conciliating characters which are derived from the topics of prudence, virtue, and humanity,—instruments of creating in the audience a confidence in the speaker, so well stated and distinguished by the ancient masters of rhetoric. The φρονησις, και αρετη, και ευνοια of Aristotle abounded in these beautiful specimens. They united the didactics of Isocrates with the grace of Lysias, and the thundering appeals of Demosthenes. It is impossible to read these speeches and think otherwise of Mr. Fox than that whatever was sacrificed (and much was sacrificed) to unworthy connexions, factious contention, bad habits, and party motives, was so much taken away from the real patriot and the virtuous statesman; they left the torso of the mutilated statue, traced by the hand of Praxiteles, but admirable rather for what it might have been than for what it was.

About the same time a task of no small difficulty was cast upon Mr. Fox. He had his coalition with Lord North to defend, not merely against his adversaries in parliament, but against himself —against his own former philippics. To reconcile or palliate a contrariety so bold and sudden, required a full display of his ingenuity and resource; and it must be owned by those who look with the least allowance upon that passage in his political life, that his various defences of it were very beautiful specimens of his art, if art it must be called. In style and character they were perfectly natural, and approached in their morality the Christian standard. We will not pretend to determine how much in these instances of affecting eloquence was nature, and how much was art; but we venture to pronounce them among the finest testimonies to the general powers of the man we are describing.

In the use of that morality which Socrates brought down from heaven and infused into the familiarities of domestic intercourse, in the art of addressing the common feelings, and appealing to the plain duties of life, in applying the maxims of daily experience, warm as it were from the fire-side, and moistened with the milk of human kindness, Mr. Fox appears to us to have greatly excelled. That which Longinus imputes to the Odyssey, and for which he shows no great respect, the descent of the poet

into the business and experience of ordinary life was a great beauty in Mr. Fox's oratory; and if there is any one characteristic that more distinguishes him than another, it is that of speaking ηθικως,—with a language, feeling, and imagery accessible to all. Over these topics and this dialect he contrived to throw the finest fascination of his genius; it was here that he moved with a masculine ease, and developed the more vigorous graces of his understanding.

Yet it will appear upon examination, that the ethics of Mr. Fox's oratory were often only specious, and sometimes very spurious. They have often the greater sound from having no solidity; they seemed but too frequently to be meant for the *many*; they adopted all that false humanity so characteristic of the times, which, assuming to itself the name and dignity of charity, not merely pretends to the privilege of covering a multitude of sins, but of giving to them appellations soothing to vice and subversive of moral truth. To have looked for a perfect, a scripture-built morality in the speeches of Mr. Fox, would have been to found expectation on no reasonable grounds. His miserable training, his early habits and connexions, the absorption of all higher principles of action in a paramount devotion to party objects, tended very much to obscure the medium through which virtue presented itself to his views. He was one of the most avowed party-men that had ever any share in the public business of the nation; and it is the tendency of party-spirit and feeling to confound the real qualities of actions. The virtues of a political opponent are either imputed to hypocrisy, or, with an injustice still more pernicious in its consequences, degraded from their rank, and exposed to contempt and derision; the vices of him who has a party to support him produce twice their natural evil by losing half their just reproach. The objects of Mr. Fox's oratorical praise, and of his praise he was as lavish as of his censure, were those who followed his political fortunes; but not only those; a predilection for all such as stood opposed to the government had found its way into his mind through the medium of his strong party-prejudices; and in the fierceness of his political wrath, he sometimes forgot that these persons were opposed to the government by being the enemies of his country. In the same proportion his hatred fell promiscuously upon those whose cause the government had espoused. Thus the family of the Bourbons were the perpetual theme of his bitterest execration; and it was something for him to allow, that "he rejoiced as much in the termination of the tyranny of Robespierre as in the fall of the tyranny of the house of Bourbon." But from La Fayette to Buonaparte, the enemies of England have certainly had no hard measure to complain of on the part of Mr. Fox. When we find that statesman, on the 25th

of March, in 1801, in his speech on Mr. Grey's motion on the state of the nation,* talking of Buonaparte's most conciliating proposals for peace, and of "his sensibility to that which constituted his true glory," adverting to the glories of Marengo and Hohenlinden," and declaring that the victor in those battles "never won a laurel without showing the olive at the same time," we cannot but lament that meanness of motive and pravity of sentiment, which in party-men, even the greatest, perverts and vitiates the moral taste.

The same depravation of the moral taste by the morbid influence of party objects and party prejudices, produced a ridiculous clamour on the opposition side of the House of Commons about the fate of the Marquis de la Fayette. That general was lying in the prison of Olmutz, together with Bureau de Pussy and Latour Maubourg; and so touched were the sensibilities of Mr. Fox and his friends with this usage of the marquis, that it was thought proper to move a most extraordinary address to his Majesty to intercede for these unfortunate persons. Mr. Windham's speech upon this occasion we strongly recommend to the reader, on account of its being among the most characteristic specimens of the manly style and weighty sentiments of that great man, and as containing a very successful exposure of modern political humanity. Mr. Windham said that he rose, not as the honourable gentleman (Mr. Sheridan) had observed, to reveal any thing that secretly lurked in the bosoms of ministers, but to tear the veil from the face of the honourable gentlemen and his friends, and to show to the house and to the world what was the mysterious motive to their humanity; what it really was that put their feelings in motion; what it was that suggested to them the extraordinary notion of selecting the Marquis de la Fayette, and marking him out as an object whose misfortunes entitled him to the general sympathy of mankind." In the course of this speech Mr. Windham fully illustrated the real character of La Fayette, unveiled his treachery to his sovereign, and exposed the cruel, ferocious, and unmanly part acted by that officer on the memorable 5th and 6th of October.

Mr. Fox's celebrated speech on the bill for the repeal of the Marriage Act, which was spoken by him at about the age of five and thirty, contains some extraordinary specimens of moral reasoning. Perhaps there exists not in all the compass of recorded eloquence so captivating a display of splendid and mischievous sophistry. We cannot resist the desire we feel to fortify this observation by an instance from the speech itself:

"This, then, being the only legal condition on which the natural

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* Vol. vi. p. 449.

right of intercourse could be exercised, he was entitled to say, and after this explanation he trusted he should not be contradicted, that marriage was a natural right. What, then, could the legislature of this, or of any country, conceive in their insolence or in their folly, that they had it in their power to reverse the decree of God, to alter the system of Providence, and to destroy, by a human law, a natural right! For this reason he had always conceived, that this act was one to which the legislature were not competent from their authority, and much less from their capacity. He did not conceive that parliament had it in their power to destroy or to abridge one single right of nature; such was the right of marriage; such was the right of human liberty, for which our constitution had so amply provided. But if they had presumed, at any moment of pride or avarice, to do that for which they were not constituted, the other obstacle had intervened, and defeated the intention as well as the end. This was the obstacle of their incapacity. It had been visible in other instances: it had operated to the advantage of mankind in this. For though the marriage act had been framed with all the ingenuity and all the caution of human skill; though there was no error or defect in any of its provisions, yet it had failed of producing the desired end. Why? For the same reason that all such bills, however subtle, must fail, in which the cunning of man dares to set itself up in opposition to infinite wisdom, and to the eternal laws of God.

"But it was said; 'this act does not destroy the right of marriage, allowing it to be a natural right, it only suspends the enjoyment of that right for a time: after the age of twenty-one the party is at liberty to enjoy that right, for then he or she is arrived at the age of judgment and of discretion.' The futility of this argument was evident from the recital of it. Was there any such limitation in the laws of nature? Did she point out any period when the human mind might without fear be left to follow its own dictates in the enjoyment of this great right and purpose of our being? After having matured the creature for the enjoyment of the right, did she restrain him for a time from that enjoyment? No; on the contrary, nature pointed out the tyranny of the restriction by the general operation of her system. The age at which the sexes were marriageable was several years sooner than the age of twenty-one, and for several years, therefore, they were deprived of the enjoyment of this natural right. They were deprived of the exercise of it in that season of life most favourable to all the noble and generous inducements of the mind, when with the warm incentives of love and affection the sexes met without those low and sordid views which interest pointed out, and which age and avarice confirmed. The season of youth was the season of passion, when the heart possessed all its feeling and sensibility, untainted by the mercenary considerations which afterwards our commerce with, and knowledge of, the world were likely to inspire. This, then, was the season, when connections were likely to be formed between the sexes, which, having their origin in mutual passion, were calculated to confer permanent felicity. *It was passion, and not reason, that was the best capable of providing for our happiness in wedlock.*

"If we were in every great occurrence of our lives, and particularly in this, to wait for the slow decisions of reason and discretion, what must be the consequence? Solitary singlehood and general depopulation! For if men, in a cold and sober mood, were to sit down to calculate all the probable advantages and disadvantages of wedlock, the disgusts and anxieties, and all the tribe of contingencies to which the weakness and vices of the heart so often give birth, how few, how comparatively few, of the human race would venture on the state; for in such a calculation, what were the considerations that would have weight? Similarity of age, gentleness of disposition, and above all, union of hearts? No; these would be secondary considerations, and the primary would be fortune, birth, connections, and splendour. These were the motives that actuated parents and guardians, in their negociations for their children and wards, and these were the causes of all the multiplied varieties of connubial misery. It was to him a plain, simple, and positive maxim, that no person, not even a parent, with all the love and tenderness which he might be supposed to possess, and much less a guardian without those ties, could possibly judge so well for a son, a daughter, or a ward, as the person themselves. We were always the best judges of what was most agreeable to our own dispositions, our own wants, and our own desires in life. In that generous season, which was prohibited by law, the young parties were more likely to judge well for themselves than their parents or their guardians. The one would decide from passion, the other would argue from prudence: and in this respect it was, that, as his honourable friend had with truth and beauty expressed it, 'the heart of youth was wiser than the head of age.'

"Philosophers might argue as they pleased for the prevalence of reason; it was however a fact, which neither moralists nor philosophers could deny, that nature had planted passions in the heart of man for the wisest purposes, both of religion and of life; and it was finely calculated in many cases, to subdue and overthrow reason; to rise superior to its slow authority, and to urge the mind to enterprizes, in which there was at once both danger and delight. Dean Swift had a maxim, in the truth of which he agreed as thoroughly as he ever did in any sentiment or axiom whatever. It was, 'That there were two passions in the human heart superior to the government and control of reason, and which were planted there by a particular providence, for the preservation of the species; these were, the love of life, and the love of the sexes.' The first was of manifest advantage, for were it not for this principle, wrapped round our hearts, and made part of our being, could we, in moments of agony and despair, resist the influence of reason, and her forcible persuasions to annihilation? This love of life made us bear up against the torrent of disaster, and all the evils with which we were doomed to struggle in this world. The love of the sexes had equal operation on our conduct. It rose superior to all the chilling dictates of prudence, and made us hazard that, which, if we were to consult conveniency, safety, and advantage, perhaps we ought with caution to avoid. These principles, then, were wisely planted in our bosoms for the preservation and the happiness of the

species; and no human law could possibly destroy or even diminish them."

Among the parts of Mr. Fox's oratory, in which the moral character of it seemed to have been at the lowest, we cannot help mentioning those frequent allusions to the right of the people to resist their governors, accompanied with observations not difficult to be construed into encouragement to the exercise of the right. On the questions respecting Ireland, and the discussions on the bills for suppressing the seditious movements which were visibly in progress in this country at the commencement of the French revolution, Mr. Fox's discretion seems to have totally forsaken him: the emanations of French insurrectionary freedom were embodied in that eloquence which, after shaking the walls of the senate, spread itself over the country in the daily journals.

While we are upon this theme we may, we trust, be allowed to express our disapprobation of the irreverent frequency with which the name of the Creator was introduced to serve the purpose of exclamation or emphasis in the speeches of Mr. Fox. In noticing this last objection we shall not be considered as too critical and captious when we are able to quote from the Life of Mr. Windham, published with his speeches, the following passage: "Nothing so highly offended him as any careless or irreverent use of the name of the Creator. I remember that on reading a letter addressed to him, in which the words, "my God!" had been made use of on a light occasion, he hastily snatched a pen, and, before he could finish the letter, blotted out the misplaced exclamation."

Upon the whole, in those serious and solid properties of eloquence, in which it displays a natural connexion with the nobler parts of our nature, and announces itself as the proper vehicle of the purest ethics;* in that province which Socrates, reasoning from some partial instances of abuse, denied to the orator, and claimed exclusively for the philosopher, but to which Cicero maintained the lofty pretensions of his art, Mr. Pitt was far superior to his great rival. His eloquence was throughout pure from every stain of meanness or passion. He sustained his flight at a uniform altitude above the atmosphere in which vulgar ambition inhales the breezes of popular favour. He made no sacrifices to temporary effect; and if at any time he availed himself of a prevailing sentiment or transitory impulse, it was to found upon it a measure of permanent security. He loved his country, not as

* An si frequentissime de justitia, fortitudine, temperantia, ceterisque similibus sit disserendum, et adeo, ut vix ulla causa possit reperire in quam non aliqua quæstio ex his incidat, eaque omnia inventione atque elocutione sint explicanda dubitabitur, ubicunque vis ingenii et copia dicendi postulatur, ibi partes oratoris esse præcipuas?—Quint. Inst. Orat. Proem. lib. i.

a man loves his mistress, but as a father loves his child. Among the moderns no man has so nearly resembled the Athenian of whom a wise historian has said that "he acted with so much wisdom, moderation, disinterestedness, and zeal for the public good, he discovered in all things so great a superiority of talents, and gave so exalted an idea of his experience, capacity, and integrity, that he acquired the confidence of all the Athenians, and fixed in his own favour during the forty years that he had governed the Athenians their natural fickleness and inconstancy."

While the author of Philopatris Varvicencis is employed in ransacking newspapers and magazines for the character of Mr. Fox, we shall find Mr. Pitt's in the parallel which his life has afforded to the great Pericles, except in his military exploits, and except in that which was the consummation of the great model which the Athenian statesman has left us—attention to private economy. But what has all this virtue to do with the eloquence of Mr. Pitt! It has much to do with it. It was this which gave it its real value. It circulated through every part of it, carrying deathless vigour into its veins, and filling out its magnificent proportions.

The eloquence that flows with little effort is liable to the suspicion of being produced with little thinking; the secret castigations of sound judgment rarely consist with a rapid fluency of diction; the sincerity of him is often suspected whose thoughts are at leisure to be graceful, and thus sometimes to the very interruption of its rules rhetoric is indebted for its plenitude of effect; but Mr. Pitt's was an excepted case; that pure high-minded disinterestedness which raised his character above the level of the times, was so wrought into his manner as to make a constituent part of his eloquence; and that lofty declamation which in others was the effect of art and study, was in him the sustained result of the equal union of talents and virtue. It was from the generous seed of the original plant, and not the labour of ingraftment, that arose that luxuriant foliage and fruit of Hesperian flavour, which threw its shelter over all that was valuable in the country, while it gratified and improved its relish for whatever was most estimable in principle and conduct. We will here present our readers with a specimen of what we think characterizes Mr. Pitt's general manner.

Mr. Pitt concluded his answer to Mr. Fox's speech, condemning as unconstitutional the conduct of ministers in having granted money to the Emperor of Germany and the Prince of Condé, without the consent of parliament, in the following words:

"I may now, Sir, I think, be permitted to ask on what principle of

justice a criminal charge can be brought against me for merely having followed the uniform tenor of precedent, and the established line of practice? By what interpretation of a candid and liberal mind can I be judged guilty of an attempt, wantonly to violate the constitution? I appeal to the right honourable gentleman himself, who is not the last to contend for the delicacy which ought to be used in imputing criminal motives to any individual, and to urge in the strongest terms the attention which ought to be shewn to the candid and impartial administration of justice. In what country do we live? and by what principles are we to be tried? By the maxims of natural justice and constitutional law, or by what new code of some revolutionary tribunal? Not longer than a year and a half since, the same principle was adopted and suffered to pass without any animadversion; and now, at a crisis of tenfold importance, and where the measure has not outrun the exercise of a sound discretion, it is made the foundation of a criminal charge. We are accused of a direct and wanton attack upon the constitution. It is not supposed that we have been actuated by any but the blackest and most malignant motives. We are not allowed the credit of having felt any zeal for the interest of our country, nor for those advantages which the measure has produced to the common cause.

"I have now weighed the whole merits of the transaction before the house, and with them I am well content to leave the decision. While we claim a fair construction on the principles and intentions which have guided our conduct, if it shall appear that it has in the smallest instance deviated from any constitutional principle, we must submit to the consequence, whatever be the censure or the punishment. It is our duty, according to the best of our judgment, to consult for the interest of the country: it is your sacred and peculiar trust to preserve inviolate the principles of the constitution. I throw myself upon your justice, prepared in every case to submit to your decision; but with considerable confidence, that I shall experience your approbation. If I should be disappointed, I will not say that the disappointment will not be heavy, and the mortification severe; at any rate however it will to me be matter of consolation, that I have not, from any apprehension of personal consequences, neglected to pursue that line of conduct which I conceive to be essential to the interests of the country and of Europe. But while I bow with the most perfect submission to the determination of the house, I cannot but remark on the extraordinary language which has been used on this question. Ministers have been broadly accused of a wanton and a malignant desire to violate the constitution: it has been stated that no other motive could possibly have actuated their conduct. If a charge of such malignant intention had been brought against men, who have affirmed the present war to be neither just nor necessary, and who on that ground cannot be supposed friendly to its success; who have extolled, nay, even exulted in the prodigies of French valour; who have gloried in the successes of the foes of civil liberty, the hostile disturbers of the peace of Europe, men who blasphemously denied the existence of the Deity, and who had rejected and trampled on every law, moral and divine; who have exclaimed against the injustice of bringing to trial persons, who had associated to

overawe the legislature; those who gravely and vehemently asserted, that it was a question of prudence, rather than a question of morality, whether an act of the legislature should be resisted; those who were anxious to expose and aggravate every defect of the constitution; to reprobate every measure adopted for its preservation, and to obstruct every proceeding of the executive government to ensure the success of the contest in which we are engaged in common with our allies; I say, if such a charge of deliberate and deep-rooted malignity were brought against persons of this description, I should conceive that even then the rules of candid and charitable interpretation would induce us to hesitate in admitting its reality; much more when it is brought against individuals, whose conduct, I trust, has exhibited the reverse of the picture I have now drawn. I appeal to the justice of the house, I rely on their candour; but, to gentlemen who can suppose ministers capable of those motives which have been imputed to them on this occasion, it must be evident that I can desire to make no such appeal."

On the 30th of December, 1796, Mr. Pitt moved the order of the day for taking into consideration his Majesty's message respecting the failure of the negociation for peace, and concluded his speech on this subject in the following terms:

"I now come to state the broad plain ground on which the question rests, as far as the terms, upon which we are invited to treat on this new basis, are concerned. After having started a variety of captious objections at the opening of the negociation, after the preliminaries were with much difficulty adjusted, after an *ultimatum* was demanded, almost before discussion had commenced, after the king's minister was ordered, in the most insulting manner, to leave the territories of France, after a retraction by the executive directory of the original basis of negociation, and the substitution of a new one in its place, they demand, not as an *ultimatum*, but as a preliminary, to be permitted to retain all those territories of which the chance of war has given them a temporary possession, and respecting which they have thought proper, contrary to every principle of equity and the received laws of nations, to pass a constitutional law, declaring, as they interpret it, that they shall not be alienated from the republic. Now whether this be the principle of their constitution or not, upon which I shall afterwards have occasion to make some observations, it was at least naturally to be supposed that the principle had been virtually set aside when the former basis of negociation was recognized by the French directory; for it must have been a strange admission of the principle of reciprocal compensations indeed, if they were obliged by the rules of their constitution to retain all those conquests which we were most bound in duty and in honour to insist upon their giving up, (not by any mystery of a new constitution, which is little known, and even among those who know it, of doubtful interpretation, but by public and known engagements) and if they were under the same constitutional necessity, which they certainly are, of demanding the restitution of those colonies formerly in their possession, but which they have lost in the course of the war. Notwithstanding, however, their dis-

avowal of this principle in the admission of the former basis of the negociation, it is now alleged as a ground for the pretension, that they are entitled, as a matter of right, to demand from this country, not as an *ultimatum*, but as a preliminary to the discussion of any articles of treaty, that we shall make no proposals inconsistent with the laws and constitution of France. I know of no law of nations which can in the remotest degree countenance such a perverse and monstrous claim. The annexation of territory to any state, by the government of that state, during the continuance of the war in which they have been acquired, can never confer a claim which supersedes the treaties of other powers, and the known and public obligations of the different nations of Europe. It is impossible in the nature of things, that the separate act of a separate government can operate to the dissolution of the ties subsisting between other governments, and to the abrogation of treaties previously concluded: and yet this is the pretension to which the French government lay claim, and the acknowledgment of which they hold out, not as an *ultimatum*, but as a preliminary of negociation, to the king of Great Britain and his allies. In my opinion, there is no principle of the law of nations clearer than this, that when in the course of war any nation acquires new possessions, such nation has only a temporary right to them, and they do not become property till the end of the war. This principle is incontrovertible, and founded upon the nature of things. For, supposing possessions thus acquired to be immediately annexed to the territory of the state by which the conquest was made, and that the conqueror was to insist upon retaining them, because he had passed a law that they should not be alienated, might not the neighbouring powers, or even the hostile power, ask— Who gave you a right to pass this law? What have we to do with the regulations of your municipal law? Or, what authority have you, as a separate state, by any annexation of territory to your dominions, to cancel existing treaties, and to destroy the equilibrium established among nations? Were this pretension to be tolerated, it would be a source of eternal hostility, and a perpetual bar to negociation between the contending parties; because the pretensions of the one would be totally irreconcileable with those of the other.

"This pretension in the instance of France has been as inconsistent in its operations as it was unfounded in its origin. The possessions which they have lost in the West Indies in the course of the war, they made independent republics; and what is still more singular, Tobago, which they have lost in the war, and which is retained by British arms, is a part of indivisible France. I should not be surprised to hear that Ireland, in consequence of the rumour which has been circulated of their intention to attempt an invasion upon that country, is constitutionally annexed to the territories of the republic, or even that the city of Westminster is a part of indivisible France. There is a distinction, no doubt, between the Netherlands and the West India islands, but it whimsically happens that this principle of law, that this constitutional pretension, is least applicable to those possessions upon which it is held out as operating by the French government, and that the Austrian Netherlands, even by the letter of their own constitution, ought to be exempted from its operation. I own I am little qualified to read a lecture upon

the French constitution, and perhaps I shall be accused, in my interpretation of it, of pretending to understand it better than they do themselves. Here I must remind my accusers, however, that even M. Delacroix, that great master of the law of nations, allows that, on this point, the constitution is not perfectly clear, and gives that particular interpretation of it upon the authority of the best publicists. I again repeat it—that, in discussing the terms of a treaty with France, I am not obliged to know either her constitution or her laws, because it was unreasonable for her to advance a pretension upon a foundation inconsistent with the received law of nations and the established nature of things. But it will demonstrate their insincerity and the shallowness of the subterfuges to which they have been obliged to have recourse, if I can shew that no such law is in existence, and that their constitution leaves the government entirely at liberty to dispose of the possessions which they have acquired in war, in any way they may think proper. I have looked through this voluminous code [holding a copy of the constitution in his hand,] and I think it may be considered as an instance that a constitution upon paper, digesting and regulating the conduct of municipal jurisprudence as well as of foreign relations, does not lead to the best application of the true principles of political economy. In the copy of their constitution all I find upon the subject is a declaration that France is one and indivisible, which is followed by a long list of departments. And here I would recommend it to gentlemen to read the report upon which this decree was founded, in which they will find that it was passed for the avowed purpose of obtaining for France an indisputable ascendant in Europe, and of suppressing the trade and commerce of rival nations. Overlooking, however, the principle of the decree, if it was found inapplicable to the possessions of the French in the East and West Indies, which they had previous to the war, it was certainly much more inapplicable to the Austrian Netherlands, of which they have got possession in the course of the war; and, therefore, the government, in holding out the principle as operating upon the latter, and not the former, apply it to that part of their territory to which it is least applicable.

"If we look at the provisions under the next title, *respecting relations with foreign powers*, the argument against the existence of any such principle in their constitution is confirmed: for we find the executive government is there invested with the full power of treating, but that all their treaties must be ratified by the legislative bodies, with the singular exception of secret articles, which it is in the power of the directory to put in execution without being ratified, a proof that they are authorized by the constitution to alienate territories belonging to the republic. Allowing, however, that it is a principle of their constitution, is it an evil without a remedy? No. M. Delacroix confesses that it may be remedied, but not without the inconvenience of calling the primary assemblies. And are we then, after all the exertions that we have made in order to effect the object of general pacification, and after being baffled in all our efforts by the stubborn pride and persevering obstinacy of the French government, after our propositions have been slighted, and our ambassador insulted, are we now to consent to sacrifice our engagements, and to violate our treaties, because, forsooth, it would

be attended with some inconvenience for them to call their primary assemblies, in order to cancel a law which is incompatible with the principle of fair negociation? Shall we forget our own honour, our own dignity, and our own duty so far, as to acquiesce in a principle as a preliminary to negociation, intolerable in its tendency, unfounded in fact, inconsistent with the nature of things, and inadmissible by the law of nations?

"But this is not all the sacrifice they demand. This is not all the degradation to which they would have us submit. You must also engage, and as a preliminary too, to make no propositions which are contrary to the laws of the constitution, and the *treaties* which bind the republic. Here they introduce a new and extraordinary clause, imposing a restriction still more absurd and unreasonable than the other. The republic of France may have made secret treaties which we know nothing about, and yet that government expects that we are not to permit our propositions to interfere with these treaties. In the former instance we had a text upon which to comment, but here we are in the state of those diviners who were left to guess at the dreams which they were called upon to interpret. How is it possible for this country to know what secret articles there may be in the treaty between France and Holland? How can we know what the Dutch may have ceded to France, or whether France may not have an oath in heaven never to give up the territories ceded to her by Holland? Who can know but her treaty with Spain contains some secret article guaranteeing to the latter the restitution of Gibraltar, or some important possession now belonging to his Majesty? And how can I know whether the performance of all these engagements may not be included under the pretension which the French government now holds out? How is it possible for me to sound where no line can fathom? And even after you have acceded to these preliminaries, in what situation do you stand? After accepting of terms of which you are entirely ignorant, and giving up all that it is of importance for you to keep, you at last arrive at a discussion of the government which France may choose to give to Italy, and of the fate which she may be pleased to assign to Germany. In fact, the question is not, how much you will give for peace, but how much disgrace you will suffer at the outset, how much degradation you will submit to as a preliminary? In these circumstances, then, are we to persevere in the war with a spirit and energy worthy of the British name and of the British character? Or are we, by sending couriers to Paris, to prostrate ourselves at the feet of a stubborn and supercilious government, to do what they require, and to submit to whatever they may impose? I hope there is not a hand in his Majesty's councils that would sign the proposals, that there is not a heart in this house that would sanction the measure, and that there is not an individual in the British dominions who would act as the courier.

Much stress is usually laid upon the consistency of public men. The subject is often in the mouths of very silly men, and discussed with very silly views. The inconsistency usually complained of is the want of adherence through all changes in the

state of affairs, through all crises and exigencies of the country, to the same party, as it is called, with which the young politician commenced his public career. It is certainly possible that constancy to a party may admit of consistency in principle, and if by consistency we were to understand perseverance in opposition or attachment to a class or body of men, without regard to measures, consistency would be the peculiar distinction of the devoted partyman. But if consistency is considered with reference to measures, or rather the spirit of measures, then a man may change his party many times, or even support a measure at one time, and under certain circumstances, and oppose the same measure at another time, and under different circumstances, with perfect consistency. With this right understanding of consistency, Mr. Burke and Mr. Windham may be easily vindicated from the imputation of the want of it. But Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox are both in a certain degree open to the charge; a difference very natural when we consider that Mr. Burke and Mr. Windham came into public business full ten years later in life than both Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt; and consequently with opinions proportionately more formed and fixed. It is somewhat curious to observe how these latter crossed each other on the road in settling into the course in which they were finally to proceed, partly determined by the developement of natural character, and partly led by the influence of accidental circumstances.

On the 25th of March, 1771, on the debate on committing the Lord Mayor and Mr. Alderman Oliver to the tower for discharging the printers apprehended by the order of the House, Mr. Fox, in answer to Mr. Dunning, spoke as follows:

"Sir, notwithstanding what the Honourable and Learned Gentleman who spoke last has been pleased to urge with regard to the divided views and the divided interests of the House of Commons and the people, he has not been able to convince me either that the authority of this House is not the best security of the national freedom, or that our welfare can possibly be separated from the welfare of the public.

"Sir, the Honourable Gentleman is pleased to say, that the voice of this House is not the voice of the people, and he sets the language of clamour without doors in opposition to our deliberations, as if we were not especially appointed by the constitution, the only revealers of the national mind, the only judges of what ought to be the sentiments of the kingdom. I say, Sir, what ought to be; because many laws are highly necessary for the public safety, which excite the discontent of the people. If we were never to pass a law, until it obtained the sanction of popular approbation, we should never have a settled revenue to support either the establishment of our domestic policy, or to defend ourselves against the invasion of a foreign enemy. You never see a tax instituted, Sir, without hearing loud impeach-

ments of parliamentary integrity. The uninformed zealots, who seem animated with an enthusiastic love for their country, generally charge us with having sold them to the minister; and we are accused of venality for imposing those burdens, which we know to be absolutely necessary, and to which we ourselves, if the House of Commons is supposed an assembly of the first property in the state, must always be the largest contributors.

"Sir, it may possibly appear strange, that a representative of the people should not deem it more meritorious to comply with the wishes of his constituents, than to counteract them; and it may possibly be urged, that it is his duty, upon all occasions, to act in conformity to those wishes, however repugnant they may be to the sense of his own conviction. Sir, I will not differ with the Honourable and Learned Gentleman about the idea he annexes to his term of 'the people;' I will, for argument-sake, allow that nine-tenths of the people are at this moment in opposition to government. But I shall at the same time insist, that we have higher obligations to justice than to our constituents; we are chosen the delegates of the British electors for salutary not for pernicious purposes; to guard, not to invade the constitution; to keep the privileges of the very freemen we represent, as much within their proper limits, as to control any unwarrantable exertion of the Royal authority. We are bound to promote their true interests in preference to the dearest desires of their hearts, and the constitution makes us the sole arbiters of those interests, notwithstanding the imaginary infallibility of the people.

"To shew, Sir, the propriety of this reasoning, let us suppose that the people, instead of this mixed monarchy, which we celebrate as equally the pride and envy of the universe, should instruct us, their representatives, to introduce a democratical form of government; should we act as good subjects to our King, or as faithful guardians to our country, if we complied with so dangerous an instruction? We have sworn to maintain this constitution in its present form; to maintain the privileges of Parliament as a necessary part of that constitution, and neither to encroach upon the legal jurisdiction of the peers, nor the just prerogatives of the Sovereign. Shall we, then, do what we are sensible is wrong, because the people desire it? Shall we sacrifice our reason, our honour, our conscience, for fear of incurring the popular resentment, and while we are appointed to watch the Hesperian fruit of liberty with a dragon's eye, be ourselves the only slaves of the whole community?

"Perhaps the Honourable and Learned Gentleman will tell me, that nothing but the 'soul of absurdity' could suspect the people of a design against their own happiness. Sir, I do not suspect the people of any such design, but I suspect their capacity to judge of their true happiness. I know they are generally credulous, generally uninformed; captivated by appearances, while they neglect the most important essentials, and always ridiculously ready to believe, that those men who have the greatest reason, from their extensive property, to be anxious for the public safety, are always concerting measures for the oppression of their own posterity. Sir, if I misrepresent the

people, whence spring those eternal terrors of being ruined in the midst of the most unbounded prosperity? Have we not tottered, if popular clamour is to be credited, upon the verge of ruin, since the first moment of our existence as a nation? Indeed, at the period of the Revolution, patriotism itself acknowledges we were saved; yet from that period let us only read the works of our greatest politicians, and we shall find ourselves utterly undone! Even our glorious deliverer was scarcely seated upon the throne, when the grateful people, whose liberties he had restored, began to consider him as an enemy to the constitution. In every succeeding reign it was asserted that we were destroyed, and at this moment, although exulting in all the pride of a felicity never known to our ancestors, we are gravely told, that we have reached the deepest abyss of destruction!

"Let us look around, Sir, let us survey the monuments of our ruin, and then ask what credit is due to the representations of our political screech-owls? Observe the magnificence of our metropolis—the extent of our empire—the immensity of our commerce—the opulence of our people. Survey the unfortunate citizens of London, Sir, and you will find every shop-keeper of any consideration, with his elegant villa, and his variety of equipages. Consider only the present opposition of the city of London to the whole body of the British legislature, and then judge how it must be oppressed! To shew you farther the *ruined* state of the kingdom, let me remind you that our territories occupy *no more* than the largest, the most valuable space of any European dominion in the four quarters of the globe; that our trade is proportioned to this superiority of empire, and that our subjects, from the burning regions of Indostan, to the chilling mountains of Canada, exceed the subjects of every other power in greatness of wealth, and certainty of freedom. These, Sir, are the proofs of our *declining* fortune! May our calamities of this kind hourly increase, though the people should still continue to murmur! and may we always remain the happiest nation under heaven, however offended our patriots may be because we are not happier than is consistent with the lot of humanity!

"From what I have advanced, Sir, with respect to our duty as representatives of the people, it naturally follows, that we are by no means to act against our own judgment merely to gratify their ill humour or their caprice. In Charles the First's time, the unlimited indulgence of the popular wish occasioned the destruction of the constitution; and, if the present allegations of popularity deserve the least weight, they shew what incompetent judges the people are of the public prosperity. The last Parliament, Sir, was as obnoxious to the people, as the one in which we are now sitting: they approved what it is fashionable to term an 'infamous' peace, and they expelled a profligate libeller of their lawful Sovereign; yet, with all this weight of delinquency upon their heads—reviled and execrated as they were by the people—look round, and see who the people have chosen in their room. If we except deaths and promotions, Sir, are not the former *traitors*, nearly to a man, again the representative body of the legislature—again trusted with the freedom of the subject—again the ex-

press election of the people? When we behold these things, Sir, we are immediately struck with this alternative—either the people are not judges of their own welfare, or they have sold themselves for an infamous price, to their members. In either case, the conclusion proves the little regard which ought to be paid to their complaints, against the sense of our conviction. If they are virtuous, they are not wise; and if they possess wisdom, they have no right to find fault, since every oppression they groan under is the natural result of their own scandalous dishonesty.

"It is urged, Sir, with great gravity, by many gentlemen in opposition, that the House of Commons, as the creatures of the people, have no right whatever to exercise an authority over their constituents. This position, Sir, breathes the spirit of freedom with a vengeance, for it lays the axe to the root of all subordination at once, and puts an entire end to the whole system of constitutional government.

"No doctrine, Sir, was ever yet broached in this kingdom, either so dangerous, or so ridiculous, as that which seriously insists that the House of Commons, because elected, is without jurisdiction, and that the people, because the origin of all power, must therefore be exempt from all obedience. The people make the laws, as well as the legislators; but will any advocate of licentiousness presume to say, because they are the fountain of authority, that they are of consequence discharged from a submission to legal institutions? The law, Sir, is as much the creature of their formation as this House; yet, surely, it will not be said, that they are to tread it under foot, or to launch out into the barbarisms of their natural state, after solemnly forming a compact of civil society.

"The only point, therefore, remaining to be discussed is, Whether the people at large, or this House, are the best judges of the public welfare? For my own part, Sir, I shall not hesitate to pronounce positively in favour of this House. What acquaintance have the people at large with the arcana of political rectitude, with the connections of kingdoms, the resources of national strength, the abilities of ministers, or even with their own dispositions? If we are to believe the very petitions which they have lately presented to the throne, they are unequal to those powers which the constitution has trusted to their hands. They have the power of electing their representatives; yet you see they constantly abuse that power, and appoint those as the guardians of their dearest rights, whom they accuse of conspiring against the interests of their country. For these reasons, Sir, I pay no regard whatever to the voice of the people: it is our duty to do what is proper, without considering what may be agreeable: their business is to choose us; it is ours to act constitutionally, and to maintain the independency of Parliament. Whether that independency be attacked by the people or by the crown, is a matter of little consequence; it is the attack, not the quarter it proceeds from, which we are to punish; and if we are to be controlled in our necessary jurisdiction, can it signify much, whether faction intimidate us with a rabble; or the King surround us with his guards? if we are driven from the direct line of justice by the threats of a mob, our existence is useless in the

community. The minority within doors need only assault us by their myrmidons without, to gain their ends upon every occasion. Blows will then carry what their arguments cannot effect, and the people will be their own agents, though they elect us to represent them in Parliament. What must the consequence be? Universal anarchy, Sir. Therefore, as we are chosen to defend order, I am for sending those magistrates to the Tower who have attempted to destroy it: I stand up for the constitution, not for the people; if the people attempt to invade the constitution, they are enemies to the nation. Being, therefore, Sir, convinced that we are to do justice, whether it is agreeable or disagreeable to the people, I am for maintaining the independency of Parliament, and will not be a rebel to my King, my country, or my own heart, for the loudest huzza of an inconsiderate multitude."

In the month of March, in the next year, on the Royal Marriage Act, Mr. Fox first differed from the Minister, and in little more than a year afterwards we find him well settled in that opposition to government, which the exclusion of his party prolonged with little intermission through the whole of his political life. To place the speech above extracted by the side of one of his brilliant attacks upon Mr. Pitt on the Treason and Sedition Bills, would be to place Mr. Fox in a stronger contrast with himself than existed at any time between Mr. Fox and either of the Ministers to whom he was opposed.

In a speech delivered by Mr. Fox in the House, at the beginning of the year 1775, he declared himself, in vehement terms, against Lord North, charging him with having no plan or system, with incapacity, inconsistency, and ignorance in business; at the same time disclaiming all motive to this attack but his conviction of the destructive proceedings of a bad Minister. In his reply to the Minister's answer to these invectives, Mr. Fox declared, that if his private resentments had influenced his public conduct, he might long since have justly charged the Noble Lord *with the most unexampled treachery and falsehood*. He was called to order, and twice or thrice repeated the words. In a subsequent speech he accused the Minister of being lost to all sense of shame; and when afterwards, in the course of the debate on the Bill for doubling the militia, on June 22, 1799, some intimation had been thrown out of a coalition of parties, Mr. Fox observed, that it was impossible for him to state, in any phrase that language would admit of, the shock he felt when the noble Lord ventured to suggest an alliance with the ministers who had betrayed their country. Soon afterwards, in the debate on the Address on the King's Speech, November 25, 1779, Mr. Fox expressed his wonder, how a certain learned member (the Attorney-General) could bring himself to support the man whom he had once menaced with an impeachment. In his speech on the distribution

of the loan, March 26, 1781, Mr. Fox called upon Lord North "to stand forth boldly like a man, and defend himself, or by his silence confess that he was fairly convicted of having made an improvident and corrupt bargain in the character of a public trustee, and of having prostituted the power of his office to the most *abandoned, wicked, pernicious*, and *dishonest purposes*." On the petition for the redress of grievances in May 8, 1781, Mr. Fox made a speech, in which he observed that the Ministers had fomented the riots by their shameful neglect or inattention, "*or from worse motives*." And in a few months afterwards, November 27, 1781, it was said by Mr. Fox, in his speech on the Address on the King's Speech, that "he trusted that by the aroused indignation and vengeance of an injured and undone people, the Ministers would hear of their ruinous measures at the tribunal of justice, *and expiate them on the public scaffold*." Finally, on a motion for peace with America, on the 25th of March, 1782, he observed, that "our affairs were so circumstanced, that Ministers must lose their places, or the country must be undone. He would, therefore, let them enjoy those emoluments which they held so dear, provided he could save his country. For this end he was willing to serve them in the business of peace in any capacity, even as an under-commis, or messenger. But in so doing, he desired it might be understood, that he did not mean to have any connection with them: from the moment when he should *make any terms with one of them*, he would rest satisfied to be called *the most infamous of mankind*. He could not for an instant think of a coalition with men, who in any public and private transaction, as Ministers, had shown themselves void of every principle of honour and honesty: in the hands of such men he would not trust his honour even for a minute."

In the month of February, 1783, Mr. Fox avowed his coalition with Lord North in the following terms:

"I now come," said Mr. Fox, "to take notice of the most heinous charge of all. I am accused of having formed a junction with a noble person, whose principles I have been in the habit of opposing for the last seven years of my life. I do not think it at all incumbent upon me to make any answer to this charge: first, because I do not think that the persons, who have asked the question, have any right to make the inquiry; and, secondly, because if any such junction was formed, I see no ground for arraignment in the matter. That any such alliance has taken place, I can by no means aver. That I shall have the honour of concurring with the Noble Lord in the blue ribbon, on the present question, is very certain; and if men of honour can meet on points of general national concern, I see no reason for calling such a meeting an unnatural junction. It is neither wise nor noble to keep up animosities for ever. It is neither just nor candid to keep up animosity when the cause of it is no more. It is not in my nature to bear malice, or to live

in ill-will. My friendships are perpetual, my enmities are not so. '*Amicitiæ sempiternæ, inimicitiæ placabiles.*' I disdain to keep alive in my bosom the enmities which I may bear to men, when the cause of those enmities is no more. When a man ceases to be what he was, when the opinions which made him obnoxious are changed, he then is no more my enemy, but my friend. The American war was the cause of the enmity between the Noble Lord and myself. The American war, and the American question is at an end. The Noble Lord has profited from fatal experience. While that system was maintained, nothing could be more asunder than the Noble Lord and myself. But it is now no more; and it is therefore wise and candid to put an end also to the ill will, the animosity, the rancour, and the feuds which it occasioned. I am free to acknowledge, that when I was the friend of the Noble Lord in the blue ribbon, I found him open and sincere; when the enemy, honourable and manly. I never had reason to say of the Noble Lord in the blue ribbon, that he practised any of those little subterfuges, tricks, and stratagems which I found in others; any of those behind-hand and paltry manœuvres which destroy confidence between human beings, and degrade the character of the statesman and the man."

Soon after this coalition we find Mr. Fox in the debate on Lord John Cavendish's motion for resolutions of censure on the terms of the peace with America, arguing against the cessions made to the enemy on a comparative view of his resources and ours. "If our finances were straitened," said Mr. Fox, "it remains to be proved that the finances of our enemies were not equally exhausted. Do we not know that France never supported a war with more difficulty? that Spain was nearly in a state of national bankruptcy; and that America was in a state of national poverty?" It was principally upon the proofs of imbecility arising from these concessions made to the enemy by the peace, that Mr. Fox rested the necessity for a coalition, such as that which had taken place.

On the 2d of April, 1783, the coalition administration was announced, and on the 4th of July following, we find Mr. Secretary Fox defending, against the attacks of Mr. Pitt, the increase of the emoluments of the four Tellers of the Exchequer and their Deputies. "With regard to the influence of the Crown," he observed, "that, much as he was an enemy to the increase of any undue influence, he was convinced that it was impossible for the government of a great kingdom to go on unless it had certain lucrative and honourable situations to bestow on its officers in a peculiar line, as a provision for their families, and a reward for their eminent and distinguished services. Of this sort were the places in the exchequer, of which, though it might be necessary to lessen the inordinate emoluments *in times and seasons* when they undoubtedly ought not to increase, yet care ought to be taken not

to pare them too close, or to lower them so much as to render them unworthy the acceptance or expectations of great and distinguished characters." We shall only submit a query, whether the *times* and *seasons* alluded to in the passage above cited were not to depend on the fact of Mr. Fox being in or out of administration.

But we have neither time nor inclination to follow these topics into greater minuteness. During the long period of Mr. Fox's exclusion from the ministerial office, that is, until the death of his great rival, we do not perceive any inconsistencies of a palpable and obvious nature. On the question in the House respecting the Address to the King to give directions for the public interment of Mr. Pitt, and for a monument to his memory, we find Mr. Fox making very honourable mention of Lord North, afterwards Earl of Guildford, declaring him to have been a man of very uncommon talents, and of very amiable qualities; that towards the latter part of his life he had been connected with him, not only in political opinions, but also in habits of intimate friendship; that he much esteemed and loved him. We are by no means angry with him for these declarations. Shall we be angry because one man forgives another? Heaven forbid! But we think there never was a finer example of the truth of the *converse* of the diabolical maxim of Rochefaucault than that which this part of the political history of Mr. Fox has exhibited. We cite it, therefore, in proof of the soundness of the more Christian maxim, so to treat our adversaries, that the access of friendship with them may be left open without producing a revolting inconsistency. Surely if Lord North was so amiable and honourable, no heat or exasperation of political feeling could excuse the violent treatment of that Nobleman by Mr. Fox for a period of nearly ten years.

During the short second term of Mr. Fox's ministerial function, he was certainly placed in some awkward dilemmas, in which he was under a necessity of choosing between the loss of friends or the loss of consistency. We will not specify them, they are in every body's recollection. They may serve, however, to extend the principle and the lesson of the maxim to which we have been adverting as the converse to that of the Duc de Rouchefaucault, by applying it to measures as well as to men. They may instruct us so to treat the measures of our adversaries as that, if the day should arrive in which we may feel the practical necessity of adopting them, we may do it without incurring the charge of flagrant inconsistency. But was not Mr. Pitt also guilty of inconsistency and contradiction? He certainly will not be found to have been parallel with himself in all parts of his political life. We are not writing this article of our Review with any design of raising the character of Mr. Pitt at the expense o

that of Mr. Fox. Whatever may be thought, we can with perfect sincerity say that we took the speeches of these great men as a subject for a paper, with our minds as free from prejudice as, if we were known, it would be admitted we are exempt from influence; but it is impossible not to see that the inconsistency of Mr. Pitt appeared in much fewer instances, and with less strength of contrast, than that of his great opponent. The subject of parliamentary reform, practically considered, is a subject of extreme complication and difficulty, and one on which a change of opinion might more naturally be the result of years and experience than almost any other political question. A change of sentiment on this subject may be said to be almost physical, and in some measure to proceed according to the laws of change in the human temperament. With those whose opinions and views are hurried along with the sanguine tide of youthful ardour, it is a question of principle and speculation; with those whose fire has been quenched in the mellower medium of sober experience, it is a question of practice and expedience. Those who know only at a distance the real difficulties of the art of governing, and how much it must avail itself of the passions, the wants, and the weaknesses of man, are apt to look for conformities and correspondencies in every system of policy agreeable to their reasonings à priori, and the harmony of abstract truth. On this subject we can only repeat in substance what we have said on a former occasion: that it was very natural for Mr. Pitt to judge that the reform to which he had pledged himself was carried by others much beyond his own original views, but without whose concurrence no propositions whatever for reform could be successful; so that it may be said that reform deserted Mr. Pitt, and not Mr. Pitt reform. He might naturally also be afraid of the adulterating admixture of French principles, which might render that injurious in application which was promising in the conception. Or he might upon reflection have embraced the opinion of those great and wise men Mr. Burke and Mr. Windham, that it was folly to risk the enjoyment of so much practical good in the pursuit of projects of problematical advantage. He had obtained a nearer view of those objects, which, at a distance, had cheated his youthful fancy. What had seemed to be the useless appendages, appeared, on closer inspection, to be the buttresses and supports of the building. Our sentiments on the question of a Reform in Parliament have gone forth in a paper on that subject in a former number; but we should be sorry to be supposed, in giving our opinion that the constitution of the House of Commons would not be improved by any change in the representation, to think that the system of election, with its present trafficking principle, and demoralizing practice, is without serious and solemn objection. Upon the

whole, we are still of opinion that the very pillar of Mr. Pitt's glory was his desertion of his first sentiments as they stood in their original latitude. Never to change, while every thing is in motion around us, is to be inconsistently constant. There is a right and wrong in substance which can never vary; but there is also a relative and circumstantial right or wrong which must be perpetually shifting their names and places. And, lastly, on things essentially right or wrong, opinion will naturally change with the developement of mind and the progress of discernment. He that preserves in his changes the progressive law of his being is consistent in his varieties, which, like the vicissitudes of nature, are at once beautiful and beneficial. Whether Mr. Fox or Mr. Pitt comes most within the shelter of this apology we recommend our readers to determine for themselves by perusing these collections of their respective speeches, which richly deserve their attention.

We shall conclude our article with an observation or two on a fact equally honourable to the memories of both these eminent persons. They are both gone to those unseen abodes where the great things of this world are proved to be of small value, and such as seemed of no account are probably found to be those which alone were important. There, possibly, the contentious scenes which agitated and exhausted life appear in the retrospect like vain shadows, dimly seen, and faintly recognized, leaving a dreary void about the soul that can afford it nothing to sustain its hopes. One scene, however, and that was the closing scene of the lives of these illustrious men, it may be, still affords them a refreshing vision of the happiness they have helped to diffuse among their fellow-creatures in Africa. In this labour of love, we may record with delight the coalition of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox. In this great act, the greatest of their lives, they were fraternal. In this, too, they were consistent with themselves: into this holy place in the heart ambition had no entrance; and party malevolence, and violence, and jealousy, and distrust, stood abashed and at a distance, while the great work of charity was in progress. The speeches of these illustrious men, on this occasion, were worthy of the subject. They are among their best and most brilliant. After a long passage over a sea of stormy debate, we enter at length the harbour where the heart is anchored in peace, and hears no longer the roar of boisterous contention. Thus, happily, the sound of peace and humanity was almost the last upon the lips of these great orators, whom, had it not been for the soft intermissions afforded by this subject, we should have only remembered in the character of combatants always in action, or in the attitude of defiance.

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